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CANDIDE

Chapter 1

HOW CANDIDE WAS BROUGHT UP IN A FINE CASTLE, AND HOW HE WAS DRIVEN OUT OF THE SAME

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED IN THE CASTLE OF THE NOBLE Baron of Thundertentrunk, Westphalia, a young lad to whom nature had given the most pleasing manners. His countenance expressed his soul. He had a pretty correct judgment, together with the utmost simplicity of mind; and it was for that reason, I suppose, the he bore the name of Candide. The old servants of the house suspected that he was the son of the noble Baron's sister and of a worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, whom the young lady would never marry, because he could show no more than three score and eleven quarterings, the rest of his family tree having perished through the ravages of time.

The Baron was one of the most powerful nobles of Westphalia, for his castle had a gate as well as windows, and his great hall was even adorned with tapestry. All the dogs in his stable-yard formed at need a pack of hounds, and his grooms acted as huntsmen; the vicar of the village was his grand almoner. Everybody called him "my lord," and laughed at all his good stories.

My lady the Baroness, who weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds and thereby commanded the greatest consideration, did the honours of the house with a dignity which raised its reputation still higher. Her daughter Cunegund, aged seventeen years, was of a fresh and ruddy complexion, plump, and appetising. The Baron's son appeared in all respects worthy of his sire. The tutor Pangloss was the oracle of the house, and little Candide listened to his lessons with all the ready faith natural to his age and disposition.

Pangloss used to teach the science of metaphysico-theologo-cosomologo-noodleology. He demonstrated to admiration that there is no effect without a cause, and that, in this best of all possible

worlds, the castle of my lord Baron was the most magnificent of castles, and my lady the best of all possible baronesses.

"It has been proved," said he, "that things cannot be otherwise than they are; for, everything being made for a certain end, the end for which everything is made is necessarily the best end. Observe how noses were made to carry spectacles, and spectacles we have accordingly. Our legs are clearly intended for shoes and stockings, so we have them. Stone has been formed to be hewn and dressed for building castles, so my lord has a very fine one, for it is meet that the greatest baron in the province should have the best accommodation. Pigs were made to be eaten, and we eat pork all the year round. Consequently those who have asserted that all is well have said what is silly; they should have said of everything that is, that it is the best that could possibly be."

Candide listened attentively, and innocently believed all that he heard; for he thought Miss Cunegund extremely beautiful, though he never had the boldness to tell her so. He felt convinced that, next to the happiness of being born Baron of Thundertentrunk, the second degree of happiness was to be Miss Cunegund, the third to see her every day, and the fourth to hear Professor Pangloss, the greatest philosopher in the province, and therefore in all the world.

One day Miss Cunegund, whilst taking a walk near the castle, in the little wood which was called the park, saw through the bushes Dr. Pangloss giving a lesson in experimental physics to her mother's chambermaid, a little brunette, very pretty and very willing to learn. As Miss Cunegund had a great taste for science, she watched with breathless interest the repeated experiments that were carried on under her eyes; she clearly perceived that the doctor had sufficient reason for all he did; she saw the connection between causes and effects, and returned home much agitated, though very thoughtful, and filled with a yearning after scientific pursuits, for sharing in which she wished that young Candide might find sufficient reason in her, and that she might find the same in him.

She met Candide as she was on her way back to the castle, and blushed; the youth blushed likewise. She bade him good morning, in a voice that struggled for utterance; and Candide answered her without well knowing what he was saying. Next day, as the company were leaving the table after dinner, Cunegund and Candide found themselves behind a screen. Cunegund let fall her handker-

chief; Candide picked it up; she innocently took hold of his hand, and the young man, as innocently, kissed hers with an ardour, a tenderness, and a grace quite peculiar; their lips came in contact, their eyes sparkled, their knees trembled, and their hands began to wander. His lordship the Baron of Thundertentrunk happened to pass by the screen, and, seeing that particular instance of cause and effect, drove Candide out of the castle with vigorous kicks on his rear. Cunegund swooned away, but, as soon as she recovered, my lady the Baroness boxed her ears, and all was confusion and consternation in that most magnificent and most charming of all possible castles.

Chapter 2

WHAT BEFELL CANDIDE AMONG THE BULGARIANS

CANDIDE, DRIVEN OUT OF HIS TERRESTRIAL PARADISE, WALKED ON for a long time without knowing whither, weeping, lifting up his eyes to heaven, and often turning them towards that most magnificent of castles, which contained the most beautiful of all barons' daughters. He laid himself down supperless in the midst of the fields, between two ridges, and the snow began to fall upon him in thick flakes. Next morning, Candide, benumbed with cold, dragged himself to the nearest town, which bore the name of Waldberghofdikdorf, without a coin in his pocket, and dying of hunger and fatigue. He stopped in melancholy mood at a tavern door. Two men dressed in blue noticed him.

"Comrade," said one of them, "there is a fine young fellow, and just of the right size."

They stepped forward, and very politely invited Candide to dine with them.

"Gentlemen," says he with engaging modesty, "you do me much honour, but I have no money to pay my reckoning."

"Oh! sir," says one of the men in blue, "persons of your figure and merit never pay anything; are you not five feet five inches tall?"

"Yes, gentlemen, that is my height," says he with his best bow.

"Come, sir, pray take a seat; we will not only pay your score, but

we will never allow such a man as you to want money. What are men made for but to help one another?"

"You are right," says Candide; "that is what Dr. Pangloss always told me, and I see clearly that all is for the best."

They beg him to accept a few crowns; he takes them, and is about to tender his note of hand for the amount, but they will not hear of it; and so they sit down to table.

"Are you not warmly attached . . ."

"Oh, yes," exclaims Candide, "I am warmly attached to Miss Cunegund."

"Excuse me," says one of the gentlemen, "but what we want to know is whether you are not warmly attached to the king of the Bulgarians?"

"Not in the least," says he, "for I have never seen him."

"You don't say so! He is the most charming of monarchs, and we must drink his health."

"With the greatest pleasure, gentlemen." And he drinks accordingly.

"Enough," say they; "lo, now you are the prop, the pillar, the defender, and the hero of the Bulgarians; your fortune is made, and your glory assured."

They forthwith clap fetters on his feet, and conduct him to the headquarters of their regiment. There he is made to wheel to the right, and wheel to the left, to draw his ramrod, and to return it, to present, to fire, and to march at the double; and he gets thirty strokes of a stick for his pains. On the following day he goes through his exercises not quite so badly, and receives only twenty strokes; while on the next after that he escapes with ten, and is regarded as a prodigy by his comrades.

Candide, astonished to find himself a hero, could not very well make out how it came to pass. One fine spring day he took it into his head to go out for a walk, and followed his nose straight on, supposing that it was the privilege of the human species as well as of the brute creation to make use of their legs at their own will and pleasure. He had not proceeded two leagues, when, lo and behold, four other heroes, each of them six feet high, caught him up, bound him, and led him off to prison. He was brought before a court-martial, and asked whether he would prefer to be flogged thirty-six times by the whole regiment, or to receive at once a dozen balls in his brain. It was of no use for him to protest that the

will is free, and that he wished neither the one nor the other; he found himself obliged to make a choice, and he determined, in virtue of the divine gift called *freedom*, to run the gauntlet thirty-six times. He tried it twice, and, the regiment consisting of two thousand men, this meant for him four thousand blows, which pretty well laid bare his muscles and nerves from the nape of the neck to the end of the spine.

As they were going to give him a third course, Candide, unable to bear any more, entreated them to have the kindness to knock him on the head and finish him. This favour was granted, his eyes were bandaged, and he was made to kneel down. The king of the Bulgarians, happening to pass by that moment, made inquiry into the culprit's offence; and, as he was a man of discernment, and gathered, from all that Candide told him, that he was a young metaphysician and quite ignorant of the ways of the world, the king graciously vouchsafed him his pardon with a clemency that will be praised by all the papers and appreciated by posterity.

A clever surgeon cured Candide's back in three weeks with the ointments prescribed by Dioscorides; and he had already a little fresh skin and was fit to march, when the king of the Bulgarians gave battle to the king of the Avarians.

Chapter 3

HOW CANDIDE MADE HIS ESCAPE FROM THE MIDST OF THE BULGARIANS, AND WHAT BECAME OF HIM

NEVER WAS SEEN A SPECTACLE SO FINE, SO SMART, SO SPLENDID, so well arrayed as the two armies. Trumpets, fifes, hautboys, drums, and cannon made such harmony as never had its match in hell itself. Cannon balls swept off in the first instance nearly six thousand men on each side; then musket bullets removed from this best of all possible worlds about nine or ten thousand worthless fellows that tainted its surface. The bayonet was also the sufficient reason for the death of some thousands of men. The total may have amounted to thirty thousand souls. Candide, who trembled as any other philosopher would have done, hid himself as well as he could during this heroic butchery.

At last, while both kings were causing a *Te Deum* to be sung, each in his own camp, he made up his mind to go and reason upon causes and effects somewhere else. He passed over heaps of the dead and dying, and reached first of all a neighbouring village; he found it laid in ashes. It was an Abarian village, which the Bulgarians had burned in accordance with the laws of nations. Here old men, covered with wounds, looked helplessly on, while their wives were dying with their throats cut, and still holding their infants to their blood-stained breasts; there young girls, ripped open after having satisfied the natural wants of several heroes, were breathing forth their last sighs; while others again, half roasted, cried out for someone to put them out of their agony. Brains were scattered over the ground, and legs and arms cut off lay beside them.

Candide fled as quickly as he could into another village; it belonged to the Bulgarians, and the Abarian heroes had treated it after the same fashion. Candide, making his way continually over quivering limbs or smoking ruins, found himself at last beyond the theatre of war, with some scanty provisions in his haversack, and never for a moment forgetful of Miss Cunegund. His provisions failed him by the time he arrived in Holland; but having heard it said that everybody was rich in that country, and that the people were good Christians, he felt no doubt that he would meet with as generous treatment as he had experienced in the castle of my lord Baron, before he was kicked out of it on account of Miss Cunegund's bright eyes.

He asked alms of several grave-looking personages, all of whom answered his appeal with threats that if he continued to follow that trade, they would have him shut up in a house of correction and taught how to make an honest livelihood.

He next accosted a man who had just been speaking for a whole hour together on the subject of charity before a large audience. The orator looked at him through the corner of his eye, and asked: "What brings you here? Are you for the good cause?"

"There is no effect without a cause," was Candide's modest reply; "all things are linked together by a necessary chain of events, and arranged for the best. It could not but be that I should be banished from Miss Cunegund's presence, that I should have to run the gauntlet as I have done, that I should be forced to beg my

bread until such time as I can earn it; all this could not have been otherwise."

"My friend," said the orator, "do you believe that the Pope is Antichrist?"

"I never yet heard him called so," answered Candide; "but whether he be Antichrist, or not, I am in want of bread."

"You do not deserve to eat any," said the other; "go, rascal, go, wretch, and never in all your life come near me again."

The orator's wife, putting her head out of a window and perceiving a man who doubted whether the Pope was Antichrist, emptied a chamber-pot over his head—— Heavens! To what excesses will not a zeal for religion carry the ladies!

A man who had never been christened, a kind-hearted Anabaptist, whose name was James, witnessed this cruel and ignominious treatment of one of his brethren, a featherless biped, who had a soul; he took him home with him, he wiped him down, gave him some bread and beer, made him a present of two florins, and even proposed to teach him the art of weaving those fabrics of Persia which are manufactured in Holland.

Candide almost threw himself on his knees before him, and exclaimed: "Dr. Pangloss was right when he told me that everything is for the best in this world, for I am infinitely more affected by your extreme generosity than by the heartlessness of the gentleman in the black cloak, and of the lady his wife."

On the morrow, as he was out walking, he met a beggar all covered with sores, with lack-lustre eyes, the tip of his nose eaten away, his mouth twisted to one side, and teeth as black as charcoal. His voice was hoarse, he was tormented with a violent cough, and at each effort he made to spit a tooth dropped out.

Chapter 4

HOW CANDIDE MET HIS OLD MASTER IN PHILOSOPHY, DR. PANGLOSS, AND WHAT CAME OF IT

CANDIDE, MORE MOVED WITH COMPASSION EVEN THAN WITH DISgust, bestowed upon this frightful beggar the two florins which he had received from his honest friend James the Anabaptist. The

spectre stared fixedly at him, then shed tears, and finally leaped upon his neck. Candide drew back in alarm.

"Alas!" said the one wretch to the other, "do you no longer recognise your dear Pangloss?"

"What do I hear? Is it you, my dear master?—you in this horrible state! What misfortune then has befallen you? How is it that you are no longer in the finest of all castles? What is become of Miss Cunegund, the pearl of young maidens, the very masterpiece of nature?"

"I cannot utter a word more," said Pangloss.

Candide immediately led him into the Anabaptist's stable, where he made him eat a morsel of bread; and when Pangloss was somewhat restored, he asked:

"Well! what have you to tell me of Cunegund?"

"She is dead," answered the other.

Candide fainted away on hearing these tidings; his friend recalled him to his senses with a little stale vinegar which he happened to find in the stable. Candide once more opened his eyes.

"Cunegund is dead! Alas, thou best of all possible worlds! Where art thou now?—But of what illness did she die? Was it from grief at having seen me kicked with such violence out of her father's magnificent castle?"

"No," said Pangloss; "she was ripped up by Bulgarian soldiers, after having been outraged to the last possible degree; they broke my lord Baron's skull for trying to defend her; my lady the Baroness was cut to pieces; my poor young pupil was treated as barbarously as his sister; and as for the castle, not one stone remains upon another, not a shed is left, not a sheep, not a duck, not a single tree. But we have been well avenged, for the Abarians have done as much on a neighbouring estate that belonged to a Bulgarian nobleman."

On hearing this narrative Candide fainted again; but when he came to himself and had said all that it was proper to say, he inquired into the cause and effect, and the sufficient reason which had brought poor Pangloss to such a deplorable plight.

"Alas!" said the other, "it was love; love, the consoler of the human race, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all sentient beings,—the tender passion of love!"

"Ah me!" said Candide, "I too have known what love is, that sovereign of the heart, that soul of our soul; I have derived no

advantage from it but one sweet kiss, and twenty kicks on the rump. But how has a cause so pleasing been able to produce in you effect so hideous?"

Pangloss replied in these terms: "O my dear Candide! you knew Panquette, the pretty girl who waited on our august Baroness; I tasted in her arms the pleasures of paradise, and they have produced these torments of hell with which you see me consumed: she was infected with this malady herself, and perhaps she has died of it. She caught it from a very learned friar who had traced it to its source, for he had received it from an old countess, on whom it had been bestowed by a cavalry officer, who himself owed it to a marchioness, who had it from a page, to whom it had been imparted by a Jesuit, who, when a novice, had received it in a direct line from one of the companions of Christopher Columbus. As for me, I shall give it to nobody, for I am at the point of death."

"O Pangloss!" exclaimed Candide, "what a singular genealogy! Was it not the devil who originated it?"

"By no means," answered the great man; "it was a thing that could not be dispensed with, a necessary ingredient in this best of all possible worlds; for if Columbus had not, in an island off the coast of America, caught this disease, which poisons the springs of generation, often prevents it altogether, and is clearly repugnant to the great object of nature, we should have had neither chocolate nor cochineal. Furthermore, it must be noted that up to the present day, in our hemisphere, this malady, like our controversies, is strictly confined to ourselves. The Turks, Indians, Persians, Chinese, Siamese, and Japanese are not yet acquainted with it; but there is sufficient reason why they should become acquainted with it in their turn before many centuries are over. Meanwhile it has made marvellous progress among us, especially in those huge armies composed of gallant and well-trained hirelings, which decide the destinies of kingdoms; for it is pretty certain that whenever thirty thousand men stand up in battle array against an army of equal numbers, some twenty thousand are more or less infected on either side."

"Wonderful indeed!" said Candide; "but you must be cured."

"And how can that be done?" said Pangloss; "I am penniless, my friend; and in all this wide world one cannot get oneself bled, nor have an injection administered, without paying a fee or getting someone else to pay for us."

This last observation decided Candide; he went and threw himself at the feet of his charitable Anabaptist James, and drew such an affecting picture of the state to which his friend was reduced, that the good man did not hesitate to receive Dr. Pangloss into his house, and he had him cured at his own expense; in which process Pangloss lost only one eye and an ear. As he wrote a clear hand, and knew arithmetic perfectly, James the Anabaptist made him his accountant. At the end of two months, being obliged to go to Lisbon on matters of business, he took his two philosophers on board with him, and on the voyage Pangloss explained to him how everything was so ordered that it could not be better. But James was not of this opinion.

"Men," said he, "must have corrupted their nature a little, for they were not born wolves, yet wolves they have become. God never gave them cannons, and twenty-four pound shot, and bayonets; but they have made these things for their mutual destruction. I might adduce the misery caused by bankruptcies, and the justice of the law which takes possession of the bankrupt's property so as to deprive the creditors of it."

"All that was indispensable," answered the one-eyed philosopher; "private misfortunes promote the public good, so that the more private misfortunes there are, the better it is for the world."

While he was arguing in this manner, the sky grew dark, the wind blew from all points of the compass, and the ship was attacked by a most frightful storm, within sight of the harbour of Lisbon.

Chapter 5

A STORM, A SHIPWRECK, AN EARTHQUAKE, AND ALL THAT HAPPENED TO DR. PANGLOSS, CANDIDE, AND JAMES THE ANABAPTIST

HALF OF THE PASSENGERS, EXHAUSTED ALMOST TO DEATH BY those inconceivable tortures which the rolling of a vessel communicates to the nerves and all the humours of the body tossed about in opposite directions, had not even the energy to feel alarmed at the danger to which they were exposed; whilst the other half gave vent to piteous cries and prayers. The sails were torn

to rags, the masts were shattered, the ship was leaking. All who were able were hard at work, but no one heard what another said, and no orders were given. The Anabaptist was on deck, lending a little help at the ropes, when a savage sailor dealt him a rude buffet which stretched him on the planks; but, with the force of the blow that he gave him, the sailor was thrown forward so violently that he fell overboard head foremost. He remained suspended in mid-air, caught by a piece of a broken mast. The kind-hearted James ran to his rescue, and assisted him to climb back, but, overbalancing himself in the effort, he was himself precipitated into the sea before the sailor's eyes, who allowed him to perish without deigning so much as to look at him.

Candide hastened to the spot, and saw his benefactor rise to the surface for a moment, and then disappear for ever. He was inclined to cast himself into the sea after him, but the philosopher Pangloss prevented his doing so, proving to him that the Bay of Lisbon had been made expressly that the Anabaptist might be drowned there. While he was engaged in demonstrating this proposition on *a priori* grounds, the vessel was broken up, and all on board perished with the exception of Pangloss, Candide, and the brutal mariner who had caused the excellent Anabaptist to be drowned; the rascal swam safely to shore, Pangloss and Candide were carried there on a plank.

When they had recovered a little strength, they walked towards Lisbon; they had still some money, with which they hoped to save themselves from starvation, after having escaped the fury of the tempest.

Hardly had they entered the city, bewailing the death of their benefactor, when they felt the earth tremble under their feet, the sea rose in the harbour as if it were boiling, and dashed to pieces the ships that were at anchor. Clouds of fiery ashes filled the streets and public places, the houses tottered and fell, overturned from roof to basement, the very foundations being broken up; thirty thousand inhabitants of all ages and of both sexes were crushed beneath the ruins.

The sailor whistled, and said with an oath: "There will be something to be picked up here."

"What can be the sufficient reason of this phenomenon?" said Pangloss.

"This is surely the last day!" exclaimed Candide.

The sailor immediately rushed among the ruins, facing death itself in the search for money, found some, took possession of it, got drunk on it, and, having slept himself sober, purchased the favours of the first willing wench he met amidst the wreck of fallen houses, surrounded by the dying and the dead.

Pangloss, however, pulled him by the sleeve, saying: "My friend, this is not right, you are wanting in respect to the universal reason, and choose your time badly."

"Blood and thunder!" returned the other, "I am a sailor, and was born at Batavia; I have trampled four times on the crucifix in as many voyages to Japan; you have found a fine subject for your universal reason!"

Some fragments of falling masonry had wounded Candide, and he was lying prostrate in the street, covered with a heap of rubbish.

He said to Pangloss: "Oh, get me a little wine and oil; I am dying."

"This earthquake is no new thing," answered Pangloss; "the city of Lima in America experienced similar shocks last year; the same causes, the same effects; there is doubtless a vein of sulphur underground all the way from Lima to Lisbon."

"Nothing is more probable," returned Candide; "but, for God's sake, a little oil and wine!"

"Probable, say you!" replied the philosopher; "I maintain that there is positive proof of it."

Hereupon Candide lost consciousness, and Pangloss brought him a little water from a fountain that was near.

On the morrow, in crawling over the ruins, they discovered some provisions, and therewith recruited their strength a little, and then, like others, began to busy themselves in relieving the injured inhabitants who had escaped death. Some citizens, to whom they had brought succour, gave them as good a dinner as they could supply under such disastrous circumstances; it is true that the meal was a sad one, and that the company watered their bread with their tears, but Pangloss did his best to console them by the assurance that things could not have happened otherwise.

"For," said he, "nothing could have been better, for if there is a volcano under Lisbon, it could not be elsewhere, for it is impossible that things should not be where they are, for all is well."

A little fellow dressed in black, a familiar of the Inquisition, who

was seated at his side, politely took up the conversation, and said:

"It would seem that the gentleman does not believe in original sin, for, if all is as good as can be, there can have been neither a fall of man nor divine punishment."

"I most humbly beg your Excellency's pardon," answered Pangloss still more politely, "for the fall of man and the consequent curse necessarily entered into the scheme of the best of all possible worlds."

"Then, sir, you do not believe in free will?" asked the familiar.

"Excuse me, Your Excellency," said Pangloss; "free will is compatible with absolute necessity, for it was necessary that we should be free; for, in fact, the will being determined . . ."

Pangloss was in the middle of his sentence, when the familiar gave a significant nod to his stout serving-man, who was helping him to a cup of the wine of Oporto, commonly called port.

Chapter 6

HOW A FINE AUTO-DA-FÉ WAS HELD TO PREVENT EARTHQUAKES, AND HOW CANDIDE WAS FLOGGED ON THE BREECH

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE, WHICH HAD DESTROYED THREE-quarters of Lisbon, the wise men of the country had found no means more effectual for obviating total ruin than that of giving the people a fine *auto-da-fé;* it was decided by the university of Coimbra that the spectacle of a few people roasted at a slow fire, with grand ceremonies, is an infallible specific for preventing earthquakes. They had therefore seized a native of Biscay, who had been convicted of marrying a fellow god-parent, and two Portuguese, who in eating a fowl had rejected the bacon.

After dinner was over, messengers arrived to bind Dr. Pangloss and his pupil Candide, the one for having spoken as he had done, and the other for having heard him with an air of approbation; they were led away separately to apartments which were exceedingly cool and airy, where they were never incommoded with the sun. A week or so afterwards each of them was dressed in a *sanbenito,* and their heads were adorned with paper mitres; on Candide's mitre and *sanbenito* were painted flames directed down-

wards, and devils which had neither tails nor claws; but the devils that Pangloss displayed had both, and the flames were upright.

Thus arrayed they marched in procession and heard a very touching sermon, followed by a fine anthem delivered in a solemn drone. While the singing went on, Candide was flagellated in time to the music, the Biscayan and the two men who would not eat bacon were burned, and Pangloss was hanged, though that was unusual. The same day there was a fresh earthquake, accompanied by a frightful noise.

Candide horrified, perplexed, and confounded, trembling all over, and covered with blood, said to himself: "If this is the best of all possible worlds, I wonder what the others are like! It would not much matter if I had only been flogged, I met with the same treatment among the Bulgarians, but, O my dear Pangloss, greatest of philosophers, why was I obliged to see you hanged, without knowing the reason? O my dear Anabaptist, noblest of men, where was the necessity of your being drowned within sight of land? O Miss Cunegund, pearl of young maidens, was it necessary that you should have been ripped open?"

He was returning, hardly able to support himself, after having been preached at, and scourged, and absolved, and blessed, when an old woman approached him, and said:

"Take courage, my son, and follow me."

Chapter 7

HOW AN OLD WOMAN TOOK CARE OF CANDIDE, AND HOW HE RECOVERED THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTIONS

CANDIDE DID NOT BY ANY MEANS TAKE COURAGE, BUT HE followed the old woman into a half-demolished house; she gave him a pot of ointment to apply to his sores, and after showing him a clean little bed, near which was a complete suit of clothes, she left him some food and drink.

"Eat, drink, and sleep," said she, "and may our Lady of Atocha, St. Anthony of Padua, and St. James of Compostella watch over you! I will come back to-morrow."

Candide, astonished as he was at all that he had seen, at all that he had suffered, and most of all at the charity of this old dame, attempted to kiss her hand.

"The hand you should kiss is not mine," said she; "I will come back to-morrow. Rub yourself with the ointment, eat, and go to sleep."

In spite of so many misfortunes, Candide ate and fell asleep. Next morning the old woman brought him some breakfast, examined his back, and rubbed it herself with another kind of ointment; afterwards she brought him dinner, and returned in the evening with his supper. On the following day she repeated the same ceremonies.

"Who are you?" Candide kept saying to her; "and who has inspired you with so much kindness? How can I show my gratitude?"

The good woman never gave any reply. When she came back that evening, she brought him no supper, but told him to come with her and not say a word. She held him by the arm, and walked with him about a quarter of a mile into the country, till they arrived at a lonely house surrounded by gardens and canals. The old woman tapped at a little door, and, when it was opened, conducted Candide by a private staircase into a gilded chamber; then leaving him on a richly brocaded sofa, she shut the door, and departed. Candide thought he must be in a trance, and began to look upon all his past life as a dismal nightmare, and upon the present moment as a dream of a more agreeable character.

The old dame soon reappeared, supporting with difficulty another woman's trembling form. The latter was tall and stately, glittering with jewels, and with a veil over her face.

"Take off that veil," said the old woman to Candide.

The young man draws near; with timid hand he lifts the veil. What a moment of surprise! He fancies that he sees Miss Cunegund; he saw her in reality, for it was she herself. Strength fails him, he cannot utter a word, he falls at her feet, and Cunegund falls on the sofa. The old crone doses them with cordials, they recover their senses, they converse together; their words are at first broken and incoherent, cross questions and crooked answers, mingled with sighs, tears, and exclamations. The old woman advises them to make less noise, and leaves them to themselves.

"Ah! Is it indeed yourself?" said Candide; "you are still alive! I

find you once more, here in Portugal! Then you were never ravished after all? You were not ripped open, then, as the philosopher Pangloss assured me?"

"Yes, I was," said the lovely Cunegund; "but death does not always result from either of those accidents."

"But your father and mother—were they killed?"

"It is but too true," said Cunegund, weeping.

"And your brother?"

"My brother was killed as well."

"And why are you in Portugal? And how did you know that I was here? And by what strange chance have you succeeded in bringing me into this house?"

"I will tell you everything," replied the lady; "but you must first inform me of all that has happened to yourself since you gave me that innocent kiss, for which you were kicked out of doors."

Candide very respectfully obeyed her, and, though he was bewildered, though his voice was weak and stammering, and his hinder parts were still a little sore, he related in the most artless manner all that he had gone through since the moment of their parting. Cunegund raised her eyes to heaven; she shed tears when she heard of the death of the kind Anabaptist and of Pangloss; after which she spoke as follows to Candide, who was careful not to lose a single word, and seemed as if he would fain devour her with his eyes.

Chapter 8

CUNEGUND'S STORY

"I WAS IN MY BED AND FAST ASLEEP, WHEN IT PLEASED HEAVEN to send the Bulgarians into our magnificent castle of Thunderten-trunk; they murdered my father and my brother, and hacked my mother to pieces. A big Bulgarian, six feet high, seeing that I had lost consciousness at this dreadful spectacle, began to ravish me. That brought me round; I recovered my senses, I screamed, I struggled, I bit, I scratched, and tried to tear the big Bulgarian's eyes out, not knowing that all that was happening in my father's

castle was the usual thing under the circumstances. The brutal fellow stabbed me with a knife in my left side, and I still bear the mark of the wound."

"Alas! How I long to see it!" said Candide simply.

"You shall do so," said Cunegund; "but let me proceed."

"Pray proceed," said Candide.

So she took up the thread of her story.

"A Bulgarian captain now came in, and saw me all covered with blood, while the soldier never troubled himself to stir. The captain, enraged at this want of respect shown towards himself, killed the brute as he lay upon me. Then he had my wound dressed, and took me as a prisoner of war to his own quarters. There I washed the few shirts that he possessed, and cooked his meals for him; he thought me exceedingly pretty,—excuse my saying so,—nor can I deny that he was a very well-made man, and that his skin was smooth and white; but he had little wit or philosophy,—it was easy to see that he had not been educated by Dr. Pangloss. At the end of three months, having lost all his money and grown tired of me, he sold me to a Jew named Don Issachar, who traded in Holland and Portugal, and was passionately fond of the fair sex. This Jew was greatly taken with my charms, but he could not conquer my modesty; I repulsed his overtures better than those of the Bulgarian soldier. An honourable lady may be violated once in a way, but her virtue is thereby strengthened. The Jew, in order to tame me to submission, carried me off to this country house in which you now find me. Till then I had supposed that there was nothing on earth so magnificent as the castle of Thundertentrunk, but I have been undeceived.

"The Grand Inquisitor noticed me one day at mass; he eyed me a good deal, and sent me a message that he had something of a private nature to communicate to me. I was conducted to his palace, and I told him of my home and parentage; he represented to me how far beneath my rank it was to belong to an Israelite. A proposal was made on his behalf to Don Issachar that he should give me up to His Reverence. Don Issachar, who is the court banker, and a man of credit, would do nothing of the sort. The Inquisitor threatened him with an *auto-da-fé*. At last my Jew, under intimidation, concluded a bargain by which the house and I should be shared by both in common; that the Jew should have Monday, Wednesday, and the Sabbath to himself, and that the

Inquisitor should have the other days of the week. This arrangement has lasted six months; but not without quarrels, for a dispute has often arisen as to whether the night between Saturday and Sunday belonged to the old or the new law. For my part, I have hitherto successfully resisted both of them; and I believe that it is for that reason each of them loves me still.

"At length, to avert the scourge of earthquakes, and to frighten Don Issachar, it pleased His Reverence the Inquisitor to celebrate an *auto-da-fé,* to which he did me the honour to invite me. I had a capital seat, and the ladies were served with refreshments between the mass and the executions. I was, indeed, seized with horror when I saw those two Jews burned, and that poor simple Biscayan who had married his fellow god-parent; but what was my astonishment, my terror, and my distress, when I beheld in a *sanbenito,* with a mitre on his head, a form which resembled that of Pangloss! I rubbed my eyes, I gazed attentively, I saw him hanged, and I fainted at the sight. Scarcely had I recovered my senses, when I saw you stripped naked; that put the crowning touch to my horror, consternation, grief, and despair. Let me tell you that your skin is even more perfectly white and rosy than that of my Bulgarian captain. That spectacle sharpened the anguish that pierced my soul and utterly consumed me. I screamed aloud, and would fain have said: 'Stop, savages!' but my voice failed me, nor would my cries have been of any use. After you had been soundly whipped, I said to myself:

" 'How can it have happened that the amiable Candide and the wise Pangloss should turn up here in Lisbon, one to receive a hundred lashes, and the other to be hanged by order of His Reverence the Inquisitor, whose sweetheart I am? How cruelly did Pangloss deceive me when he said that everything goes on in the best possible way!'

"Agitated and distracted, at one moment beside myself with indignation, and at the next feeling too weak to live, I had my head full of all I had seen and suffered,—the massacre of my father, mother, and brother, the insults to which that vile Bulgarian soldier had subjected me, the wound that he had given me with his knife, my captivity, my apprenticeship in cookery, my Bulgarian captain, my ugly Don Issachar, my abominable Inquisitor, the hanging of Dr. Pangloss, the grand *miserere* droned out while you were being whipped, and, above all, the kiss I had given you be-

hind a screen the day I saw you, as I thought, for the last time. I praised God for having brought you back to me after so many trials. I recommended you to the care of this old servant, and told her to bring you hither as soon as she could. She has faithfully executed her commission, and I have tasted the inexpressible pleasure of seeing you again, of hearing you, and speaking to you. But you must be famishing, and I am pretty hungry myself; let us begin supper."

So down they sat together at table; and after supper, they placed themselves once more on that splendid sofa which I have already mentioned, and there they were when one of the masters of the house in the person of Don Issachar, arrived. It was the Sabbath day, and he came to enjoy his rights, and to declare his tender attachment.

Chapter 9

WHAT BEFELL CUNEGUND, CANDIDE, THE GRAND INQUISITOR, AND THE JEW

THIS ISSACHAR WAS THE MOST IRRITABLE HEBREW THAT HAD EVER been seen since the Babylonian captivity.

"What is this?" said he; "bitch of a Galilean, was not my lord Inquisitor enough, but this rascal must also have his share of what belongs to me?'

So saying, he drew a long dagger, with which he was always provided, and, not imagining that his adversary was armed, he threw himself upon Candide. But our worthy Westphalian had received a fine sword from the old woman along with the suit of clothes; he drew his weapon, though his manners were as a rule extremely gentle, and stretched the Israelite stark dead upon the floor at the feet of the fair Cunegund.

"Holy Virgin!" she exclaimed. "What will become of us? A man slain in my house! If the officers of justice come, we are lost."

"If Pangloss had not been hanged," said Candide, "he would have given us some good advice in this extremity, for he was a great philosopher. Failing him, let us consult the old woman."

She had a large stock of prudence, and was beginning to give

her advice, when another little door was opened. It was an hour after midnight, so Sunday had begun, a day that belonged to His Reverence the Inquisitor. He entered, and saw the lately castigated Candide, sword in hand, a dead body stretched upon the ground, Cunegund scared out of her senses, and the old woman calmly giving her advice.

This is what passed that moment through Candide's mind, and thus it was he reasoned with himself: "If this holy man calls for help, he will undoubtedly have me burned, and he may possibly do as much for Cunegund; he has already had me whipped unmercifully; he is my rival; I have just fleshed my sword; there is no time to hesitate."

This train of thought was rapid and concise, and, without giving the Inquisitor time to recover from his surprise, Candide ran his sword right through the other's body, and hurled him beside the Jew.

"What! another of them!" exclaimed Cunegund; "there is no longer any possibility of pardon; we are excommunicated; our last hour is come! Whatever can have possessed you, who are of so mild a disposition, to kill within a couple of minutes a Jew and a dignitary of the Church?"

"My beautiful young lady," answered Candide, "when a man is under the influence of love and jealousy, and has been whipped by the Inquisition, he is no longer like himself."

The old woman then put in her word, and said: "There are three Andalusian steeds in the stable, with saddles and bridles; let the brave Candide get them ready; you, my lady, have moidores and diamonds; let us mount without delay,—though I have only one side to sit on,—and go to Cadiz. It is the finest weather in the world, and travelling is very enjoyable during the coolness of the night."

Candide immediately saddled the three horses, and Cunegund, the old woman, and he, rode thirty miles without drawing rein. When they were already far away, the holy *Hermandad* arrived upon the scene; they buried His Reverence in a magnificent church, and cast Issachar's corpse into the common sewer.

Candide, Cunegund, and their old attendant had now reached the little town of Aracena, amidst the Sierra Morena mountains, and this was the conversation that they held together at an inn there.

Chapter 10

TELLS IN WHAT A STATE OF DISTRESS CANDIDE, CUNEGUND, AND THE OLD WOMAN ARRIVED AT CADIZ, AND OF THEIR SUBSEQUENT EMBARKATION

"WHO CAN HAVE ROBBED ME OF MY PISTOLES AND MY JEWELS?" said Cunegund weeping. "How shall we live? What are we to do? Where can I find Inquisitors and Jews to give me any more?"

"Alas!" said the old woman, "I strongly suspect a reverend Francisan friar, who lodged last night at the same inn with us at Badajoz—Heaven preserve me from forming a rash judgment!—but he came into our chamber twice, and left the place long before we did."

"Ah!" sighed Candide; "the excellent Pangloss used often to assure me that the good things of this world are the common property of all men, and that each of us has an equal right to them. According to those principles, this friar ought certainly to have left us wherewithal to finish our journey. Have you then nothing at all remaining, my fair Cunegund?"

"Not a maravedi," said she.

"What course must we adopt?" said Candide.

"Let us sell one of the horses," suggested the old woman; "I will ride on a pillion behind the young lady,—though I can only sit upon one side,—and so we shall get to Cadiz after all."

There happened to be in the same inn a prior of the Benedictine order, who purchased the horse very cheaply. Candide, Cunegund, and the old woman passed through Lucena, Chillas, and Lebrija, and arrived at last at Cadiz. There they found a fleet being fitted out, and troops mustered, in order to bring to their senses the reverend Jesuit fathers of Paraguay, who were accused of stirring up a revolt among the natives against the kings of Spain and Portugal, near the city of San Sacramento. Candide, having seen some service with the Bulgarians, went through his exercises before the general of the little expedition with so much grace, quickness, skill, spirit, and agility, that he gave him the command of a company of infantry. So now, being made a captain, he embarked with Miss Cunegund, the old woman, two men servants, and the two Andalusian horses which had belonged to the Grand Inquisitor of Portugal.

During the passage they had many discussions upon the philosophy of poor Pangloss.

"We are going into another world," said Candide; "it is there no doubt that everything is right; for it must be confessed that we have cause to complain a little of what happens in our own, whether with respect to physical or moral evils."

"I love you with all my heart," said Cunegund; "but I am still shocked and terrified at what I have seen and undergone."

"All will now go well," replied Candide; "the sea of this new world is already better than those of Europe; it is calmer, and the winds are more regular. Assuredly it is the new one which is the best of all possible worlds."

"God grant it!" sighed Cunegund; "but I have been so horribly unhappy in the old one, that my heart is almost shut against hope."

"You murmur," interposed the old woman, "and yet, alas! you have experienced no such misfortunes as mine."

Cunegund nearly laughed in her face, for she thought it very droll of this good dame to pretend to be more unhappy than herself.

"Ah! my good woman," said she, "unless you have been outraged by two Bulgarians, received two wounds from a knife in your belly, had two castles demolished, had two mothers and two fathers murdered before your eyes, and seen two lovers of yours flogged at an *auto-da-fé,* I do not see how you can claim the palm in misfortune over me; to all this add that I was born a baroness, with seventy-two quarterings, and yet I have been reduced to the position of a cook."

"My young lady," answered the old woman, "you do not know my birth and lineage; and if I were to show you what is behind, you would not speak as you do, but would suspend your judgment."

This mysterious language created extreme curiosity in the minds of Cunegund and of Candide, and the old woman then addressed them in the following terms.

Chapter 11

THE OLD WOMAN'S STORY

"MY EYES HAVE NOT ALWAYS BEEN BLEARED AND RIMMED WITH red, my nose has not always touched my chin, nor was I always a

servant. I am the daughter of Pope Urban X. and of the Princess of Palestrina. Until the age of fourteen years I was brought up in a palace, to which the castles of all your German barons would not have been fit for stables; and a single one of my dresses cost more than all the magnificence of Westphalia. I grew in beauty, accomplishments, and talents, surrounded by pleasure, hope, and admiration. I had already power to inspire love; my bust was fully formed, and what a bust!—white, firm, and shaped like that of the Venus de Medici. And what eyes! what eyelids! what dark eyebrows! what flames shot forth from either pupil, and eclipsed the brightness of the stars!—as the poets of our part of the country used to tell me. The women who dressed and undressed me used to fall into raptures as they looked upon me in front and behind; and all the men would fain have been in their place.

"I was betrothed to the Prince of Massa-Carrara. Such a prince! As handsome as myself, a compound of sweetness and grace, beaming with wit, and burning with passion. I loved him as one loves for the first time,—with idolatry, with transport. Preparations were made for our wedding with unheard of pomp and magnificence; there were incessant banquets, tournaments, and comic operas; all Italy made sonnets in my praise, not one of which was even passable. I had almost attained the summit of my happiness, when an old marchioness, who had been my prince's mistress, invited him to drink chocolate at her house. He died in less than two hours afterwards in frightful convulsions; but that was a mere trifle to what followed. My mother, in despair, though far less afflicted than I was, determined to retire for some time from so fatal a place. She had a very fine estate near Gaeta, for which we embarked in a native galley which was gilded like the high altar of St. Peter's at Rome. Suddenly a Sallee rover bore down upon us, and attacked us. Our men defended themselves like soldiers of the Pope; they all fell upon their knees, throwing down their arms, and begging the Corsair to grant them absolution *in articulo mortis.*

"They were immediately stripped as naked as apes, nor did they spare my mother, nor our maids of honour, nor myself. It is marvellous with what alacrity these gentry undress people; but what surprised me more was the way in which they pryed into every nook and cranny of our persons. This ceremony seemed to me a very strange one; for thus it is that we are apt to judge of every-

thing new when we have never been out of our own land. I soon found out that the object of this proceeding was to discover if we had any diamonds hidden about us; it is a custom established from time immemorial among the refined races which scour the sea. I have been informed that those religious gentlemen, the Knights of Malta, never fail to act in this way whenever they take Turkish prisoners of either sex, it is a rule of the law of nations from which they never depart.

"I need not tell you how hard it was for a young princess to be brought to Morocco as a slave along with her mother; you may imagine, too, all we had to suffer in the pirate ship. My mother was still very handsome; our maids of honour and our mere waiting-women had more charms than were to be found in all Africa. As for me, I was simply enchanting,—beauty and grace personified; moreover I was a virgin,—but I did not remain so long. That flower which had been reserved for the handsome Prince of Massa-Carrara was snatched from me by the Corsair captain, an abominable negro, who thought he was thereby doing me a great honour. Certainly Her Highness the Princess of Palestrina and I must have had strong constitutions to withstand all we went through until our arrival at Morocco! But let us pass on; these are matters of such common occurrence that they are not worth the trouble of mentioning.

"Morocco was deluged with blood when we arrived. Of the fifty sons of the Emperor Muley Ismäel each had his adherents, a state of things which resulted in fifty civil wars, of blacks against blacks, of blacks against tawnies, of tawnies against tawnies, of mulattoes against mulattoes; it was continual carnage throughout the whole extent of the empire.

"Scarcely had we landed before some negroes belonging to a faction opposed to that of my Corsair presented themselves to rob him of his booty. Next to the gold and diamonds we were the most precious part of his cargo. I was then witness of a conflict such as you never see in the colder climates of Europe. The blood of northern nations is not so inflammable; they do not carry their rage for the fair sex to the degree that is common in Africa. It would seem as if you Europeans had nothing stronger than milk in your veins; but it is vitriol, it is liquid fire that flows in the veins of the inhabitants of Mount Atlas and the adjoining countries. They fought with the fury of the lions, tigers, and serpents of their

native land, to decide which of them should have us. A Moor seized my mother by the right arm, my captain's lieutenant held her fast by the left; a Moorish soldier took her by one leg, while one of our pirates was holding her by the other. There was hardly one of our maids but found herself in a moment drawn in opposite directions by four soldiers. My captain kept me hidden behind him; scimitar in hand, he killed all who ventured to oppose his rage. At last I saw all our Italian women and my mother torn, hacked, and massacred by the monsters who disputed for their possession. My captive companions, those who had taken us prisoners, soldiers, sailors, blacks, tawnies, whites, mulattoes, and last of all my captain, all were slain, and I alone was left dying on a heap of dead. Scenes like this take place, we know, over a space of more than three hundred leagues, without causing anyone to neglect the five prayers a day which Mohammed has enjoined.

"I freed myself with great difficulty from the heap of bleeding carcasses, and dragged myself under a large orange-tree on the bank of a stream hard by, where I sank down overcome with fright, fatigue, horror, despair, and hunger. Soon afterwards my overstrained senses gave way to unconsciousness, which had more of the nature of a swoon than of peaceful repose. I was still in that state of weakness and insensibility, hovering between life and death, when I felt myself pressed down by something that moved above me; I opened my eyes, and saw a white man of prepossessing appearance, who was sighing and muttering between his teeth: 'Oh, what a misfortune to be a eunuch!'

Chapter 12

THE STORY OF THE OLD WOMAN'S MISFORTUNES CONTINUED

"ASTONISHED AND DELIGHTED AT HEARING THE LANGUAGE OF MY native land, and no less surprised at the words which the man uttered, I told him that there were greater misfortunes than that of which he complained. I gave him a brief account of the horrors I had undergone, and I then fell back again in a swoon. He carried me into a neighbouring house, had me put to bed, caused some food to be given me, waited on me, soothed me with words of consola-

tion and compliment, telling me that he had never seen anything so beautiful as myself, and that he had never felt so much regret as then for what no one could ever restore to him.

" 'I was born at Naples,' said he, 'where two or three thousand children are treated like capons every year; some of them die in consequence, others acquire a voice finer than a woman's, and others again come to be rulers of States. The operation in my case was very successful, and I have been leader of the choir in the chapel of Her Highness the Princess of Palestrina.'

" 'My mother!' I exclaimed.

" 'Your mother?' cried he, bursting into tears. 'Why, you must be that young princess whom I instructed till she was six years of age, and who even then gave promise of being as lovely as you now are.'

" 'The very same; my mother is lying four or five hundred steps from where we are, cut into quarters, and covered by a heap of dead bodies.'

"I then related to him all that had happened to me, and he, in his turn, gave me an account of his adventures, and informed me that he had been sent to the King of Morocco by a Christian power in order to conclude a treaty with that monarch, engaging to furnish him with gunpowder, cannon, and ships to help him in exterminating the commerce of other Christians.

" 'My mission is fulfilled,' said this obliging eunuch; 'I am about to embark at Ceuta, and will take you back with me to Italy. What a misfortune to be a eunuch!'

"I thanked him with tears of grateful emotion; but, instead of taking me to Italy, he brought me to Algiers, and sold me to the Dey of that province. Hardly had the sale been effected, when the plague which has made the round of Africa, Asia, and Europe, broke out with fury at Algiers. You have witnessed earthquakes, my young lady, but have you ever had the plague?"

"Never," replied the Baroness.

"If you had had it," continued the old woman, "you would acknowledge that an earthquake is nothing to it. It is exceedingly common in Africa, and it attacked me. Picture to yourself the situation of the daughter of a Pope, only fifteen years of age, who in the space of three months had been subjected to poverty and slavery, had been violated nearly every day, had seen her mother cut into quarters, had experienced all the horrors of war

and famine, and was now dying of the plague at Algiers! I did not die of it, however; but my eunuch and the Dey, and almost the whole seraglio of Algiers, perished.

"When the first ravages of that frightful pestilence were over, the Dey's slaves were put up for sale. A merchant bought me, and took me to Tunis; there I was sold to another merchant, who sold me again at Tripoli; from Tripoli I was passed on to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Smyrna, and from Smyrna to Constantinople. At last I became the property of an Aga of the janissaries, who was ere long commanded to go and defend the town of Azov against the Russians who were besieging it.

"The Aga, who was a man greatly devoted to our sex, took all his harem with him, and lodged us in a little fort on the Sea of Azov, with two black eunuchs and twenty soldiers to guard us. A prodigious number of Russians were slain, but they soon made us an adequate return; Azov was given up to fire and sword, and neither sex nor age was spared. Our little fort alone held out, and the enemy determined to starve us into submission. The twenty janissaries had sworn that they would never surrender; the extremities of hunger to which they were now reduced constrained them, for fear of breaking their oath, to eat our two eunuchs. At the end of a few days more they resolved to devour the women.

"We had with us a very pious and compassionate *Imam*, who delivered a very fine discourse, in which he urged them not to kill us outright.

" 'Only cut off,' said he, 'a buttock from each of these ladies, you will find it excellent fare; if, in the course of a few days, it should be necessary to return, you will then be able to get a second supply; heaven will be pleased with you for acting so charitably, and send you succour.'

"He had a great deal of eloquence, and persuaded them to follow his advice. We were subjected to that horrible operation, and the Imam applied to our wounds the same healing balm which is used in the case of boys who have been circumcised; but we nearly lost our lives.

"The janissaries had no sooner finished the meal with which we had furnished them, than the Russians arrived in flat-bottomed boats, and not a janissary escaped. The Russians paid no attention to the state in which we were, but, French surgeons being found everywhere, a very clever one took us in hand and cured us; and

I shall remember all my life what proposals he made me after my wounds were well closed. Moreover he told us all to cheer up, and assured us that such things had happened at a good many sieges, and that it was quite in accordance with the laws of war.

"As soon as my companions were able to walk they were sent to Moscow; while I fell into the possession of a *boyard,* who made me work in his garden, and used to give me twenty lashes a day. But at the end of two years, my master having been broken on the wheel with thirty other *boyards* for some plot against the court, I took advantage of the event, and made my escape. I traversed the whole of Russia; I was for a long time a servant at a tavern at Riga, afterwards at Rostock, Wismar, Leipsic, Cassel, Utrecht, Leyden, the Hague, and Rotterdam; I have grown old in the midst of misery and contempt, having only half of what I once had behind, and never being able to forget that my father was a pope. A hundred times have I determined to kill myself, but I always found I was still too fond of life. That ridiculous weakness may be considered one of our most unfortunate propensities, for can there be anything more absurd than to wish to carry for ever a burden which we are always desiring to throw upon the ground; to have a horror of existence, and yet to cling to it; in other words, to cherish the serpent which devours us, until it has eaten our very heart?

"I have seen in the various countries through which it has been my fortune to travel, as well as at the taverns where I have been a servant, a prodigious number of persons who abhorred their existence, but I have not known more than twelve who of their own accord put an end to their misery,—three negroes, four Englishmen, four from Geneva, and one German professor named Robeck. At last I came to be a servant in the house of the Jew, Don Issachar, who placed me about your person, my sweet young lady, and I have become attached to your fortunes, and been more interested in your adventures than in my own. I should never even have spoken to you of my misfortunes, if you had not given me a little provocation, and if it were not the custom on board a ship to tell stories to relieve the tediousness of the voyage. So you see, Miss, I have had experience and know the world; amuse yourself now by getting every passenger to tell you his history, and if a single one of them be found who has not often cursed his life, who has not often said to himself that he was the most wretched

of all men, I give you leave to throw me headforemost into the sea."

Chapter 13

HOW CANDIDE WAS OBLIGED TO PART FROM THE FAIR CUNEGUND AND THE OLD WOMAN

THE FAIR CUNEGUND, HAVING HEARD THE OLD WOMAN'S STORY, made her all the polite acknowledgments that were due to a person of her rank and merit. She welcomed her proposal and engaged all the passengers, one after another, to relate their adventures; after which Candide and she had to confess that the old lady was in the right.

"It is a great pity," said Candide, "that the wise Pangloss was hanged contrary to the usual pratice at an *auto-da-fé,* for he would have made some admirable remarks on the physical and moral evils which cover land and sea, and I should feel that I have arguments strong enough to embolden me to offer some objections in a respectful manner."

As the passengers were relating their adventures the ship made way, and they landed at last at Buenos Ayres. Cunegund, Captain Candide, and the old woman proceeded to the house of the Governor don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenas y Lampourdos y Souza. This gentleman had a pride suitable to a man who bore so many names. To those who addressed him he spoke with the most magnificent disdain, holding his nose so high in the air, and raising his voice so unmercifully, assumming a tone so imposing, and affecting so pompous a gait, that all who paid him their humble salutations felt inclined to kick him.

He loved the ladies to distraction, and when Cunegund appeared before him, he thought he had never seen a lovelier sight. The first thing he did was to inquire if she were the captain's wife. The air with which he asked this question alarmed Candide; he dared not say that she was his wife, for in point of fact that was not the case; he dared not assert that she was his sister, for she was not that either; and, however fashionable this convenient falsehood may have been with the ancients, and however useful it might be found in modern times, his soul was too pure to tamper with the truth.

"Miss Cunegund," said he, "is to do me the honour of marrying me, and we beg your Excellency to condescend so far as to countenance our nuptials."

Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenas y Lampourdos y Souza twirled his moustache with a bitter smile, and ordered Captain Candide to go and inspect his company. Candide obeyed, and the Governor was left alone with Miss Cunegund. He made a declaration of his passion, protesting that he was ready to marry her the next day, in the face of the Church or otherwise, just as it might best please her charming self. Cunegund requested to be allowed a quarter of an hour to collect her thoughts, to consult the old woman, and to make her decision.

The old woman said to Cunegund: "My dear young lady, you have seventy-two quarterings on your coat of arms, and not a farthing in your pocket; it rests only with yourself to become the wife of the most distinguished personage in South America, whose moustache is simply superb. Is it for you to pride yourself upon a fidelity which is proof against every assault? You have been ravished by the Bulgarians; a Jew and an Inquisitor have shared your good graces. Misfortunes confer new rights, and I must confess, that were I in your place, I should have no scruple in marrying His Excellency, and making the fortune of Captain Candide."

Whilst the old lady was speaking with all the prudence which age and experience bestow, they saw a little vessel enter the harbour; on board were an *alcalde* and *alguazils* [magistrate and officers]. What had happened was as follows.

The old woman had rightly suspected that it was the grey friar with the long sleeves who stole Cunegund's money and jewels in the city of Badajoz, when she was on her hasty flight with Candide. This Franciscan wished to sell some of the precious stones to a jeweller, but the tradesman recognised them as having belonged to the Grand Inquisitor. The friar, before he was hanged, confessed that he had stolen them, described the persons in whose possession they had been, and pointed out the direction in which they had gone, the flight of Cunegund and Candide being already known. They were followed to Cadiz, and a vessel sent after them without loss of time. This was the ship now in harbour at Buenos Ayres. The report was spread that an *alcalde* was about to land with officers, and that they were in pursuit of the murderers of the Grand

Inquisitor. The old woman, with her usual foresight, saw in an instant what was to be done.

"You cannot fly," she said to Cunegund, "and you have nothing to fear; it was not you who killed His Reverence. Besides, the Governor, being in love with you, will not allow you to be ill-treated. Stay where you are."

Then she instantly hastened to Candide.

"Fly," she said, "or in an hour's time you will be burned alive."

There was not a moment to be lost; but how was he to tear himself away from Cunegund, and whither was he to fly for refuge?

Chapter 14

HOW CANDIDE AND CACAMBO WERE RECEIVED AMONG THE JESUITS OF PARAGUAY

CANDIDE HAD BROUGHT WITH HIM FROM CADIZ A SERVING-MAN belonging to a class plentiful enough on the coast of Spain and in the colonies. He was one-quarter Spanish, having been born of a mulatto mother in Tucuman. He had been by turns choir-boy, sexton, sailor, monk, porter, soldier, and lackey. His name was Cacambo, and he was strongly attached to his master, because his master was very good-natured. He saddled the two Andalusian horses as quickly as he could.

"Come, my master, let us follow the old woman's advice, and be off, without taking a look behind us as we gallop away."

Candide shed tears as he exclaimed: "O my dear Cunegund! must I forsake you just at the time when His Excellency the Governor was about to countenance our nuptials? After having come with me so far, what, Cunegund, will become of you?"

"She will do the best she can," said Cacambo. "Women never find much trouble in disposing of themselves; heaven takes good care of that—let us be off."

"Whither do you propose to take me? In what direction are we going? What shall we do without Cunegund?" asked Candide

"By St. James of Compostella!" said Cacambo, "you were going to fight against the Jesuits, let us go and help them instead. I know the roads pretty well, and will guide you into their territories; they

will be delighted to have a captain expert in the Bulgarian drill, and you will make a prodigious fortune. When luck goes against us in one place, we may be better off in another. It is no small pleasure to see and do new things."

"You have been in Paraguay already then?" said Candide.

"Yes, indeed," answered Cacambo; "I was a scout in the College of Asuncion, and know all about the government of the *padres* as well as I know the streets of Cadiz, and an admirable thing it is. Their territory is already more than three hundred leagues across, and it is divided into thirty provinces. The good fathers have everything there, and the people nothing—it is the very masterpiece of reason and justice. For my part, I have never seen anything so divine as the good fathers, who here make war on the King of Spain and the King of Portugal, whilst in Europe they act as their father confessors; here they kill Spaniards, and in Madrid they teach them the way to heaven. This behaviour charms me—let us proceed. You are destined to be the happiest of all men. How pleased the good fathers will be when they know that a captain who is acquainted with the Bulgarian drill is coming to help them!"

As soon as they reached the first outpost, Cacambo told the advanced guard that a captain requested an audience of His Reverence the Commandant. Information was conveyed to the main guard, and a Paraguayan officer hastened to prostrate himself at the feet of the Commandant, and to deliver the message. Candide and Cacambo were in the first place disarmed, and their two Andalusian horses seized. Then the strangers were led forward between two files of soldiers, at the further end of which stood the Commandant, with his three-cornered cap on his head, his gown tucked up, a sword at his side, and a half-pike in his hand. He made a sign, and immediately four-and-twenty soldiers surrounded the two new-comers. A sergeant told them that they must wait, that the Commandant could not speak with them, and that the Reverend Father Provincial did not allow any Spaniard to open his mouth except in his own presence, or to stay longer than three hours in the country.

"And where is the Reverend Father Provincial?" asked Cacambo.

"He is at parade, after having said mass," answered the sergeant, "and you cannot kiss his spurs for three hours."

"But," said Cacambo, "my master, the captain, who is famished

like myself, is no Spaniard; he is a German. Can we not have some breakfast while we wait for His Reverence?"

The sergeant immediately went off to report this speech to the Commandant.

"God be praised!" said that personage; "since he is a German, I can speak to him. Let him be brought to my arbour."

So Candide was straightway conducted into a green bower, adorned with a very handsome marble colonnade of green and gold, with trellis-work, behind which were confined parrots, humming-birds of all sorts and sizes, guinea-fowl, and all the rarest of the feathered tribe. An excellent breakfast was provided in vessels of gold, and whilst the Paraguayans were eating Indian corn out of wooden bowls, in the open field, exposed to the fierce heat of the sun, the Reverend Father Commandant entered his leafy arbour.

He was a very handsome young man, his face well filled out, of a fair and fresh-coloured complexion, with high arched eyebrows, bright eyes, ruddy ears and ruby lips; his air was proud, but with a pride which was neither that of a Spaniard nor of a Jesuit. The arms of which they had been deprived were given back to Candide and Cacambo, as well as their two Andalusian horses; and Cacambo fed them with oats near the arbour, without taking his eyes off them for fear of a surprise.

Candide first kissed the hem of the Commandant's gown, and then they seated themselves at table.

"You are German, it seems?" said the Jesuit in that language.

"Yes, reverend father," replied Candide.

As they uttered these words, they looked at each other with extreme astonishment and an emotion which they could not control.

"And to what part of Germany do you belong?" asked the Jesuit.

"To the dirty province of Westphalia," said Candide; "I was born in the castle of Thundertentrunk."

"O heavens! is it possible!" exclaimed the Commandant.

"What a miracle!" exclaimed Candide.

"Can it be you?" said the Commandant.

"This is quite impossible!" said Candide.

They both started back, then threw themselves into each other's arms, and shed torrents of tears.

"What! Can it indeed be yourself, reverend father? Are you the brother of the beauteous Cunegund? You who were killed by the

Bulgarians! you, the son of my lord Baron! you, a Jesuit in Paraguay! It must be confessed that this world is a strange place. O Pangloss! Pangloss! how pleased you would be, if you had not been hanged!"

The Commandant ordered the negro slaves to retire, as well as the Paraguayans who were pouring out wine for them into goblets of rock crystal. He thanked God and St. Ignatius a thousand times; he pressed Candide to his heart, and their faces were bathed in tears.

"You would be still more amazed, more affected, more transported," said Candide, "were I to tell you that your sister, Miss Cunegund, whom you believed to have been ripped open, is well and hearty."

"Where?"

"In your neighbourhood, in the house of His Excellency the Governor of Buenos Ayres; and I myself came to South America to fight against you."

Each word that they uttered during a long conversation contributed to pile wonder upon wonder. Their whole soul seemed to hover over their lips, to listen at their ears, and to sparkle in their eyes. As they were Germans, they sat at table a considerable time, while they waited for the Reverend Father Provincial; and the Commandant spoke as follows to his dear Candide.

Chapter 15

HOW CANDIDE KILLED THE BROTHER OF HIS BELOVED CUNEGUND

"I SHALL NEVER CEASE TO REMEMBER ALL MY LIFE LONG THE terrible day on which I saw my father and mother killed, and my sister ravished. When the Bulgarians were gone, that charming sister of mine was nowhere to be found, but my father and mother, together with myself, two female servants, and three little boys with their throats cut, were laid in a cart and taken for burial to a chapel of Jesuits, at a distance of two leagues from my ancestral home. A Jesuit sprinkled us with holy water, which was horribly salt, and some drops of it went into my eyes; the good father

noticed that my eyelids slightly quivered; he placed his hand on my heart, and felt it beat; my life was saved, and at the end of three weeks I was as well as ever.

"You know, my dear Candide, that I was exceedingly good-looking, and I became still more so; accordingly the Reverend Father Croust, Superior of the House, conceived the most tender affection for me. He gave me the dress of a novice, and some time afterwards I was sent to Rome. The Father General had need of young German Jesuits to serve as recruits in Paraguay, where the native chieftains admit as few Spanish Jesuits as they can; they like other Europeans better, for they expect to find them more submissive to their authority. I was judged fit by the Reverend Father General to go and work in that vineyard. A Pole, a Tyrolese, and I set sail together. On my arrival I was honoured with the sub-diaconate and a lieutenancy; I am now a colonel and a priest. We shall give the troops of the King of Spain a vigorous reception; I warrant you they will be excommunicated and soundly thrashed. Providence sends you hither to support us. But is it indeed true that my dear sister Cunegund is in this neighbourhood, and living at the house of the Governor of Buneos Ayres?"

Candide solemnly assured him that nothing was more certain, and their tears began to flow afresh.

The Baron seemed as if he would never be weary of embracing Candide; he called him his brother and his preserver.

"Perhaps," said he, "we may be able, my dear Candide, to enter the town together as conquerors, and recover my sister Cunegund."

"That is my dearest wish," said Candide, "for I intended to marry her, and I still hope to do so."

"Insolent fellow!" exclaimed the Baron; "can you have the impudence to think of marrying my sister, who has no less than seventy-two quarterings of nobility? I count it intolerable effrontery in you to dare to speak to me of a project so presumptuous!"

Candide, astonished at hearing such language, replied thus: "Reverend father, all the quarterings in the world matter not a straw; I rescued your sister from the arms of a Jew and of an Inquisitor; she is under very considerable obligations to me, and is minded to be my wife. Dr. Pangloss always told me that all mankind are equal, and, you may depend upon it, I will marry her."

"That remains to be seen, you scoundrel," said the Jesuit Baron of Thundertentrunk, and so saying he gave him a heavy blow on the face with the flat of his sword.

Candide instantly drew his own, and buried it up to the hilt in the body of the Jesuit Baron; but, as he pulled out the reeking weapon, he burst into tears, and exclaimed: "Good God! I have slain my quondam master and friend, my prospective brother-in-law! I am the best-hearted man in the world, yet, lo and behold, I have already killed three men, and amongst those three two of them are priests."

Cacambo, who had been keeping watch at the door of the arbour, ran up to his master, who said to him: "Nothing now remains for us to do but to sell our lives as dearly as possible. People, no doubt, will soon visit this arbour; since die we must, let it be with arms in our hands."

Cacambo, who had often been in similar predicaments, did not lose presence of mind; he took the Jesuit's gown which the Baron wore, and put it upon Candide, gave him the dead man's square cap, and made him mount on horseback. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye.

"Let us gallop away, master; everybody will take you for a Jesuit going to give some orders, and we shall have passed the frontiers before they can run after us."

He was already in full flight as he uttered these words, and cried out in Spanish: "Make way! make way for the Reverend Father the Colonel!"

Chapter 16

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TWO TRAVELLERS IN CONNECTION WITH TWO GIRLS, TWO MONKEYS, AND THE SAVAGES CALLED ORELLONS

CANDIDE AND HIS SERVANT WERE BEYOND THE BARRIERS BEFORE anyone in the camp yet knew of the death of the German Jesuit.

The provident Cacambo had taken care to fill his haversack with bread, chocolate, ham, fruit, and some flasks of wine. Riding their Andalusian horses, they penetrated into an unknown country where they found no track. At last a beautiful meadow land,

intersected by rivulets, was spread out before them, where our two travellers allowed their steeds to graze. Cacambo urged his master to eat, and himself set him the example.

"How can you expect me to eat ham, when I have slain the son of my lord Baron, and find myself condemned never to see the fair Cunegund again all my days? What is the good of prolonging this wretched life, which I must drag on far from her in remorse and despair? And what will the *Trévoux Gazette* say?"

As he asked these questions, he never ceased eating. The sun was now setting, when the two wanderers heard some faint cries, uttered apparently by women. They were uncertain whether they were the cries of sorrow or of joy; but they rose hurriedly, with that feeling of uneasiness and alarm which every sound inspires in a strange country. The clamour proceeded from two girls in nature's garb who were running at full speed along the side of the meadow, while a couple of monkeys were closely pursuing them and biting their buttocks. Candide was moved with pity at the sight; he had learned to shoot so well when he was with the Bulgarians, that he could hit a nut on a hazel bush without touching a leaf. He seized his double-barrelled Spanish musket, fired, and killed both the monkeys.

"Thank God, my dear Cacambo! I have delivered these two poor creatures from a great danger; if I committed a sin in killing an Inquisitor and a Jesuit, I have made ample amends by saving the lives of two young women. Perhaps they are damsels of high degree, and this adventure may procure us considerable advantage in this country."

He was going to continue, but his tongue was paralysed on his seeing the two girls embrace the monkeys most tenderly, burst into tears over their dead bodies, and fill the air with cries of bitter lamentation.

"I was not prepared for such a display of kind good-nature," said he at last to Cacambo.

"That is a pretty piece of work of yours, master; you have killed these two young ladies' lovers."

"Their lovers! Can it be possible? You are jesting with me, Cacambo; how can I believe you?"

"My dear master," answered Cacambo, "you are always astonished at everything. Why should you find it so strange that there are some countries where monkeys are in high favour with

the ladies? They are a fourth part human, just as I am by a fourth part a Spaniard."

"Ah!" rejoined Candide, "I remember hearing Dr. Pangloss say that in ancient times such things had happened, and that those mixtures had produced goat-footed Pans, fauns, and satyrs, and that divers distinguished men of antiquity had seen some of them; but I took all such stories for fables."

"You should be convinced now that they are true; you see how these creatures are treated by persons who have received no proper education. All that I am afraid of is that these ladies will do us some serious mischief."

These weighty reflections induced Candide to leave the meadow, and retire into the depths of an adjoining wood. There he and Cacambo had supper, and both of them, after cursing the Portuguese Inquisitor, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, and the Baron, went to sleep on a couch of moss. When they awoke, they found themselves unable to stir, the reason of which was that during the night the Oreillons, who inhabit that country, and to whom the two damsels had denounced them, had tied them down with ropes made of the bark of a tree. They were surrounded by about fifty of the tribe, stark naked, and armed with bows and arrows, clubs, and stone hatchets; some were boiling water in a huge caldron, others were preparing spits, and all were shouting:

"A Jesuit! He is a Jesuit! We shall have our revenge, and first-rate fare. Let us eat up the Jesuit! let us eat up the Jesuit!"

"I told you plainly, my dear master," said Cacambo dolefully, "that these two girls would play us some nasty trick."

Candide, catching sight of the caldron and the spits, exclaimed: "We are certainly going to be roasted or boiled. Ah! What would Dr. Pangloss say, if he saw what human nature is like in its unsophisticated simplicity? All is right,—be it so; but I must confess that it is right hard to have lost Miss Cunegund, and to be stuck on a spit by Indians."

Cacambo, who never lost his presence of mind, said to the disconsolate Candide:

"Do not despair; I understand a little of the jargon of this tribe, and will speak to them."

"Be sure that you impress upon them," said Candide, "the hor-

rible inhumanity of cooking their fellow-men, and how little it is in accordance with Christianity."

"Gentlemen," said Cacambo, "you are intending, I think, to eat up a Jesuit to-day,—is it not so? And such a proceeding is quite right; nothing is more just than to treat one's enemies in that way. In fact the voice of nature teaches us to kill our neighbour, and that is what people are doing all over the earth. If we do not avail ourselves of the right of eating them as well, that is because we have other means of furnishing our feasts; but you have not the same resources as we have, and assuredly it is far better to eat one's enemies than to abandon the fruit of our victories to ravens and crows. But, gentlemen, you would not wish to eat up your friends. You fancy that you are about to spit a Jesuit, whereas it is your defender and the foe of your foes that you are on the point of roasting. As for me, I was born in your own country, and the gentleman you see before you is my master. So far from being a Jesuit, he has just killed one of them, whose spoils he is wearing; that is how your mistake arose. To ascertain the truth of what I tell you, take his gown, convey it to the first outpost of the Jesuit's territory, and inquire whether my master has not killed a Jesuit officer. It will not require much time; you will still be able to eat us up, if you find that I have lied to you. But if I have told you the truth, you are too well acquainted with the principles of public justice, morality, and law, not to grant us acquittal."

The Oreillons thought this proposal very reasonable, and they deputed two of their leading men to go without delay and make inquiry into the facts. The two delegates discharged their commission like men of sense, and soon returned with good tidings. The Oreillons thereupon released their two prisoners, treated them with every sort of civility, offered them their daughters, gave them refreshment, and escorted them back to the confines of their State, crying out with animation: "He is no Jesuit! He is no Jesuit!"

Candide never grew weary of wondering at the cause of his deliverance.

"What a people!" said he; "what men and manners to be sure! If I had not had the good fortune to drive my sword right into the body of Miss Cunegund's brother, I should have been killed

and eaten without mercy. But, after all, there is a great deal of goodness in unsophisticated nature, since these people, instead of eating me up, have paid me a thousand attentions, as soon as they knew that I was not a Jesuit."

Chapter 17

ARRIVAL OF CANDIDE AND HIS SERVANT IN THE LAND OF EL DORADO, AND WHAT THEY SAW THERE

WHEN THEY REACHED THE FRONTIER OF THE OREILLONS CACAMBO said to Candide: "You see that this hemisphere is no better than the other; take my advice, and let us return to Europe by the quickest way we can."

"How are we to return?" said Candide; "and whither shall we go? If I seek my own country, the Bulgarians and Abarians massacre everybody there; if I go back to Portugal, I shall be burned at the stake; and if we remain in this country, we run the risk every moment of being stuck on a spit. But how can I make up my mind to leave a part of the world which contains Miss Cunegund?"

"Let us turn our steps towards Cayenne," proposed Cacambo; "we shall find French people there, for they travel all over the world; they will perhaps help us. It may be that Heaven will have pity upon us."

It was no easy task for them to make their way to Cayenne; they had a general knowledge of the direction in which they must go, but mountains, rivers, precipices, robbers, and savages were everywhere formidable obstacles to their progress. Their horses died of fatigue, their provisions were consumed, they had no food for a whole month, except wild fruits, till they found themselves at last near a little river bordered by cocoa-nut trees, which served to sustain both life and hope.

Cacambo, whose advice was always as judicious as that of the old woman had been, said to Candide: "We can hold out no longer, we have gone far enough on foot. I see an empty canoe on the bank; let us fill it with cocoa-nuts, get into the little bark and drift with the stream; a river always leads to some inhabited place.

If we meet with nothing agreeable, we shall at least meet with something new."

"Let us go," said Candide, "and commit ourselves to Providence."

They rowed along for many leagues between banks, in some places gay with flowers, and in others arid wastes; at one time level, and at another steep. The river grew ever wider and wider, but at last it disappeared under an archway of frowning rocks which rose high into the sky. The two travellers were bold enough to trust themselves to the agitated water beneath this arch. The river, contracted in this part of its course, carried them along swiftly and with terrific uproar. At the end of four-and-twenty hours they saw daylight once more; but their canoe was shattered against the jagged reefs, and they were obliged to creep from rock to rock for a whole league, until at length they found an extensive prospect all around, with inaccessible mountains on the horizon. The land was cultivated as much for pleasure as for necessity; the useful was everywhere mixed with the agreeable; the roads were covered, or rather adorned, with carriages, the form and material of which were alike splendid, wherein were seated men and women of singular beauty, and which were drawn along rapidly by large red sheep, surpassing in speed the finest horses of Andalusia, Tetuan, and Miknas.

"Here," said Candide, "is a country, after all we have gone through, which is better than Westphalia."

He landed with Cacambo near the first village to which they came, at the entrance of which some children, clad in gold brocade, but all in tatters, were playing at quoits. Our two inhabitants of the other world amused themselves with looking on; the quoits were pretty large round objects, yellow, red, and green, which shone with remarkable brilliance. The travellers were seized with a desire to pick up some of them, and found that they were gold, emeralds, and rubies, the smallest of which would have formed the chief ornament of the throne of the Great Mogul.

"Doubtless," said Cacambo, "these children who are playing here are the sons of the king of the country."

The village schoolmaster appeared at that moment to call them into school again.

"That," said Candide, "must be the tutor of the royal family."

The ragged little urchins immediately stopped their game, leav-

ing their quoits on the ground, with all their other playthings. Candide picked them up, and running to the tutor, humbly presented them to him, giving him to understand by signs that their royal highnesses had forgotten their gold and precious stones. The village pedagogue with a smile threw them on the ground, regarded Candide for a moment from head to foot with considerable surprise, and then walked on.

The travellers did not fail to gather up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds.

"Where are we?" exclaimed Candide. "The children of the kings of this country must be very well brought up, when they are taught to despise gold and precious stones."

Cacambo was as much astonished as Candide.

At length they reached the first house in the village itself, which was built as a palace would be in Europe. A great crowd was thronging the door, and a still larger number were inside; most exquisite strains of music were heard, and a tempting smell proceeded from the kitchen. Cacambo went up to the door, and heard those within speaking in the language of Peru; it was his mother tongue, for everybody knows that Cacambo was born in Tucuman, at a village where no other language was known.

"I will act as your interpreter," said he to Candide; "let us enter; this is evidently an inn."

Immediately two waiters and two servant-maids belonging to the tavern, dressed in cloth of gold, and having their hair fastened with gold-embroidered ribbons, invited them to join the ordinary. There were set on the table four different kinds of soup, each garnished with a brace of parrots, a boiled condor which weighed two hundred pounds, two roasted monkeys of a delicate flavour, three hundred of the larger sized humming-birds in one dish and six hundred of the smaller in another, exquisite ragouts, and delicious pastry; all were served up in dishes made of a kind of rock crystal. The waiters and waitresses handed round a variety of cordials made out of the juice of the sugar-cane.

The guests were for the most part shopkeepers, and waggoners, but all were exceedingly polite, asking Cacambo a few questions with the most respectful discretion, and answering his own inquiries in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

When the meal was done, both Candide and Cacambo thought they were paying handsomely for their share by laying on the

table two or three of the large pieces of gold which they had picked up, but the host and hostess burst out laughing, and held their sides for a good while before they could recover their gravity.

"Gentlemen," said the innkeeper at last, "it is very evident that you are strangers, and we are not in the habit of seeing such; you must forgive us if we could not help laughing when you offered us for payment the stones which are found upon our high roads. Doubtless you have none of the money of the country, but it is not necessary for you to have any in order to dine here. All the inns established for the convenience of trade are supported by government. You have fared meanly here, because this is a poor village, but everywhere else you will meet with the entertainment due to your merits."

Cacambo interpreted to Candide all that the landlord had said, and Candide heard it with the same wonder and bewilderment as his friend Cacambo betrayed in reporting it.

"What land can this be," they said to each other, "which is unknown to all the rest of the world, and where human nature is altogether different from ours? This is in all probability the land where everything goes on well, for there must infallibly be one of that sort somewhere. And whatever Dr. Pangloss might choose to say about it, I often perceived that things went on badly enough in Westphalia."

Chapter 18

WHAT THE TRAVELLERS SAW IN THE LAND OF EL DORADO

CACAMBO EXPRESSED ALL HIS CURIOSITY TO THE LANDLORD, AND the latter said:

"I am very ignorant, and I find it all the better for me that I am so; but we have in our village an old gentleman, retired from Court, who is the most learned man in the kingdom, and the most ready to impart information."

Therewith he conducted Cacambo to the old man's house. Candide only played second fiddle, and accompanied his servant. They entered a house that was very unpretending, for the front door was only silver, and the panels of the rooms were merely

gold, but worked with so much taste that the most sumptuous wainscoting could not have eclipsed them. The entrance hall, indeed, was incrusted with nothing more valuable than rubies and emeralds; but the order in which everything was disposed made ample amends for such extreme simplicity.

The old gentleman received the two strangers on a sofa covered with the feathers of humming-birds, and ordered cordials to be handed to them in diamond goblets, after which he proceeded to satisfy their curiosity as follows: "I am a hundred three score and twelve years old, and I have heard from my deceased father, who was the King's equerry, of the astonishing revolutions that took place in Peru, of which he had been an eye-witness. The kingdom where we are is the ancient home of the Incas, which they very imprudently quitted to go and subdue another part of the world, being in the end themselves destroyed by the Spaniards.

"The princes of their house who stayed behind in their native country showed themselves wiser; with the consent of the people they forbade any inhabitant ever to leave our little kingdom, and that law is what has preserved to us our innocence and our happiness. The Spaniards acquired a vague knowledge of this country, and have called it El Dorado, while an Englishman, named Sir Walter Raleigh, actually came within reach of it a hundred years ago; but we are hemmed in by inaccessible rocks and precipices. We have always hitherto been protected from the greed of European nations, which have an incomprehensible rage for the stones and dirt of our land, and would, in order to possess them, slay us all to the very last man."

The conversation that followed was a long one, and turned on the form of government, the manners of the people, their women, their public shows, and the state of the arts among them. At last Candide, who always had a taste for metaphysics, inquired through Cacambo if there was any religion in their country.

The old man blushed a little at being asked such a question.

"Pray, can you doubt it?" said he. "Do you take us for wretches incapable of gratitude?"

Cacambo respectfully inquired what was the religion of El Dorado. The old man blushed again.

"Can there be two religions?" said he. "We hold what I suppose is the religion of all the world; we worship God from morning till night."

"Do you worship only one God?" pursued Cacambo, who always served as the interpreter of Candide's doubts.

"Clearly," replied the old gentleman, "there are not two, nor three, nor four Gods. I must confess that I think the people of your world ask very singular questions."

Candide still continued to interrogate the courteous old man; he wanted to know how prayers were offered to God in El Dorado.

"We do not pray to Him at all," said the devout and venerable sage; "we have nothing to ask Him to give us. He has already bestowed upon us all we need, and we thank Him continually."

Candide had the curiosity to wish to see some of their priests, and he bade Cacambo ask where they were to be found. The good old man said with a smile: "My friends, we are all of us priests; the King and all the heads of families solemnly sing hymns of thanksgiving every morning, and five or six thousand musicians accompany them."

"What! Have you no monks among you, who teach, and wrangle, and govern, and intrigue, and have people burned who do not agree with their opinions?"

"We should have to lose our senses first," said the old man; "we are all of the same way of thinking here, and we do not understand what you mean by your monks."

Candide remained wrapt in astonishment during this talk, and said to himself: "This is very different from Westphalia, and my lord Baron's castle; if our friend Pangloss had seen El Dorado, he would no longer have maintained that Thundertentrunk was the best castle on the surface of the earth. Assuredly one ought to travel."

After this long conversation the kind old gentleman ordered a coach and six sheep to be got ready, and lent the services of a dozen of his domestics to escort the two travellers to Court.

"Excuse me," said he, "if my age deprives me of the honour of accompanying you. The King will receive you in a manner which will leave you no reason to complain, and you will, I have no doubt, pardon any customs of the country which may happen to displease you."

Candide and Cacambo entered the carriage, the six sheep flew along, and in less than four hours they reached the King's palace, which was situated at the further end of the capital. The portico was two hundred and twenty feet high, and one hundred feet in

width; it is impossible to describe the material of which it was built, but it may very well be imagined how infinitely superior it must have been to the stones and gravel which we call gold and precious stones.

A score of beautiful girls who were on guard received Candide and Cacambo as they alighted from the coach, conducted them to the bath, and arrayed them in robes woven of the down of humming-birds; afterwards the high officers of the Court, male and female, ushered them into the presence of His Majesty between two lines, each of which consisted of a thousand musicians, according to the usual custom. When they drew near the throne-room, Cacambo asked a grand officer what posture they would have to adopt in paying their respects to His Majesty,—whether they should simply kneel, or prostrate themselves on the ground at full length; whether they were to put their hands on their heads or behind their backs; whether it was usual to lick the dust off the floor; in short, what was the ceremony to be observed on such an occasion.

"The custom," said the high official, "is to embrace the King and kiss him on both cheeks."

Candide and Cacambo accordingly threw his arms round His Majesty's neck, who received them most graciously, and politely invited them to sup with him.

In the meantime they were taken to see the town,—the public buildings, that seemed to touch the clouds; the market-places, beautified with a thousand columns; the fountains of pure water, the fountains of rose water, and those from which the juice of sugar-canes flowed constantly through the great squares, paved with a kind of precious stone which diffused an odour like that of cinnamon and cloves. Candide asked permission to see the Courts of Justice, or Parliament House; he was told that there were none, and that they never had any law-suits. He inquired if there were any prisons, and was answered in the negative. What surprised him yet more, and gave him most pleasure, was the Palace of Science, in which he saw a gallery two thousand feet long, all full of mathematical and philosophical instruments.

After they had spent the whole afternoon in inspecting hardly the thousandth part of the town, they were conducted back to the King. Candide sat down to table with His Majesty, his servant

Cacambo, and several ladies. Never was there better fare, never was more wit displayed at any supper-party than was shown by His Majesty. Cacambo interpreted the King's witticisms to Candide, and, in spite of passing through the medium of translation, they lost none of their point. Of all the things that filled Candide with surprise this did not astonish him least.

They passed a month in this haven of refuge, and Candide never ceased saying to Cacambo:

"To tell you the truth once more, my friend, the castle where I was born bears no comparison with the country where we are now; but after all Miss Cunegund is not here, and you, no doubt, have some sweetheart in Europe. If we stay here we shall be no better than others around us, whereas if we return to our own world with only a dozen sheep laden with the stones of El Dorado, we shall be richer than any king or all put together; we shall no longer have to dread Inquisitors, and we shall be easily able to recover Miss Cunegund."

This speech pleased Cacambo; people love so much to roam about, to make themselves important in the eyes of their countrymen, and to parade all that they have seen on their travels, that these two happy fellows determined to be so no longer, and to ask His Majesty for leave to depart.

"You are doing a foolish thing," the Sovereign said to them; "I am well aware that my country is insignificant, but when one is tolerably well off anywhere, there one had best remain. I have assuredly no right to detain strangers, that would be an act of tryanny in accordance neither with our customs nor our laws. All men are free; depart when you will, but the way out is exceedingly difficult. It is impossible to reascend the rapid river on which you reached us by a miracle, and which runs under rocky tunnels. The mountains which surround my whole kingdom are ten thousand feet high, and as steep as if they were walls; each of them occupies a space of more than ten leagues across, and there is no descent from them except by precipices. However, since you are quite resolved to go, I will give orders to the managers of my machinery department to construct an engine which may be capable of carrying you over without inconvenience. After you have been conducted to the other side of the mountains, no one will be able to accompany you any further, for my subjects have

made a vow never to pass beyond their rocky inclosure, and they are too wise to break their vow. Ask of me anything else you please."

"We only ask Your Majesty," said Cacambo, "for a few sheep laden with provisions, and the stones and clay of the country."

The King answered with a smile: "I cannot comprehend the taste which your people of Europe have for our yellow clay; but take away as much of it as you like, and great good may it do you!"

He immediately ordered his engineers to make a machine by which these two extraordinary men might be hoisted out of the kingdom. Three thousand skilful mechanicians set to work upon it; it was ready at the end of a fortnight, and did not cost more than twenty millions of pounds sterling, in the money of the country. Candide and Cacambo were placed on the machine, together with two large red sheep saddled and bridled for them to mount when they should have crossed the mountains, twenty pack sheep laden with victuals, thirty which carried presents consisting of the rarest curiosities of the country, and fifty loaded with gold, diamonds, and other precious stones. The King tenderly embraced the two wanderers on bidding them farewell.

It was a fine sight to see them start, so ingenious was the manner in which they were made to rise into the air, and their sheep with them, as high as the mountains. The mechanicians took leave of them after having placed them in safety, and Candide had now no other desire or object than to go and present his sheep to Miss Cunegund.

"We have," said he, "wherewithal to pay the Governor of Buenos Ayres, if Miss Cunegund may be redeemed. Let us travel toward Cayenne, and there embark, and we shall soon see what kingdom it will be in our power to purchase."

Chapter 19

WHAT BEFELL THE TWO TRAVELLERS AT SURINAM, AND HOW CANDIDE BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH MARTIN

OUR TWO TRAVELLERS FOUND THEIR FIRST DAY'S JOURNEY TOLERably agreeable. They were encouraged by the idea of seeing them-

selves the possessors of greater treasures than Europe, Asia, and Africa could unite to furnish, and Candide, in a transport of delight, carved Cunegund's name upon the trees. On the second day two of their sheep sank into a quagmire and were swallowed up, together with their loads; two others died of exhaustion some days afterwards; then seven or eight perished of hunger in passing through a desert tract; and at the end of a few days more others fell down precipices.

At last, after a march of a hundred days, they had only two sheep left. Candide said to Cacambo: "You see, my friend, how perishable are the riches of this world; there is nothing solid but virtue and the happiness of seeing Miss Cunegund again."

"I cannot deny it," said Cacambo; "but we still have two sheep left us, with treasures greater than the King of Spain will ever have; and I see plainly in the distance a town which I take to be Surinam, belonging to the Dutch. We are at the end of our troubles and at the beginning of our happiness."

As they drew near the town they came across a negro stretched at full length upon the ground, and only half clothed, that is to say, with nothing on but a pair of blue cotton drawers; this poor fellow had lost his left leg and his right hand.

"Good Heavens!" said Candide to him in Dutch; "what are you doing there, my friend, in that horrible state?"

"I am waiting for my master, Mr. Vanderdendur, the famous merchant," replied the negro.

"Was it Mr. Vanderdendur who treated you like this?" asked Candide.

"Yes, sir," answered the negro; "but that is nothing unusual. We have a pair of cotton drawers given us for our only dress twice a year. When we work at the sugar-refineries, and the mill catches one of our fingers, they cut off the hand; when we try to run away, they cut off a leg; both the one fate and the other has happened to me. This is the cost at which you eat sugar in Europe. And yet when my mother sold me for ten patacoons on the Guinea Coast, she said to me: 'My dear child, bless our fetishes, worship them constantly, they will make you live happily; you have the honour of becoming the slave of our lords, the white men, and you thereby make the fortune of your father and mother.' Alas! I know not whether I have made their fortune, but certainly they have not made mine! The dogs, monkeys, and parrots are a thou-

sand times less wretched than we are. The Dutch fetishes who have converted me tell me every Sunday that we are all the children of Adam, blacks and whites alike. I am no genealogist; but, if those preachers say what is true, we are all second cousins. In that case you must admit that relations could not be treated in a more horrible way."

"O Pangloss!" cried Candide, "you never conceived the possibility of such abominations; it is all over with your Optimism, I shall be obliged to renounce it after all."

"What is Optimism?" asked Cacambo.

"Alas!" replied Candide; "it is the mania for maintaining that all is right when everything is wrong"; and he could not help shedding tears, as he looked at the poor negro. It was in this frame of mind that he entered Surinam.

The first inquiry they made was whether there were any vessels in port which could be sent to Buenos Ayres. The person whom they addressed happened to be a Spanish skipper, who offered to strike an honest bargain with them, appointing a tavern at which to meet them; and thither went Candide and the faithful Cacambo, with their two sheep, to wait for him.

Candide, who wore his heart upon his lips, related all his adventures to the Spaniard, and confessed that he wanted to carry off Miss Cunegund.

"Then I shall take good care not to give you a passage to Buenos Ayres," said the skipper; "I should be ruined, and so would you; the fair Cunegund is my lord Governor's favourite mistress."

This piece of news fell like a thunderbolt on Candide, and he wept for a long time. At last he drew Cacambo aside, and said to him: "Look here, my dear friend, this is what you must do. We have, each of us, in our pockets, about five or six millions of diamonds; you are cleverer than I am, go to Buenos Ayres, and get possession of Miss Cunegund. If the Governor raises any difficulty, give him a million; if he still holds out, double it. You have not killed an Inquisitor, and no one will suspect you. I will fit out another ship, sail to Venice, and await you there; it is a free country, where one has nothing to fear from Bulgarians, or Abarians, or Jews, or Inquisitors."

Cacambo approved of this wise resolution. Though he was in despair at parting from so good a master, who had become his intimate friend, yet the pleasure of doing him a service overcame

the pain of leaving him. As they embraced each other with tears, Candide charged him not to forget the good old dame. Cacambo took his departure the same day; he was a very honest fellow, this Cacambo.

Candide remained some time longer at Surinam, waiting till another skipper would take him to Italy, together with the couple of sheep that were left him. He hired domestics, and bought all that was required for a long voyage. At last Mr. Vanderdendur, who was the master of a large vessel, came to call upon him.

"How much do you want," he asked this man, "for taking me straight to Venice,—me, my people, my baggage, and the two sheep which you see here?"

The skipper consented to take ten thousand piastres, and Candide closed with the offer without hesitation.

"Oh, ho!" said the crafty Vanderdendur to himself, "this stranger gives ten thousand piastres all at once! He must be very rich!"

Then, returning a moment later, he intimated that he could not yet set sail for less than twenty thousand.

"Ah! well, you shall have them," said Candide.

"Bless my soul!" said the trader softly to himself; "this fellow gives away twenty thousand piastres as easily as ten thousand."

He came back again, and said that he could not possibly take him to Venice for less than thirty thousand piastres.

"You shall have thirty thousand, then," answered Candide.

"Hullo!" said the Dutchman to himself once more; "thirty thousand piastres are nothing to this fellow here; no doubt his two sheep carry immense treasures. However, I will not press him for any more, but make him in the first place pay down the thirty thousand piastres, and then we shall see what is to be done next."

Candide sold two little diamonds, the smaller one of which was worth more than all the money that the skipper asked. He paid him beforehand. The two sheep were taken on board, and Candide followed in a small boat to join the vessel at anchor in the roads. The skipper seizes his opportunity, spreads sail, and leaves his moorings before a favourable wind. Candide, dismayed and dumbfounded, soon lost sight of the ship.

"Alas!" he exclaimed, "this is a piece of knavery worthy of the old world."

He returned to shore, overwhelmed with sorrow, for in one

moment he had lost wealth enough to make the fortune of twenty monarchs.

He betook himself to the house of the Dutch magistrate, and, being somewhat agitated, knocked violently at the door. When he was admitted, he raised his voice a little higher than was quite becoming, as he described the manner in which he had been cheated. The magistrate began by making him pay ten thousand piastres for having made so much noise; then he heard him out patiently, promised to examine his case as soon as the merchant should return, and ordered Candide to pay ten thousand piastres more as the price of the audience.

This proceeding added the finishing stroke to Candide's despair; he had indeed experienced misfortunes a thousand times more painful; but the cool behaviour alike of the magistrate and of the captain by whom he had been robbed stirred up his bile, and plunged him in the blackest melancholy. The wickedness of men presented itself to his mind in all its hideousness, and he harboured none but the most gloomy thoughts.

At length, a French vessel being on the point of sailing for Bordeaux, as he had no longer any sheep laden with diamonds to put on board, he engaged a cabin at a fair rate, and gave it out in the town that he was willing to pay for the passage and food of any honest man who would accompany him on the voyage, and would give him two thousand piastres besides, provided that this man was the most disgusted with his condition and the most unfortunate in the whole province.

Thereupon such a crowd of applicants presented themselves that a fleet would not have been able to contain them. Candide, wishing to choose among those who were likely to suit him, picked out twenty persons who seemed to him of a sociable disposition, all of whom claimed to deserve the preference. He collected them together at his inn and gave them a supper, on condition that each of them should take an oath to relate his own history faithfully, promising to select that one who should appear to him in the most pitiable case and the most justly discontented with his lot, and to give each of the others something by way of consolation.

The meeting lasted till four o'clock in the morning. Candide, as he listened to all their adventures, recalled what the old woman had said to him on the voyage to Buenos Ayres, and the wager

she had laid that there was no one on board the vessel to whom serious misfortunes had not happened. Every story that was related made him think, too, of Pangloss.

"The learned doctor would be sadly puzzled," said he, "to make good his system. I wish he were here. Assuredly, if all goes on well anywhere, it is in El Dorado, and nowhere else on earth."

At last he decided in favour of a poor scholar who had toiled ten years for the booksellers at Amsterdam, being convinced that there was no trade in the world with which one could have greater reason to be disgusted.

The scholar, who was moreover a worthy man, had been robbed by his wife, beaten by his son, and deserted by his daughter, who had run away with a Portuguese. He had just been deprived of a petty employment, on which he depended for a livelihood; and the preachers of Surinam persecuted him, because they took him for a Socinian. It must be owned that the other competitors were, to say the least, as unfortunate as he, but Candide hoped that the society of this learned man would relieve the monotony of the voyage. All his defeated rivals thought that Candide did them great injustice; but he appeased their wrath by presenting each of them with a hundred piastres.

Chapter 20

WHAT HAPPENED TO CANDIDE AND MARTIN WHILST AT SEA

THE OLD SCHOLAR THEN, WHOSE NAME WAS MARTIN, EMBARKED with Candide for Bordeaux. Both of them had seen and suffered much, and, even if the vessel had been bound for Japan past the Cape of Good Hope, they would have had plenty of material for discussing the topic of physical and moral evil during the whole voyage.

Candide, however, had a great advantage over Martin, for he still hoped to see Miss Cunegund again, whereas Martin had nothing whatever to hope for; Candide, moreover, had gold and diamonds, and, though he had lost a hundred large red sheep,

laden with the greatest treasures on earth, though he could never banish from his mind the painful remembrance of the Dutch skipper and his trickery, still, when he thought of what he had left in his pockets, and whenever he spoke of Cunegund, especially after a good meal, he was inclined to agree with the views of Pangloss.

"And you now, Mr. Martin," said he to the man of letters, "what is your opinion touching moral and physical evil?"

"Sir," replied Martin, "our clergy have accused me of being a Socinian, but the fact of the matter is that I am a Manichean."

"You are jesting with me," said Candide; "there are no Manicheans in the world nowadays."

"There is myself, at any rate," said Martin; "I do not know how to help it, for I cannot think otherwise."

"You must have the devil inside you," said Candide.

"He mixes himself up so much with the affairs of this world," answered Martin, "that I should not wonder if he were inside my body as well as everywhere else; and I confess that on casting my eyes over this globe, or I should rather say this globule, it seems to me that God has given it over to some malignant being,—El Dorado always excepted. I have scarcely seen a single town which did not desire the destruction of its nearest neighbour, scarcely a family which did not wish to exterminate some other. Everywhere the weak curse the strong before whom they crawl, and are themselves treated like sheep,—bought and sold for their wool and for their flesh. A million assassins enrolled in regiments, marching from one end of Europe to the other, commit, under discipline, licensed murder and robbery to gain their daily bread, since no profession is held in higher honour; and even in those cities which appear to enjoy peace, and where the arts flourish, the inhabitants are more harassed by envy, anxiety, and alarm than by all the plagues to which a besieged city is exposed. Secret vexations are ever harder to bear than public calamities. In a word, I have seen and experienced so many of them myself, that I am a Manichean."

"And yet there is surely some good in life," said Candide.

"It may be so," replied Martin, "but I am not acquainted with any."

Whilst they were in the midst of this dispute, the report of cannon was heard, and the noise of firing grew louder every mo-

ment. Each of them seized his spy-glass, and perceived two ships engaged at close quarters about three miles off. The wind brought them both so near the French vessel, that all on board had the pleasure of witnessing the conflict at their ease. At last one of the two ships discharged at the other a broadside so low and well directed, that it sent it to the bottom. Candide and Martin distinctly perceived at least a hundred men on the deck of the sinking craft, who lifted up their hands to heaven, and uttered fearful cries; in a moment they were swallowed up, ship and all.

"See," said Martin, "that is how men treat one another."

"Truly," said Candide, "there is something diabolical in this affair."

As he was speaking, he caught sight of a strange object, of a bright red colour, swimming near their vessel. The long boat was lowered to see what it might be. It proved to be one of his sheep, and Candide felt more joyful at recovering this sheep than he had been afflicted at losing a hundred of them, all laden with big diamonds from El Dorado.

The French captain soon perceived that the commander of the victorious vessel was a Spaniard, and learned that the captain of the vessel which had been sunk was a Dutch pirate; in fact he was no other than the man who had robbed Candide. The immense treasures which the rascal had seized were buried with him in the sea, only a single sheep being saved.

"You see," said Candide to Martin, "that crime is sometimes punished; that rogue of a Dutch skipper has met with the fate which he deserved."

"Yes," answered Martin, "but was it necessary that the passengers who were on board his vessel should perish also? God has punished this scoundrel, the devil has drowned the others."

Meanwhile the French and Spanish vessels continued on their course, and Candide continued his conversations with Martin. They disputed for a whole fortnight together, and, at the end of that time, they were no nearer an agreement than at first; but for all that, they talked away, interchanged ideas, and administered mutual consolation.

Candide caressed his sheep: "Since I have found you again," said he, "it may well come to pass that I shall find Miss Cunegund again also."

Chapter 21

THE DISCUSSION THAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN CANDIDE AND MARTIN AS THEY APPROACHED THE COAST OF FRANCE

AT LENGTH THE FRENCH COAST CAME INTO VIEW.

"Have you ever been in France, Mr. Martin?" asked Candide.

"Yes," said Martin, "I have passed through several provinces; there are some where half the inhabitants are crazy, some where they are too sharp, others where they are for the most part as stupid as they are good-natured, others again where they affect to be witty, and in all alike the main occupation is love, the next in importance slander, and the third talking nonsense."

"But, Mr. Martin, have you seen Paris?"

"Oh yes, I have seen Paris, and a strange medley it is of all those classes I have mentioned. It is a confused chaos, in which everyone is in search of pleasure, and hardly anyone finds it, at least so far as I have observed. I did not stay there long. On my arrival I was robbed of all I possessed by pickpockets at the fair of Saint-Germains. I was taken for a thief myself, and spent a week in prison. Afterwards I got employment as a corrector of the press, so as to earn enough to take me back to Holland on foot. I made acquaintance with the rabble who write, the rabble who deal in plots and conspiracies, and the rabble who go into convulsions. They say there are some people of the highest polish in that city. I am quite willing to believe it."

"For my part," said Candide, "I feel no curiosity to visit France; you may easily suppose that after having spent a month in El Dorado, I no longer concern myself about seeing anything on earth except Miss Cunegund. I am going to await her arrival at Venice, and shall pass through France in order to reach Italy. You will bear me company, will you not?"

"Most willingly," said Martin. "I have heard it said that Venice is not a good place of residence for any but Venetian noblemen, but that strangers are nevertheless received very well there, when they have plenty of money. You have some of that commodity, though I have none, so I will follow you anywhere you like."

"By the bye," said Candide, "are you of opinion that the earth

was originally all sea, as that big book assures us which belongs to the captain of our vessel?"

"I know nothing at all about it," said Martin, "any more than I do about all the idle dreams that have been retailed to us for ever so long."

"For what purpose was the world made, do you suppose?" asked Candide.

"To drive us wild," answered Martin.

"Are you not very much astonished," continued Candide, "at the affection shown by those two girls, in the country of the Oreillons, for the two monkeys, about which I told you?"

"Not in the least," said Martin; "I do not see anything particularly strange in that passion. I have seen so many extraordinary things, that nothing seems extraordinary to me now."

"Do you believe," said Candide, "that mankind have always murdered each other as they do at the present day? Have they always been liars, cheats, traitors, ungrateful wretches, and robbers; weak, fickle, lazy, and envious; gluttons and drunkards; avaricious, ambitious, and blood-thirsty; slanderers, libertines, fanatics, hypocrites, and fools?"

"Do you believe," responded Martin, "that hawks have always devoured pigeons, whenever they met with them?"

"Yes, no doubt," said Candide.

"Well," said Martin, "if hawks have always had the same nature, why will you have it that men have changed theirs?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Candide, "there is a great deal of difference between the two cases; for free will . . ." And arguing thus, they arrived at Bordeaux.

Chapter 22

WHAT BEFELL CANDIDE AND MARTIN IN FRANCE

CANDIDE STAYED AT BORDEAUX ONLY SO LONG AS WAS NECESSARY to sell a few of the stones from El Dorado, and to provide himself with a good post-chaise which would seat two persons; for he could no longer do without his philosopher Martin. He found it hard enough to part from his sheep, which he left at the Academy of

Science at Bordeaux. This learned body proposed as the prize subject for the year to find out why the wool of this sheep was red; and the prize was awarded to a professor from the north, who demonstrated by A *plus* B *minus* C divided by Z, that the sheep could not be of any other colour than red, and was bound to die of the rot.

Meanwhile all the travellers whom Candide encountered in the various inns on the road told him that they were on their way to Paris. This general eagerness at last inspired even him with a longing to see that capital; it would not take him much out of the direct route to Venice.

He entered Paris by the suburb of Saint Marceau, and fancied he was in one of the meanest villages of Westphalia.

Scarcely had Candide reached his quarters, when he was seized with a slight indisposition, brought on by fatigue. As he was wearing on his finger an enormous diamond, and an uncommonly heavy strong box had been seen among his effects, he immediately found a couple of physicians at his elbows, without having been sent for, together with a few devoted friends who never quitted him for a moment, and two pious ladies who warmed his broth for him. Said Martin: "I remember that I too fell ill here at Paris on my first visit; I was very poor; moreover I had neither friends, nor pious ladies, nor physicians,—and I recovered."

Candide's disorder, however, in consequence of his being dosed and bled unmercifully, became serious. A priest attached to a church in the neighbourhood came with an insinuating manner, and asked him for a bill payable to bearer for the other world. Candide would have nothing to do with him. The pious ladies assured him that it was the latest fashion. Candide replied that he did not pretend to be a man of fashion. Martin wanted to throw the fellow out of the window. The clergyman swore that Candide should not have Christian burial. Martin swore that he would bury the clergyman, if he continued to pester them. The quarrel waxed warm, till Martin took him by the shoulders, and roughly turned him out of the house, a proceeding that caused a great scandal, and resulted in an action-at-law.

At length Candide began to grow better; and during his convalescence he entertained some very good company to supper. They played high. Candide was much astonished that he never found any aces in his hand; Martin was not surprised at it.

Among those who did the honours of the town there was a little abbé from Périgord, one of those obliging people, always on the alert, always ready to do one a service, never abashed, fawning, and accommodating, who lie in wait for strangers, gratify their ears with the latest scandal, and offer to provide them with pleasures at all prices. This gentleman took Candide and Martin first of all to the principal theatre, where a new tragedy was being acted. Candide found himself seated among some men of wit, but that did not prevent him from shedding tears at scenes which were admirably performed.

One of the critics at his side said to him during an interval between the acts: "You are quite wrong in weeping; that actress plays very badly, the man who acts with her plays still worse, the piece is even worse than the performers; the author does not know a word of Arabic, yet the scene is laid in Arabia, and, moreover, he is a man who does not believe in innate ideas; I will show you to-morrow a score of pamphlets that have been written against him."

"Sir," said Candide, to the Abbé, "how many dramas have you in France?"

"Five or six thousand," was his reply.

"That is a large number," said Candide; "and how many of those are really good?"

"Fifteen or sixteen," answered the other.

"That is a large number," said Martin.

Candide was much delighted with an actress who took the part of Queen Elizabeth in a tolerably dull tragedy which is sometimes put upon the boards.

"This actress," said he to Martin, "pleases me much; she has a slight resemblance to Miss Cunegund, and I should be very glad to pay her my compliments."

The Périgord Abbé offered to introduce him to her at her own house. Candide, brought up as he had been in Germany, asked what were the proper formalities to be observed, and how queens of England were treated in France.

"That depends upon circumstances," said the Abbé; "in the country we take them to a tavern; at Paris we pay them every respect when they are good-looking, and throw them into the common sewer when they are dead."

"What! Queens thrown into a sewer!" exclaimed Candide.

"Yes, indeed," said Martin, "the gentleman is right; I was at Paris when Mademoiselle Monime made her exit, as one may say, from this world into the next; she was refused what these people call the *honours of sepulture*, that is to say, the privilege of rotting with all the beggars of the district in some dismal graveyard; she was buried all alone by her company at the corner of the *rue de Bourgogne*, a treatment which might well cause her acute pain, for her mind was ever noble and generous."

"That was exceedingly impolite," said Candide.

"What could you expect?" said Martin; "it is the way these people here are constituted. Imagine all possible contradictions and incompatibilities; you will see them all in the government, in the courts of justice, in the churches, and in the public spectacles of this most ridiculous nation."

"Is it true that people are always laughing in Paris?" asked Candide.

"Yes," said the Abbé, "but it is with rage in their hearts; for their bitterest complaints are uttered in bursts of laughter; they even smile blandly when they commit the most detestable actions."

"Who was that fellow, as fat as a pig," said Candide, "who spoke so disparagingly to me of the play which affected me so much, and of the actors who afforded me so much pleasure?"

"He is an ill-natured scribbler," answered the Abbé, "who earns his living by abusing all the last new books and plays; he hates anyone who is successful, just as eunuchs hate those who are more capable than themselves; he is one of those literary vipers who batten on slime and poison; in a word, he is a pamphleteer."

"And what do you mean by a pamphleteer?" asked Candide.

"A penny-a-liner," said the Abbé, "a Fréron."

It was thus that Candide, Martin, and the Périgord Abbé conversed at the head of the staircase, as they watched the audience trooping out of the theatre.

"Although I am very anxious to see Miss Cunegund again," said Candide, "I should nevertheless like to sup with Mademoiselle Clairon, for she seemed to me an admirable actress."

Now the Abbé was not a man who could venture to visit Mademoiselle Clairon, who was very select in the company she kept.

So he said: "She is engaged this evening, but let me have the honour of taking you to the house of a lady of high position,

where you may become as well acquainted with Paris as if you had lived here four or five years."

Candide, whose disposition was not deficient in curiosity, allowed himself to be conducted to the lady's house, which was at the further end of the suburb of Saint Honoré. There he found a party playing at faro; a dozen punters sat with melancholy air, each of them holding a small hand of cards, which, with corners turned down, registered their bad luck. Profound silence reigned, pallor sat on the faces of the punters, uneasiness on that of the banker; and the lady of the house, seated near that inexorable functionary, took notice, with lynx-like eyes, of all doubling of the stakes, and all the other hazardous ventures with which each player turned down his cards; she made them turn them up with rigorous but polite insistence, and never showed any displeasure for fear of losing her customers.

The lady called herself the Marchioness of Parolignac. Her daughter, some fifteen years of age, was one of the punters, and intimated to her mother by a wink any cheating on the part of those poor creatures who might thus try to repair the severities of fortune. When the Périgord Abbé entered with Candide and Martin, no one rose to salute them, nor took any notice of them, all were so deeply engrossed with their cards.

"My lady, the Baroness of Thundertentrunk, was more civil," said Candide.

The Abbé, however, whispered a word or two into the lady's ear, and, half rising from her seat, she favoured Candide with a gracious smile, and Martin with a dignified inclination of the head. She bade an attendant bring Candide a chair, and he was included in the next deal. Before the end of the second round he had lost fifty thousand francs, after which they had a very merry supper, and everyone was astonished that Candide bore his ill luck so lightly; the lackeys said among themselves in their own phraseology:

"He must be some *milord Anglais!*"

The supper, as suppers are wont to be at Paris, was begun in solemn silence, then came a confused babble of words, jokes followed more or less insipid, fictitious news, illogical arguments, with a spice of politics and a large infusion of scandal; the last new books also were passed under review.

"Have you seen," said the Abbé of Périgord, "the romance written by Dr. Gauchat, the eminent divine?"

"Yes," answered one of the guests; "but I could not finish it. We have a swarm of impertinent writers nowadays, but all the rest put together do not come within measurable distance of your eminent divine, Dr. Gauchat. I have been so surfeited with the endless succession of worthless books with which we are flooded, that I am reduced to punting at faro as a distraction."

"And what do you think of Archdeacon Trublet's miscellanies?" said the Abbé.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Marchioness of Parolignac; "what a dreadful bore he is! What pains he takes to tell you what everybody knows! How laboriously he discusses what is not worth even a passing remark! How inaptly he appropriates the wit of others! How he spoils whatever he pilfers! I am perfectly sick of him! But he shall disgust me no more; it is quite enough to read two or three pages of the archdeacon."

There was sitting at table a man of taste and learning, who supported what the Marchioness had said. The conversation then turned on the drama, and the lady asked how it was that there were some tragedies which had a short run when acted, but which would not bear reading. The man of taste explained very well how a play might have some points of interest, and yet be destitute of almost any real merit. He convinced them in a few words that it is not enough to introduce one or two of those situations which are found in all romances and never fail to charm the spectators; that it is necessary to be original without being eccentric, often sublime but always natural; to know the human heart and how to express its feelings; to be a true poet without any personage in the piece appearing in that character; to have perfect mastery over language, so as to speak it with purity and unfailing harmony, but without any sacrifice of sense to sound.

"Unless an author," added he, "observes all these rules, he may compose one or two tragedies applauded on the stage, but he will never be ranked among classical writers. There are very few good tragedies; some are idylls in dialogue, well written and in faultless rhyme; and there are political disquisitions that send one to sleep, or amplifications that irritate and disgust; others again are the ravings of a lunatic, in a barbarous idiom, with disjointed sentences, long apostrophes to the gods,—because that is easier than to talk

to men,—maxims of false morality, and bombastic commonplaces."

Candide listened to these remarks wtih great attention, and conceived a high opinion of the speaker; and as the Marchioness had been careful to seat him beside herself, he took the liberty of whispering into her ear an inquiry as to who that man might be who spoke so well.

"He is a scholar," said the lady, "whom, though he does not play at cards, the Abbé brings in here sometimes to supper; he has a thorough knowledge of books and plays; he has written a tragedy himself, which was hissed off the boards, and a book which has never been seen outside his publisher's shop, except a copy which he sent with a dedication to me."

"What a great man!" said Candide; "he is a second Pangloss."

Then turning towards him he said: "Sir, you are doubtless of opinion that all is for the best in the physical and in the moral world, and that nothing could be otherwise than it is?"

"I, sir?" replied the man of letters; "that is certainly not my opinion: I find that everything goes contrary with us; that nobody knows his proper rank, nor what are its requirements, neither what he is doing, nor what he ought to do, and except supper time, which passes pleasantly enough and with every appearance of harmony, all the rest of the day is taken up with senseless quarrels, —Jansenists against Molinists, lawyers against Churchmen, men of letters against men of letters, courtiers against courtiers, farmers of the revenue against the people, wives against husbands, kinsfolk against kinsfolk,—it is all a state of perpetual warfare."

Candide replied: "I have seen a worse state of affairs than that; but a sage, who has since had the misfortune to be hanged, taught me that all is admirably arranged; these things are but shadows in a beautiful picture."

"Your friend who was hanged," said Martin, "must have been mocking the world's misery; the shadows of which you speak are horrible blots."

"It is men who make the blots," said Candide, "and they cannot act otherwise than they do."

"It is no fault of theirs, then," said Martin.

The greater part of the punters, who did not comprehend a word of all this, went on drinking, while Martin entered upon a discussion with the man of letters, and Candide related some of his adventures to the lady of the house.

After supper the Marchioness invited Candide into her boudoir, and made him sit on a sofa.

"Well," said she, "and are you still then as desperately in love with Miss Cunegund of Thundertentrunk as ever?"

"Yes, madam," said Candide.

The Marchioness responded with a tender smile: "You answer me like a young man of Westphalia; a Frenchman would have said: 'It is true that I once loved Miss Cunegund, but, seeing you, madam, I fear I can love her no longer.'"

"Pardon me! madam," said Candide, "I will return you what answer you will."

"Your passion for her," said the Marchioness, "began, as I understand, by your picking up her handkerchief; I should like you to pick up my garter."

"With the greatest pleasure," said Candide, and suited the action to the word.

"But I wish you to tie it on again," added the lady; and Candide restored it to its place.

"Look, my friend," said she, "although you are a stranger, and I sometimes make my Parisian admirers languish for me as long as a fortnight, yet I surrender to you the first night I see you, because it is only right and proper to do the honours of one's country to a young man from Westphalia."

The fair enchantress, having caught sight of two enormous diamonds on the young stranger's hands, praised them so sincerely, that from Candide's fingers they passed on to those of the Marchioness.

As Candide returned home with his friend the Périgord Abbé, he felt some remorse at having been guilty of infidelity to Miss Cunegund. The Abbé sympathised with his uneasiness. He had come in for only a small share in the fifty thousand francs which Candide had lost at play, and in the value of the two brilliants, which may be said to have been half given, half extorted; and his purpose was to make as much profit as he could out of the advantages afforded him by his acquaintance with Candide. He talked much to him of Cunegund, and Candide told him that he would earnestly entreat pardon from the fair one for his faithlessness, when he should see her at Venice.

The Abbé was more profuse than ever in his polite attentions,

and took a tender interest in all that Candide said, or did, or wanted to do.

"You have then, sir," said he, "an appointment at Venice?"

"Yes, my good sir," said Candide; "it is absolutely necessary that I should go and find Miss Cunegund."

Then, unable to resist the pleasure of speaking about the object of his affections, he related, as he had so often done before, some of his adventures with that illustrious Westphalian damsel.

"I imagine," said the Abbé, "that Miss Cunegund has plenty of native wit, and writes delightful letters."

"I have never received one," said Candide; "for, as you may suppose, just after having been kicked out of the castle for making love to her, I had no opportunity of writing, and soon afterwards I heard that she was dead; then I found her again, lost her once more, and lastly I have dispatched an express messenger to her at a place two thousand four hundred leagues from this, whose answer I am now awaiting."

The Abbé listened attentively, and seemed somewhat absorbed in thought. He soon took leave of his two companions, after having embraced them tenderly.

On awaking next morning Candide found a letter expressed in the following terms: "My honoured sir and most dear lover, I have been laid up with illness for more than a week in this city, where I learn that you also are staying. I would fly to your arms, if only I could move. I heard of your journey hither when I was at Bordeaux, where I left the faithful Cacambo and the old woman, who are to follow me shortly. The Governor of Buenos Ayres has taken everything from me except your heart, which I still retain. Come; your presence will either restore me to life, or else make me die of gladness."

While this charming, this unhoped for letter transported Candide with unutterable joy, the illness of his beloved Cunegund overwhelmed him with grief. Divided between these two conflicting feelings, he took with him his gold and his diamonds, and drove with Martin to the house where Miss Cunegund was lodging. He entered, trembling with emotion; his heart beat fast, and his voice was choked with sobs. He would fain have drawn aside the bed-curtains, and had a light brought in; but the female in attendance told him to be careful not to do so, for the light

would certainly kill her, and she closed the curtain again immediately.

"My dear Cunegund," said Candide, weeping, "tell me how you are? If you may not see me, at least speak to me."

"She cannot speak," said the attendant.

The lady hereupon put a plump hand out of bed, which Candide bathed with tears for a long time, and afterwards filled with diamonds, leaving a purse of gold on the arm-chair.

In the midst of his distracting grief an officer of police with some of his men arrived, accompanied by the Périgord Abbé.

"There," said the latter, "are the two suspected foreigners!"

He had them forthwith arrested, and the officer ordered his brave fellows to drag them off to prison.

"This is not the way in which travellers are treated in El Dorado," said Candide.

"I am more of a Manichean now than ever," said Martin.

"But whither, sir, are you conducting us?" asked Candide.

"To the black hole of a dungeon," replied the officer.

Martin, on recovering his coolness, decided that the lady who pretended to be Cunegund was a cheat, that the Périgord Abbé was a knave, who had lost no time in abusing Candide's simplicity, and that the police officer was another of the same kidney, of whom it would be easy to get rid.

Rather than expose himself to judicial proceedings, Candide, enlightened by his companion's counsel, and eager moreover to see once more the real Cunegund, offered the sergeant three small diamonds, worth about three thousand pistoles apiece.

"Oh! sir," said the man of the ivory-headed staff, "had you committed all the crimes that can be imagined, you would yet be the most honest man in the world for me. Three diamonds! each of them worth three thousand pistoles! Sir, I would gladly die to defend you, instead of carrying you off to prison. All foreigners are subject to arrest, but leave the matter in my hands; I have a brother at Dieppe in Normandy; I will conduct you thither, and, if you happen to have a diamond that you could give him, he will take as good care of you as I could myself."

"But why are all foreigners subject to arrest?" said Candide.

The Périgord Abbé here put in his word, and said: "It is because a poor beggar of the province of Artois heard some idle words spoken, by which and nothing else he was instigated to commit a

parricide, not such as that of the month of May 1610, but like that of December 1594, and like many others committed in other months of other years by other poor beggars, who heard people give vent to idle words."

The police officer then explained the matters thus hinted at, and Candide exclaimed: "Ah! what monsters! Can such horrors be found among a people who dance and sing? Shall I not quit as soon as I can this country where apes provoke tigers? I have seen bears in my own land; men I have seen only in El Dorado. In the name of Heaven, Mr. Constable, take me to Venice, where I am to wait for Miss Cunegund."

"I can only conduct you into Lower Normandy," said the officer.

He instantly caused his fetters to be removed, saying that he had been mistaken, sent back his men, escorted Candide and Martin to Dieppe, and left them in his brother's charge. There happened to be a small Dutch vessel in the roads, and the Norman, who had been rendered the most obliging of men by the aid of three other diamonds, placed Candide and his attendants on board this ship, which was about to set sail for Portsmouth in England. This was not the way to Venice, it is true, but Candide thought it was a deliverance out of hell, and he intended to resume his journey to Venice on the first opportunity.

Chapter 23

CANDIDE AND MARTIN ARRIVE ON THE ENGLISH COAST: WHAT THEY SEE THERE

"AH! PANGLOSS, PANGLOSS! AH! MARTIN, MARTIN! AH! MY dear Cunegund! What kind of a world is this?" said Candide, when he was safely on board the Dutch vessel.

"Something very mad, and altogether abominable," answered Martin.

"You are acquainted with England. Are the people there as mad as in France?"

"Theirs is another sort of madness," said Martin. "You know that the two nations are at war about some acres of snow in the neighbourhood of Canada, and that they spend in that war far

more than all Canada is worth. To tell you precisely whether there are more people who ought to be shut up as lunatics in one country than in another is beyond my feeble capacity; I only know that, as a general rule, the people whom we are about to visit are exceedingly morose."

While conversing thus, they came in sight of Portsmouth; a multitude of people lined the shore, and had their gaze fixed attentively on a stout man, who was kneeling, with eyes blindfolded, on the deck of one of the men-of-war; four soldiers, stationed opposite this man, discharged three bullets each into his skull, in the calmest manner possible; and then all the crowd returned home, very well satisfied with what they had seen.

"What now is the meaning of all this?" said Candide, "and what demon exerts dominion everywhere?"

In answer to his inquiry who that stout man was who had just been put to death with so much ceremony, he was told that he was an admiral.

"And why do they kill an admiral?"

"Because," said his informants, "he has not caused enough people to be slaughtered; he gave battle to a French admiral, and it had been found that he did not come to sufficiently close quarters."

"But," said Candide, "the French admiral must have been as far from the English admiral, as he from the other!"

"That cannot be disputed," was the reply; "but in this country it is thought a good thing to kill an admiral from time to time in order to put some courage into the others."

Candide was so astounded and shocked at what he both saw and heard, that he had no wish so much as to set foot on land, and made a bargain with the Dutch skipper (though he might rob him like his compatriot of Surinam) to carry him without delay to Venice.

The skipper was ready in a couple of days. They sailed along the coast of France; they came within sight of Lisbon, and Candide shuddered; they passed through the straits, and entered the Mediterranean; at last they reached Venice.

"Heaven be praised!" said Candide, embracing Martin; "it is here that I shall see my fair Cunegund again. I can rely on Cacambo as on myself. All is well, everything goes right, nothing could possibly be better."

Chapter 24

TREATS OF PAQUETTE AND BROTHER GIROFLÉE

AS SOON AS CANDIDE WAS AT VENICE HE INSTITUTED A SEARCH for Cacambo in all the taverns and coffee houses, and amongst all the women of pleasure, but he could not be found. He sent every day to reconnoitre all the newly arrived vessels; still no tidings of Cacambo.

"What is this?" said he to Martin; "I have had time to go from Surinam to Bordeaux, from Bordeaux to Paris, from Paris to Dieppe, from Dieppe to Portsmouth, to sail along the coasts of Portugal and Spain, to traverse the Mediterranean, and to pass some months at Venice; but the fair Cunegund is not yet arrived. In her place I have met only a ridiculous counterfeit and a Périgord abbé! Cunegund is doubtless dead, and there is nothing left for me to do but to die also. Alas! It would have been far better to have remained in the paradise of El Dorado, instead of returning to this accursed Europe. You are perfectly right, my dear Martin, there is nothing but disappointments and calamity."

He fell into a melancholy of the deepest dye, and took no interest either in the operas then in vogue, or in any other of the amusements of the Carnival; there was not a pretty face or figure that offered him the slightest temptation.

Martin said to him: "You are really very simple if you imagine for a moment that a mongrel valet, with five or six millions in his pockets, would go to the ends of the earth in search of your sweetheart, in order to bring her to you at Venice. He will take her for himself, if he finds her; if he cannot find her, he will take some other charmer. I advise you to forget your servant Cacambo and your mistress Cunegund."

Martin was not a good hand at giving consolation; Candide's melancholy grew worse, and Martin never ceased proving to him that there was little virtue or happiness on earth, except perhaps in El Dorado, to which nobody could go.

Whilst they were still discussing this important topic and waiting for Cunegund, Candide observed a young Theatine friar in the piazza of St. Mark, with a wench hanging on his arm. The

friar looked fresh complexioned, plump, and vigorous; his eyes were bright, he carried his head high, and stepped along with a proud and confident air. The girl, who was very pretty, was singing and casting amorous glances at her friar, while from time to time she pinched his fat cheeks.

"You will at least allow," said Candide to Martin, "that this couple are happy. Up to the present time, throughout all the habitable globe, I have found only unfortunate wretches, except in El Dorado; but as for this wench and her Theatine friar, I warrant you they are happy enough."

"I will wager they are not," returned Martin.

"We have only to ask them to dine with us," said Candide, "and you will see whether I am mistaken."

He accosted them there and then, and after having paid them his compliments, invited them to his inn to eat macaroni, Lombardy partridges, and sturgeons' roe, and to drink the wine of Multepulciano, lachryma Christi, and the vintage of Cyprus and Samos. The damsel blushed, the friar accepted the invitation, and the girl, as she followed him, regarded Candide with eyes in which surprise and confusion were mingled with tears which made them dim.

Scarcely had she entered Candide's apartment, when she said to him: "What! Does Mr. Candide no longer recognise Paquette?"

At these words Candide, who had not hitherto noticed her with any particular attention, because his thoughts had been occupied with nothing but Cunegund, replied: "Ah! my poor child, was it you then who reduced Dr. Pangloss to the fine condition in which I saw him?"

"Alas! sir, it was I indeed," said Paquette; "I see that you have been informed of everything. I have heard of the terrible misfortunes which have overtaken the whole household of my lady the Baroness, and especially the fair Cunegund, but I solemnly assure you my fate has been hardly less wretched than hers. I was innocence itself when you saw me first, but a Franciscan friar, who was my confessor, seduced me without much difficulty. The consequences were frightful, and I was obliged to quit the castle some time after my lord Baron had sent you off with some hearty kicks on your hinder quarters. If a celebrated physician had not taken compassion on me, I should have lost my life. I remained his mistress for some time out of gratitude, but his wife,

who was mad with jealousy, beat me unmercifully every day; she was a perfect fury. The doctor was the ugliest man that ever was seen, and I was the most unfortunate of women to be continually beaten for a man whom I did not love. You know, sir, how dangerous it is for a cross-grained female to be the wife of a physician. The husband, driven out of all patience by his wife's proceedings, gave her one day, to cure her of a slight cold, a medicine so efficacious, that she died in dreadful convulsions before two hours were over. The lady's relations instituted a criminal prosecution against the gentleman; he betook himself to flight, and, as for me, I was thrown into prison. My innocence would not have saved me, if it had not been for my good looks. The judge set me at liberty on the condition that he should succeed the doctor, but I was soon supplanted by a rival, cast out of doors without any compensation, and forced to carry on this abominable trade, which seems to you men so pleasing, but which is for us nothing but a pit of misery. I came to Venice to practise my profession. Oh! sir, if you could only fancy what it is to be obliged to bestow caresses with equal impartiality upon old shopkeepers, lawyers, monks, gondoliers, and abbés; to be exposed to every kind of insult and outrage; to be often reduced to borrowing a petticoat to go and have it torn off one's back by some disgusting fellow; to be robbed by one customer of what has been earned with another; to be fleeced by the officers of justice, and to have no better prospect than a hideous old age, a hospital and a dunghill, you would be convinced that I am one of the most unfortunate creatures that the world contains."

Thus did Paquette open out her heart in response to Candide's kindness, in a small chamber, where Martin was also present.

The latter said to Candide: "You see I have already won half the wager."

Brother Giroflée meanwhile had remained in the dining-room, and was having a drink while waiting for dinner.

"But," said Candide to Paquette, "you had so jocund an air, and seemed so contented, when I met you, you were singing so gaily and fondling the friar with such apparently genuine complacency, that you seemed to me as happy as you assert that you are wretched."

"Ah! sir," answered Paquette, "there again is one of the miseries of my calling. Yesterday I was robbed and beaten by an officer,

and to-day I must needs appear good-humoured to please a monk."

Candide had no wish to hear any more; he owned that Martin was right. They sat down to table with Paquette and the friar; the repast was tolerably entertaining, and, towards the end of it, they became quite confidential in their talk.

"Father," said Candide to the monk, "you seem to me to enjoy a lot which all the world might envy; the bloom of health shines on your countenance, your looks proclaim your happiness, you have a very pretty girl to amuse you, and you appear very well contented with your vocation."

"Upon my word, sir," said brother Giroflée, "I would wish that all Theatines were at the bottom of the sea. I have been tempted a hundred times to set fire to the monastery, and to go and turn Mohammedan. My parents forced me, when I was fifteen years of age, to put this detestable habit on my back, in order to leave a larger fortune to a cursed elder brother of mine, whom Heaven confound! Jealousy, discord, and rage inhabit the convent. It is true that I have preached some bad sermons which have brought me in a little money, though the Prior robs me of half of it; the rest serves me to entertain the girls of my acquaintance. But when I return to the monastery in the evening, I am ready to dash my head against the walls of the dormitory, and all my fellow friars are in the same case."

Martin turned towards Candide with his usual composure, and said: "Well now, have I not won the whole wager?"

Candide gave two thousand piastres to Paquette, and one thousand to brother Giroflée.

"I warrant you," said he, "that this will make them happy."

"I do not think it at all likely," said Martin; "those piastres of yours will perhaps render them more wretched than ever."

"Be that as it may," said Candide, "still one thing gives me consolation; I see that we often meet with people whom we never expected to see any more, it may very well come to pass that after having found my red sheep and Paquette, I may find Cunegund again also."

"I sincerely wish," said Martin, "that she may some day make you happy, but I strongly doubt it."

"You are very incredulous," said Candide.

"That is because I have seen what life is," retorted Martin.

"But look at those gondoliers," said Candide; "are they not always singing?"

"You do not see them at home, with their wives and their brats of children," said Martin. "The Doge has his vexations, the gondoliers have theirs. It is true that, taking everything into consideration, the lot of a gondolier is to be preferred to that of a Doge; but I deem the difference so insignificant, that it is not worth the trouble of examination."

"I hear people speak," said Candide, "of the senator Pococurante, who resides in that fine palace on the Brenta, and entertains foreigners with such magnificence. They say that he is a man who has never known an annoyance."

"I should like to see so rare a specimen," said Martin.

Candide immediately sent a request to Signor Pococurante, that he might be allowed to pay him a visit on the morrow.

Chapter 25

A VISIT TO SIGNOR POCOCURANTE, A NOBLE VENETIAN

CANDIDE AND MARTIN WENT IN A GONDOLA ON THE BRENTA, and arrived at the palace of the noble Pococurante. The gardens were well laid out, and adorned with beautiful marble statues, and the palace itself was a magnificent building. The master of the house, a man of some sixty years of age, received the two inquiring travellers very politely, but without any demonstrative welcome, which somewhat disconcerted Candide, but was by no means displeasing to Martin.

First of all two pretty maids, neatly dressed, handed round chocolate, which they poured out with a fine froth upon it. Candide could not refrain from complimenting them on their beauty, their graceful carriage, and their cleverness.

"They are very good creatures in their way," said the senator; "I sometimes admit them to my caresses, for I am quite tired of the ladies of the town, with their coquettish airs, their jealous quarrels, petty humours, pride, and silliness, not to speak of the sonnets which one must make or order for their delectation; but, after all, these two girls begin to bore me a good deal."

After lunch, Candide strolled up and down a long gallery, and was surprised at the beauty of the pictures which were hung there. He inquired by what master the two first were painted.

"They are the work of Raphael," said the senator; "I paid a large sum for them several years ago, merely out of vanity. They are considered the finest in Italy, but they do not please me at all; the colouring is too dark, the figures are not well proportioned, and do not stand out enough, the clothing has no resemblance to real drapery. In a word, whatever people may say of them, I do not find there a true representation of nature. I only care for a picture when I can fancy that I am looking upon nature herself, and there are none of that sort to be seen. I have plenty of pictures, but I no longer take any notice of them."

While they were waiting for dinner, Pococurante provided them with a concert. Candid thought the music exquisite.

"This noise," said Pococurante, "may serve to while away half an hour; but if it lasts longer, it wearies everybody, though no one dares confess it. The music of the present day is nothing but the art of executing difficult tasks, and what has no other merit than difficulty fails to give pleasure in the long run.

"I might perhaps like the opera better, if the secret had never been discovered of making it such a monstrous absurdity that my reason revolts at it. Let those who like them go and see inferior tragedies set to music, where the scenes are made only to bring in by hook or crook two or three ridiculous songs in which the voice of some actress may be employed to the best advantage; let all who will or can do so die away in raptures at hearing a eunuch trill out the part of Cæsar or of Cato, as he struts upon the stage with awkward air. For my part, I have long since given up these poor amusements, which constitute the glory of the Italy of to-day, and for which monarchs are wont to pay so high a price."

Candide said a little by way of opposition, but discreetly withal: Martin was quite of the senator's opinion.

They sat down to table, and, after an excellent dinner, they entered the library. Candide, catching sight of a splendidly bound Homer, commended the good taste of his illustrious host.

"There," said he, "is a book which gave delight to the great Pangloss, the first philosopher in all Germany."

"It affords me none," was Pococurante's cold reply. "I was once so far imposed upon as to fancy that I took pleasure in reading

him; but that constant repetition of battles one exactly like another, those gods who are always meddling and never do anything decisive, that Helen who is the cause of the war, and yet plays hardly any part at all in the action of the poem, that Troy which is besieged and never taken,—all this bored me most infernally. I have sometimes inquired of learned men whether they grew weary as I did in reading him; all those who were sincere confessed that the book was apt to drop out of their hands, but that they were obliged to keep it in their libraries as a famous monument of antiquity, like those rusty old coins which are no longer of any use as money."

"Your Excellency surely does not think the same of Virgil?" said Candide.

"I am convinced," answered Pococurante, "that the second, fourth, and sixth books of the Æneid are excellent; but as for his pious Æneas, the brave Cloanthus, the trusty friend Achates, the boy Ascanius, the foolish king Latinus, the commonplace Amata, and the insipid Lavinia, I think there is nothing more frigid and disagreeable. I like Tasso better, and the drowsy tales of Ariosto."

"May I venture to ask you, sir," said Candide, "whether you do not find great pleasure in reading Horace?"

"He has maxims," replied Pococurante, "from which a man of the world may derive some profit, and which, being compressed into vigorous verse, are easily graven on the memory; but I care very little for his journey to Brundusium, or for his description of a bad dinner, or for his blackguardly quarrel between a certain Rupilius, whose language, as he says, was full of poisonous filth, and another fellow whose words were steeped in vinegar. I have never read without the utmost disgust his indecent lines against old women and witches, and I do not see to what merit he can lay claim in telling his friend Mæcenas that if he is placed by him in the rank of lyric bards, he will strike the stars with his exalted head. Fools admire everything in a celebrated author; I read only to please myself, and I like nothing but what answers my purpose."

Candide, who had been taught never to judge of anything for himself, was very much astonished at what he heard, but Martin thought Pococurante's way of thinking not at all unreasonable.

"Oh! here is a Cicero," said Candide; "now as regards this great writer, I do not suppose you ever grow tired of reading him?"

"I never read him at all," answered the Venetian. "What dif-

ference does it make to me whether he pleaded for Rabirius or for Cluentius? I have quite enough causes to decide myself. I should have more inclination for his philosophical works; but when I saw that there was nothing about which he did not doubt, I concluded that I knew as much about them as he, and that I had no need of anybody to teach me ignorance."

"Ah! There are eighty volumes of transactions of the Academy of Science!" cried Martin. "There may be something good there."

"So there might be," said Pococurante, "if a single author out of all who have accumulated this lumber had so much as invented the art of making pins; but in all these books there is nothing but empty systems, and not single thing of any use."

"What a number of plays I see there," said Candide, "in Italian, Spanish, and French!"

"Yes," said the senator, "there are three thousand of them, and not three dozen of any merit. As for these collections of sermons, which, taken all together, are not worth a page of Seneca, and all these big folios of theology, you may be sure I never open them,—neither I, nor anyone else."

Martin noticed some shelves filled with English books.

"I think," said he, "that a republican may well be pleased with most of these works, written, as they are, with such admirable freedom."

"Yes," answered Pococurante, "it is a fine thing to write what one thinks; it is the privilege of a human being. In all this Italy of ours, no one writes anything but what he does not really think true; those who inhabit the country of the Cæsars and the Antonines do not dare to entertain an idea without the permission of a Dominican friar. I should be well enough pleased with the liberty which inspires the works of English genius, if passion and party spirit did not spoil all that that precious liberty holds worthy of esteem."

Candide, perceiving a Milton, asked him if he did not regard that author as a great man.

"Who?" exclaimed Pococurante, "that barbarian, who writes a long commentary upon the first chapter of Genesis in ten books of ragged verse? That rude imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the creation, and, whilst Moses represents the Almighty producing the universe with a word, makes the Messiah take a great pair of compasses out of the celestial cupboard, to trace the outline of

his work? Can I set any value on an author who has spoiled the hell and the devil of Tasso, who disguises Lucifer sometimes as a toad, and sometimes as a pygmy, who makes him repeat a hundred times the same speech, who puts into his mouth theological discussions, and who, imitating in all seriousness Ariosto's comic introduction of firearms, represents the devils as cannonading heaven? Neither I, nor anyone else in Italy, can take any pleasure in these deplorable extravagances. The marriage of Sin and Death, and the snakes which Sin brings forth, are enough to make anyone sick who has the least delicacy of taste; and his lengthy description of a lazar-house is fit only for a grave-digger. This obscure poem, fantastic and revolting, was despised when it first made its appearance, and I treat it now as it was treated in his own country by his own generation. In fine, I say what I think, and I care very little whether others think as I do, or not."

Candide was distressed at these remarks; he had a respect for Homer, and a little liking for Milton.

"Alas!" said he aside to Martin; "I very much fear that this man has a sovereign contempt for our German poets."

"He would not be far wrong if he had," said Martin.

"Oh! what a superior person!" said Candide again in a low voice. "What a great genius, to be sure, is this Pococurante! Nothing can please him."

After having thus examined all his books, they went down into the garden, and Candide praised all its beauties.

"I know nothing in worse taste," said the owner; "everything here is vulgar and gaudy, but I am going to begin to have a garden laid out to-morrow on a more noble plan."

When the two inquirers had taken leave of His Excellency, Candide said to Martin:

"There, now you will agree with me, is the happiest man in the world, looks down upon all his possessions."

"Do you not see," returned Martin, "that he is disgusted with everything he has? Plato remarked long ago that it is not the healthiest stomach which rejects all food."

"But," continued Candide, "is there no pleasure in criticising everything, in perceiving faults where all other men think they see beauties?"

"Which is as much as to say," answered Martin, "that there must be some pleasure in never being pleased."

"Ah, well," said Candide, "then nobody is happy but myself as soon as I shall see Miss Cunegund again."

"It is always a good thing to be hopeful," said Martin.

Meanwhile days and weeks passed by; Cacambo did not return to him, and Candide was plunged into such deep distress, that he did not even make the reflection that Paquette and friar Giroflée had never come so much as to thank him for his kindness.

Chapter 26

TREATS OF A SUPPER AT WHICH CANDIDE AND MARTIN WERE PRESENT WITH SIX FOREIGNERS, AND TELLS WHO THEY WERE

ONE EVENING, WHEN CANDIDE, FOLLOWED BY MARTIN, WAS about to sit down to table with the other guests who were staying at the same inn, a man, whose face was as black as soot, accosted him from behind, and, taking him by the arm, said: "Be ready to start with us,—do not fail."

He turned round, and saw Cacambo. Nothing but the sight of Cunegund could have surprised and pleased him more, and he was almost wild with joy.

Embracing his dear friend, he exclaimed: "Is Cunegund here? Where is she to be found?—Take me to her, that I may die with joy in her presence!"

"Cunegund is not here," said Cacambo; "she is at Constantinople."

"Good Heavens! At Constantinople!—But were she in China, I would fly to her.—Let us be off."

"We will start after supper," replied Cacambo. "I cannot tell you anything more; I am a slave, my master is expecting me, and I must go and wait upon him at table. Do not say a word, take your supper, and hold yourself in readiness."

Candide, divided in his feelings between joy and disappointment, delighted to have seen again his faithful agent, but astonished at finding him a slave, full of the idea of recovering his mistress, with agitated heart and distracting thoughts sat down to table with Martin, who regarded all these occurrences quite calmly, and with six foreigners, who were come to pass the carnival at Venice.

Cacambo, towards the end of the meal, as he was pouring out wine for one of these six strangers, whispered in his new master's ear: "Sire, Your Majesty may start when he pleases; the ship is ready."

Having said these words he left the room. The company looked at each other with surprise, but without uttering a single word, when another attendant, approaching his master, said to him: "Sire, Your Majesty's carriage is at Padua, and the boat is ready."

The master made a sign, and the servant retired. All the guests stared at each other again, and the general surprise grew greater.

A third footman, in like manner, went up to another of the strangers, and said: "Sire, believe me, Your Majesty should not remain here any longer; I am going to get everything ready"— and he immediately disappeared.

Thereupon Candide and Martin came to the conclusion that this was doubtless some carnival masquerade, when a fourth servant said to his master— "Your Majesty can start when he pleases," and left like the others.

A fifth footman said much the same to a fifth master; but the sixth addressed the last stranger, who sat beside Candide, in a different manner: "Upon my word, sire," said he, "people here will trust neither Your Majesty nor me any longer, and we run a great risk of being locked up in gaol to-night, so I am going to look after my own business. Farewell."

All the servants having taken their departure, the six strangers, Candide, and Martin sat on in profound silence, which Candide at last broke by saying: "Gentlemen, this is a singular piece of pleasantry on your part. How is it you are all Kings? As for Martin and myself, I must confess that neither of us is of royal rank."

Cacambo's master gravely replied to his question, saying in Italian: "I at least am not joking. My name is Achmet III., and I was Grand Sultan for a good many years. I dethroned my brother, and my nephew has done the same to me. My viziers have all had their heads cut off, and I am eking out the remainder of my days in the old seraglio; my nephew the Grand Sultan Mahmud allows me to travel sometimes for my health, and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice."

A young man seated by Achmet spoke next, and said: "My name is Ivan; I was Emperor of all the Russias, but was dethroned in the cradle. My father and mother were closely confined, and I

was brought up in prison; I am sometimes permitted to travel, accompanied by those who are responsible for my safe keeping, and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice."

The third stranger said: "I am Charles Edward, King of England; my father has resigned to me his title to the kingdom, which I have fought to maintain. Eight hundred of my followers have had their hearts torn out and thrown in their faces, and I have myself been cast into prison. I am on my way to Rome, to pay a visit to the King my father, dethroned like myself and my grandfather; and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice."

The fourth then spoke as follows: "I am King of Poland, but the fortune of war has deprived me of my hereditary dominions; my father experienced the same reverse, and I am resigned to Providence, like Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and King Charles Edward (to whom God grant a long life!), and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice."

The fifth said: "I also am King of Poland; I have twice lost my throne, but Provdience has bestowed on me another State, in which I have done more good than all the Kings of Sarmatia together have been able to effect upon the banks of the Vistula. I too resign myself to Providence, and am come to spend the carnival at Venice."

It only remained for the sixth monarch to speak.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my royalty is of less exalted rank, but for all that I have been a sovereign like yourselves. I am Theodore, whom the Corsicans chose as their King. I have been styled 'Your Majesty,' and now they hardly call me 'Sir.' Money has been struck in my name, and at present I do not possess a farthing; I have had two secretaries of State, and now I can scarcely be said to have any longer a valet; I have sat upon a throne, and, since then, have lain for long upon straw in a London prison. I very much fear I may be treated in the same way here, though I am come, like Your Majesties, to spend the carnival at Venice."

The five other Kings listened to this speech with generous compassion, and each of them gave King Theodore twenty sequins to buy himself shirts and other clothing, while Candide made him a present of a diamond, the value of which was not less than two thousand sequins.

"Whoever can this man be," said the five Kings, "who is in a po-

sition to give away a hundred times as much as any one of us, and who actually does it. Are you, sir, also a King?"

"No, gentlemen, and I have no desire to be one."

At the moment when they were leaving the table, there arrived at the same hostelry four Serene Highnesses who had likewise lost their territories by the fortunes of war, and were come to pass the remainder of the carnival at Venice, but Candide paid no heed to these new arrivals, being altogether absorbed in the thought of going to Constantinople in search of his beloved Cunegund.

Chapter 27

CANDIDE'S VOYAGE TO CONSTANTINOPLE

THE FAITHFUL CACAMBO HAD ALREADY OBTAINED PERMISSION from the Turkish captain, who was going to take back Sultan Achmet to Constantinople, for Candide and Martin to be received on board his vessel, where they both presented themselves, after having done obeisance to His miserable Highness.

On their way to the ship, Candide kept saying to Martin: "What a singular thing it is now that we should have supped with six dethroned kings, and that out of these six monarchs moreover there should be one on whom I have bestowed alms! It may be that there are many other princes yet more unfortunate. As for me, I have only lost a hundred sheep, and now I am flying into the arms of Cunegund. My dear Martin, once more let me tell you, Pangloss was in the right, and all is well."

"I wish it may prove so," said Martin.

"But what an adventure we have had here at Venice," pursued Candide, "and how extremely improbable it would have seemed beforehand! When was it ever seen or heard of that six dethroned sovereigns supped together at a tavern?"

"It is not more extraordinary," said Martin, "than most of the things that have happened to us. It is a very common occurrence for kings to be dethroned; and as for the honour we have had in supping with them, that is a trifle unworthy of our attention. What matters it with whom we sup, provided we meet with good cheer?"

Candide had no sooner reached the vessel than he fell on the neck of his old servant and friend Cacambo.

"Tell me now," said he, "how is Cunegund getting on? Is she still a prodigy of beauty? Does she love me as much as ever? Is she well and happy? You have doubtless bought a palace for her at Constantinople."

"My dear master," answered Cacambo, "Cunegund washes dishes on the shore of the Sea of Marmora for a prince who has very few of such articles; she is a slave in the house of a foreign sovereign, named Ragotski, to whom the Grand Turk grants a pension of three crowns a day in his retirement; but, what is far more melancholy, she has lost her beauty and is become horribly ugly."

"Ah, well! handsome or ugly," said Candide, "I am a man of honour, and it is my duty to love her under all circumstances. But how came she to be reduced to a state so low, when you left me with five or six millions?"

"Oh! for the matter of that, was I not obliged to give two millions to Señor don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenas y Lampourdos y Souza, Governor of Buenos Ayres, to obtain his permission to get back Miss Cunegund? And did not a pirate gallantly rob us of all the rest? And did not that same pirate take us to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petrias, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Cunegund and the old woman are slaves in the household of the Prince I have mentioned, and as for me, I am a slave of the dethroned Sultan."

"What a chain of frightful calamities!" said Candide. "But after all I have still some diamonds left, with which it will be easy for me to ransom Miss Cunegund. It is a great pity she is become so ugly."

Then turning to Martin, he said: "Which, think you, is the most to be pitied, the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, King Charles Edward, or I?"

"I cannot tell," said Martin; "it would be necessary for me to look into your hearts to know that."

"Ah!" said Candide, "if Pangloss were here, he would know all about it, and could tell us at once."

"I know not," said Martin, "in what scales this Pangloss of yours would have weighed the misfortunes of mankind, so as to estimate their relative sufferings. All I presume to assert is that there are

millions of men upon the earth more to be pitied than King Charles Edward, the Emperor Ivan, and the Sultan Achmet."

"That may well be so," said Candide.

In a few days they arrived at the Bosphorus. The first thing that Candide did was to pay a heavy ransom for Cacambo, and, without any loss of time, he went on board a galley with his companions, to coast along the shore of the Sea of Marmora in search of Cunegund, however ugly she might prove to be.

Now there were among the crew two galley-slaves who rowed very badly, and to whom the Levantine skipper applied the lash from time to time on the bare shoulders. Candide, from a natural feeling of sympathy, regarded them with more attention than the rest of the crew, and approached them with a look of pity. Their faces, disfigured though they were, seemed to him to bear some resemblance to those of Pangloss and the unhappy Jesuit Baron, Miss Cunegund's brother. Touched with sorrowful emotion at this idea, he observed them still more attentively.

"Truly," said he to Cacambo, "if I had not seen Dr. Pangloss hanged, and if I had not had the misfortune to have killed the Baron, I could believe that it is they who are rowing in this galley."

At hearing the names of the Baron and of Pangloss, the two galley-slaves uttered a loud cry, ceased rowing, and let their oars fall from their hands. The Levantine skipper hurried up to them, and applied the lash with redoubled vigour.

"Stop! Stop, my good sir!" exclaimed Candide; "I will give you as much money as you like for them."

"What! Is it Candide?" said one of the two slaves.

"What! Is it Candide?" said the other.

"Is this a dream?" said Candide; "am I asleep or awake? Am I really in this galley? Is this my lord Baron, whom I killed? Is that Dr. Pangloss, whom I saw hanged?"

"Yes, indeed, it is we ourselves whom you see before you," they answered.

"What!" exclaimed Martin; "is this the great philosopher of whom I have heard so much?"

Candide again accosted the Levantine skipper: "Sir," said he, "how much money will satisfy you for the ransom of my lord Thundertentrunk, one of the first barons of the Empire, and of

Dr. Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician in Germany?"

"Dog of a Christian," answered the Levantine skipper, "since these two Christian dogs of galley-slaves are barons and metaphysicians, which is, no doubt, a high dignity in their country, you shall pay me for them fifty thousand sequins."

"You shall have them, sir; only take me back like a flash of lightning to Constantinople, and you shall be paid on the spot. But no; take me to the house where Miss Cunegund lives."

The Levantine skipper, on Candide's first offer of ransom, had already turned the vessel's prow towards the city, and now made his crew row more quickly than a bird cleaves the air.

Candide embraced the Baron and Pangloss a hundred times.

"And how was it I never killed you, after all, my dear Baron? And, my dear Pangloss, how is it you are alive, after having been hanged? And why are you both galley-slaves here in Turkey?"

"Is it really true that my dear sister is in this country?" asked the Baron.

"Yes," replied Cacambo.

"Do I then indeed behold once more my dear Candide?" cried Pangloss.

Candide then presented Martin and Cacambo; they all embraced each other, and all began to speak at the same time, while the galley flew on, and soon brought them back to the harbour. A Jew being sent for, Candide sold him for fifty thousand sequins a diamond worth a hundred thousand, though the Jew swore to him by Abraham that he could not in conscience give more for it; and Candide immediately paid down the money to ransom the Baron and Pangloss. The latter threw himself at his deliverer's feet, and bathed them with tears; the other thanked him with an inclination of the head, and promised to return the money on the earliest opportunity.

"But can it indeed be possible that my sister is in Turkey?" said he.

"Nothing is more certain," replied Cacambo, "since she scours the dishes and plates in the house of a Transylvanian prince."

Two other Jews were immediately summoned, to whom Candide sold more diamonds, and they all started again in another galley to go and release Cunegund from bondage.

Chapter 28

WHAT HAPPENED TO CANDIDE, CUNEGUND, PANGLOSS, MARTIN, ETC.

"I CRAVE YOUR PARDON ONCE MORE," SAID CANDIDE TO THE Baron; "forgive me, reverend father, for having run my sword through your body."

"I beg you will never speak of it again," said the Baron; "I was a little too hasty, I own. But as you wish to know how it came to pass that you found me a galley-slave, I must tell you that, after having been healed of my wound by the brother apothecary of the College, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spaniards, who threw me into prison at Buenos Ayres just after my sister had left the city. I asked and obtained permission to return to Rome to the Father General, who nominated me to go and serve as chaplain to the French Ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been a week in my new post, when I met one evening a very handsome young Icoglan. The weather was warm, the youth wished to bathe, and I took the opportunity of doing the same, not being aware that it was a heinous crime for a Christian to be found stark naked with a young Mussulman. A Cadi ordered me to receive a hundred blows on the soles of my feet, and sentenced me to the galleys. I do not believe that a more horrible act of injustice was ever committed. But I should like to know how it came about that my sister is kitchen-maid to a sovereign of Transylvania who has taken refuge with the Turks."

"And you, my dear Pangloss," said Candide, "how can it have happened that I see you again?"

"It is true," said Pangloss, "that you saw me hanged; I should, in the ordinary course of things, have been burned, but, as you will remember, it rained in torrents when I was about to be roasted. The storm was so violent that there was no hope of lighting the fire, so I was hanged because nothing better could be done. A surgeon bought my body, carried me home with him, and began to dissect me, by making in the first place a crucial incision from the navel to the neck. Now it was impossible for anyone to have been hanged more unskilfully than I was; the executioner of the high

decrees of the Holy Inquisition—a sub-deacon—was indeed a perfect adept at burning people, but hanging was not in his line of business; the cord was wet, and, not slipping properly, failed to form a tight noose. In fact, I was still breathing when they cut me down, and the crucial incision made me utter such a piercing scream, that the surgeon fell flat on his back, and, believing that it must be the devil he was dissecting, rushed off in a panic of fear, and fell down again on the stairs in his hurried flight. His wife came running out of an adjoining chamber on hearing the noise, and, seeing me stretched out upon the table with the crucial incision made on my body, she was struck with even greater consternation than her husband, took to her heels, and tumbled on top of him. When they had recovered a little from their fright, I heard the surgeon's wife say to her husband: 'My good man, what were you thinking of to dissect a heretic like that? Don't you know that the devil is always in the bodies of such people? I'll go directly in search of a priest, that he may come and exorcise the corpse.'

"I shuddered at these words, and, gathering up the little strength I had left, cried out: 'Have pity on me!'

"At last the Portuguese barber-surgeon took courage; he sewed up my skin, and even his wife was prevailed upon to nurse me, till at the end of a fortnight I was on my feet again. The barber then found me a situation, and I was became serving-man to a Knight of Malta who was going to Venice; but my master not having the wherewithal to pay me my wages, I entered the service of a Venetian merchant, and followed him to Constantinople.

"One day the fancy seized me to enter a mosque; there was no one there but an old Imam and a very pretty young devotee of the fair sex, who was saying her prayers. Her neck was quite uncovered, and in her bosom she had a beautiful nosegay of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and auriculas. She let fall her nosegay; I picked it up, and put it back in its place for her with eager but respectful attention. I was so long in replacing it properly, that the Imam grew angry, and, seeing that I was a Christian, shouted for assistance. I was brought before the Cadi, who sentenced me to receive a hundred blows of a stick on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the galleys. I was chained in the identical galley and to the very same bench as my lord Baron. There were also among our number four young men from Mar-

seilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks from Corfu, who told us that such adventures as ours are a matter of everyday occurrence. My lord Baron maintained that he had suffered greater injustice than I had done; I, on the other hand, insisted that it was far more excusable to replace a nosegay in a woman's bosom than to be found stark naked with an Icoglan. We kept up a constant dispute on the question, and we were receiving twenty lashes a day, when the chain of events in this universe brought you on board our galley to redeem us from bondage."

"Well, my dear Pangloss," said Candide, "now that you have been hanged, dissected, and thrashed black and blue, with all your experience as a galley-slave, have you continued to think that everything happens so well that it could not be better?"

"I have always retained my original opinion," answered Pangloss, "for am I not a philosopher? It does not become me to retract my words. Leibnitz cannot possibly be wrong; besides, the 'pre-established harmony' is the finest thing in the world, as well as the 'plenum' and the 'materia subtilis.' "

Chapter 29

HOW CANDIDE FOUND CUNEGUND AND THE OLD WOMAN AGAIN

WHILST CANDIDE, THE BARON, PANGLOSS, MARTIN, AND CACAMBO were recounting their adventures, and reasoning upon the contingent or non-contingent events that occur in this world; whilst they were disputing about causes and effects, moral and physical evil, free will and necessity, and particularly the sources from which consolation may be derived when one is a galley-slave on Turkish waters, they reached the shore of the Sea of Marmora at the point where the house of the Transylvanian Prince was situated. The first objects that presented themselves were Cunegund and the old woman, who were spreading out towels to dry on a clothes-line.

The Baron turned pale at the sight. Candide, fond lover as he was, on beholding his fair Cunegund's complexion ruined, her bloodshot eyes, withered neck, wrinkled cheeks, and coarse red arms, started back a step or two in horror, but immediately afterwards advanced as good manners dictated. She embraced Candide

and her brother, and after the old woman had been embraced also, Candide ransomed them both.

There happened to be a farm vacant in the neighbourhood, and the old woman proposed that Candide should take it until something else better should turn up for the whole company. Cunegund was not aware that she had grown ugly, and no one was so impolite as to tell her so; she reminded Candide of his promises in so confident a tone, that the good-natured fellow did not dare to refuse her. Then he gave the Baron to understand that he was going to marry his sister.

"I will never," said the Baron, "tolerate such a low connexion on her part, nor such insolent presumption on yours; I will never incur the reproach of infamy so great; my sister's children would be unable to enter the privileged circles of Germany. No, my sister shall never marry anyone but a baron of the Empire."

Cunegund threw herself at his feet, and bathed them with tears, but he was inflexible.

"Sir fool," said Candide, "I have rescued you from the galleys, I have paid your ransom and that of your sister; she was washing dishes here till I came, she is ugly, I am kind enough to make her my wife, and yet you still presume to oppose the match! Were I only to consult my indignation, I would kill you again."

"Kill me again, if you will," said the Baron, "but you shall not marry my sister so long as I am alive."

Chapter 30

CONCLUSION

CANDIDE IN HIS SECRET HEART HAD NO DESIRE TO WED CUNEgund, but the extreme impertinence of the Baron made him determined to conclude the marriage, and Cunegund pressed him so earnestly that he could not go back from his word. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss drew up a fine treatise, in which he proved that the Baron had no right of control over his sister, and that she was free, according to all the laws of the Empire, to form a left-handed marriage with

Candide; Martin concluded that it would be best to throw the Baron into the sea; and Cacambo's decision was that he ought to be given back to the Levantine captain, and made a galley-slave again, after which he might be sent to Rome and the Father General by the first available vessel.

This advice seemed very good, and met with the old woman's approval, but nothing was said to his sister about the matter. The scheme was carried into execution for a certain sum of money, and they had the satisfaction alike of entrapping a Jesuit, and of punishing the pride of a German baron.

One would naturally suppose that, after so many disasters, married to his mistress, living with the philosopher Pangloss, the no less philosophic Martin, the shrewd Cacambo, and the wise old woman, and having moreover brought so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, Candide would now lead an existence the most agreeable in the world; but he had been so cheated by the Jews, that nothing was left him but this little farm; his wife, growing uglier every day, became intolerably peevish as well; the old woman was feeble, and even more ill-tempered than Cunegund. Cacambo, who worked in the garden and went to Constantinople to sell vegetables, was worn out with incessant toil, and cursed his fate. Pangloss was dejected because he could not shine at some German university. As for Martin, he was firmly persuaded that one is equally badly off everywhere, and so he took things patiently. Candide, Martin, and Pangloss sometimes continued their disputes on moral and metaphysical philosophy. Boats were often seen passing under the windows of the farm laden with Effendis, Pashas, and Cadis, who were being sent into exile to Lemnos, Mytilene, or Erzeroum; they saw other Cadis, other Pashas, and other Effendis, who came to take the places of those who had been banished, only to incur the same fate in their turn; they saw heads neatly packed up in straw, ready to be presented at the Sublime Porte.

Such sights gave a fresh impetus to their discussions; and, when they had nothing to dispute about, they found their lives so excessively tedious, that, one day, the old woman ventured to address them as follows:

"I should like to know which is worst, to be ravished a hundred times by negro pirates, to have a buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet among the Bulgarians, to be scourged and hanged at an

auto-da-fé, to be dissected, to be a galley-slave, to experience, in short, all the wretchedness through which we have all passed, or to remain here doing nothing."

"That is an important question," said Candide.

This speech of the old woman's gave rise to new reflections, and Martin in particular concluded that men were born to live either amid the convulsions of anxiety, or in the lethargy of dulness. Candide did not agree with this view, but he felt sure of nothing. Pangloss confessed that he had never been free from horrible sufferings, but, having once taken up the position that everything went on wonderfully well, he continued to assert the same opinion, without really believing it.

There was one incident that completely confirmed Martin in his detestable principles, that made Candide hesitate more than ever, and embarrassed Pangloss himself. This was the sight they one day had of Paquette and friar Giroflée landing at their farm in a state of extreme destitution. They had very quickly consumed their three thousand piastres, had parted from each other, had been reconciled, had got into trouble, had been put in prison, had escaped, and finally brother Giroflée had turned Turk. Paquette continued to ply her trade everywhere, but gained nothing more by it than before.

"I was right in my foreboding," said Martin to Candide, "that your gifts would soon be squandered, and would only serve to increase their misery. You and Cacambo have been gorged with millions of piastres, yet are no happier than brother Giroflée and Paquette."

"Ah!" said Pangloss to Paquette, "Heaven then brings you back among us here. My poor child! Do you know that you have cost me the tip of my nose, an eye, and an ear? What a fine woman you have grown, to be sure! Ah! what a world this is!"

This fresh adventure set them to work philosophising more deeply than ever.

Now there dwelt in the neighbourhood a very celebrated dervish, who was held to be the best philosopher in Turkey; him then they went to consult, and Pangloss acted as spokesman, saying: "Master, we are come to beg that you will tell us why such a strange animal as man as been created?"

"Why should you meddle with the matter?" said the dervish; "what business is it of yours?"

"But, reverend father," said Candide, "there is a dreadful amount of evil in the world."

"What does it signify," replied the dervish, "whether there be evil or good? When His Highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he concern himself whether the mice on board are comfortable or not?"

"What is to be done, then?" asked Pangloss.

"To hold your tongue," said the dervish.

"I was hoping to have the pleasure," continued Pangloss, "of arguing a little with you on causes and effects, the best of all possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and the pre-established harmony."

The dervish at these words shut the door in their faces.

While this conversation was being carried on, the news was spread that two Viziers of the Bench and the Mufti had just been strangled at Constantinople, and that several of their friends had been impaled. This catastrophe created a great ferment for some hours. Pangloss, Candide, and Martin, as they were returning to their small farm, came upon a good old man who was enjoying the fresh air outside his door under a bower of orange-trees. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was argumentative, asked him what was the name of the Mufti who had just been executed.

"I know nothing whatever about it," answered the good man, "and I never yet knew the name of any Mufti or of any Vizier. I am absolutely ignorant of the event to which you refer; I presume that those who mix themselves up in public affairs generally perish some time or other in a miserable manner, and that they deserve it; but I never seek information about what goes on at Constantinople; I am content to send thither for sale the fruits of this garden which I cultivate."

Having said these words, he invited the strangers to enter his house. His two daughters and his two sons offered them many different kinds of iced sherbets, which they made themselves after the Turkish fashion and flavoured with candied citron peel, oranges, lemons, pineapples, dates, pistachio-nuts, and Mocha coffee free from admixture with the inferior produce of Batavia and the West Indies. Afterwards the daughters of this good Moslem poured fragrant essences over the beard of Candide, Pangloss, and Martin.

"You must have a vast and magnificent estate," said Candide to the Turk.

"I have only twenty acres," he answered, "which I and my children cultivate; labour keeps aloof from us three great evils,—dulness, vice, and want."

As Candide returned to his farm he reflected deeply upon what the Turk had said, and remarked to Pangloss and Martin: "This excellent old man appears to me to have cut out for himself a lot far preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honour of supping."

"Great positions," observed Pangloss, "are highly dangerous, as all philosophers are agreed: for, let me remind you, Eglon, King of the Moabites, was assassinated by Ehud; Absalom was hung up by his hair and pierced with three darts; King Nadab, the son of Jeroboam, was slain by Baasha, King Elah by Zimri, Ahaziah by Jehu, Athaliah by Jehoiada; the Kings Jehoiakim, Jechoniah, and Zedekiah became slaves. You know the miserable ends of Crœsus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II., Henry VI., Richard III., Mary Queen of Scots and Charles I., the second, the third, and the fourth Henry of France, the Emperor Henry IV. You know . . ."

"Yes," said Candide, "and I know too that we must attend to our garden."

"You are right," said Pangloss; "for when man was put into the Garden of Eden, he was placed there '*ut operaretur eum*,'—to dress it and to keep it, which proves that man is not born for idleness and repose."

"Let us work without arguing," said Martin; "that is the only way of rendering life tolerable."

All the little company entered into this praiseworthy resolution, and each began busily to exert his or her peculiar talents. The small orchard brought forth abundant crops. Cunegund, it could not be denied, was very ugly, but she became an excellent hand at making pastry; Paquette embroidered; the old woman took care of the linen. There was no one who did not make himself useful, not even friar Giroflée; he was a first-rate carpenter, and actually turned out an honest fellow.

Pangloss used sometimes to say to Candide: "All events are inextricably linked together in this best of all possible worlds; for, look you, if you had not been driven out of a magnificent castle

by hearty kicks upon your hinder parts for presuming to make love to Miss Cunegund, if you had not been put into the Inquisition, if you had not roamed over America on foot, if you had never run your sword through the Baron, or lost all your sheep from the fine country of El Dorado, you would not be here now eating candied citrons and pistachio-nuts."

"Well said!" answered Candide; "but we must attend to our garden."

ZADIG

CERTIFICATE OF APPROVAL OF ZADIG.—*I, the undersigned, who have succeeded in making myself pass for a man of learning and even of wit, have read this manuscript, and found it, in spite of myself, curious and amusing, moral and philosophical, and worthy even of pleasing those who hate romances. So I have disparaged it, and assured the cadi that it is an abominable work.*

DEDICATORY EPISTLE OF ZADIG TO THE SULTANA SHERAH, BY SADI.

The 10th day of the month Shawal, in the year 837 of the Hegira.

Delight of the eyes, torment of the heart, and lamp of the soul, I kiss not the dust of thy feet, because thou dost scarcely ever walk, or only on Persian carpets or over rose leaves. I present thee with the translation of a book written by an ancient sage, to whom, being in the happy condition of having nothing to do, there occurred the happy thought of amusing himself by writing the story of Zadig, a work that means more than it seems to do. I beseech thee to read it and form thy judgment on it; for although thou art in the springtime of life, and courted by pleasures of every kind; although thou art fair, and thy talents add to thy beauty; and although thou art loaded with praises from morning to night, and so hast every right to be devoid of common sense, yet thou hast a very sound intelligence and a highly refined taste, and I have heard thee argue better than any old dervish with a long beard and pointed cap. Thou art cautious yet not suspicious; thou art gentle without being weak; thou art beneficent with due discrimination; thou dost love thy friends, and makest to thyself no enemies. Thy wit never borrows its charm from the shafts of slander; thou dost neither say nor do evil, in spite of abundant facilities if thou wert so inclined. Lastly, thy soul has always appeared to me as spotless as thy beauty. Thou hast even a small stock of philosophy, which has led me to believe that thou wouldst take more interest than any other of thy sex in this work of a wise man.

It was originally written in ancient Chaldean, which neither thou nor I understand. It was translated into Arabic for the entertainment of the famous Sultan Oulook, about the time when the Arabs and Persians were beginning to compose *The Thousand and One Nights, The Thousand and One Days,* etc. Oulook preferred to read *Zadig;* but the ladies of his harem liked the others better.

"How can you prefer," said the wise Oulook, "senseless stories that mean nothing?"

"That is just why we are so fond of them," answered the ladies.

I feel confident that thou wilt not resemble them, but that thou wilt be a true Oulook; and I venture to hope that when thou art weary of general conversation, which is of much the same character as "The Arabian Nights Entertainment," except that it is less amusing, I may have the honour of talking to thee for a few minutes in a rational manner. If thou hadst been Thalestris in the time of Alexander, son of Philip, or if thou hadst been the Queen of Sheba in the days of Solomon, those kings would have travelled to thee, not thou to them.

I pray the heavenly powers that thy pleasures may be unalloyed, thy beauty unfading, and thy happiness everlasting.

ZADIG

Chapter 1

THE ONE-EYED MAN

IN THE TIME OF KING MOABDAR THERE LIVED AT BABYLON A young man named Zadig, who was born with a good disposition, which education had strengthened. Though young and rich, he knew how to restrain his passions; he was free from all affectation, made no pretension to infallibility himself, and knew how to respect the foibles of others. People were astonished to see that, with all his wit, he never turned his powers of raillery on the vague, disconnected, and confused talk, the rash censures, the ignorant judgments, the scurvy jests, and all that vain babble of words which went by the name of conversation at Babylon. He had learned in the first book of Zoroaster that self-conceit is a bladder puffed up with wind, out of which issue storms and tempests when it is pricked. Above all, Zadig never prided himself on despising women, nor boasted of his conquests over them. Generous as he was, he had no fear of bestowing kindness on the ungrateful, therein following the noble maxim of Zoroaster: *When thou eatest, give something to the dogs, even though they should bite thee.* He was as wise as man can be, for he sought to live with the wise.

Instructed in the sciences of the ancient Chaldeans, he was not ignorant of such principles of natural philosophy as were then known, and knew as much of metaphysics as has been known in any age, that is to say, next to nothing. He was firmly persuaded that the year consists of 365 days and a quarter, in spite of the latest philosophy of his time, and that the sun is the centre of our system; and when the leading magi told him with contemptuous arrogance that he entertained dangerous opinions, and that it was a proof of hostility to the government to believe that the sun turned on its own axis and that the year had twelve months, he held his peace without showing either anger or disdain.

Zadig, with great riches, and consequently well provided with

friends, having health and good looks, a just and well-disciplined mind, and a heart noble and sincere, thought that he might be happy. He was to be married to Semira, a lady whose beauty, birth, and fortune rendered her the first match in Babylon. He felt for her a strong virtuous attachment, and Semira in her turn loved him passionately. They were close upon the happy moment which was about to unite them, when, walking together towards one of the gates of Babylon, under the palm-trees which adorned the banks of the Euphrates, they saw a party of men armed with swords and bows advancing to their direction. They were the satellites of young Orcan, the nephew of a minister of state, whom his uncle's hangers-on had encouraged in the belief that he might do what he liked with impunity. He had none of the graces nor virtues of Zadig; but, fancying he was worth a great deal more, he was provoked at not being preferred to him.

This jealousy, which proceeded only from his vanity, made him think that he was desperately in love with Semira, and he determined to carry her off. The ravishers seized her, and in their outrageous violence wounded her, shedding the blood of one so fair that the tigers of Mount Imaus would have melted at the sight of her. She pierced the sky with her lamentations.

She cried aloud: "My dear husband! They are tearing me from him who is the idol of my heart."

Taking no heed of her own danger, it was of her beloved Zadig alone that she thought, who, meanwhile, was defending her with all the force that love and valour could bestow. With the help of only two slaves he put the ravishers to flight, and carried Semira to her home unconscious and covered with blood.

On opening her eyes she saw her deliverer, and said: "O Zadig, I loved you before as my future husband, I love you now as the preserver of my life and honour."

Never was there a heart more deeply moved than that of Semira; never did lips more lovely express sentiments more touching, in words of fire inspired by gratitude for the greatest of benefits and the most tender transports of the most honourable love. Her wound was slight, and was soon cured; but Zadig was hurt more severely, an arrow had struck him near the eye and made a deep wound. Semira's only prayer to Heaven now was that her lover might be healed. Her eyes were bathed in tears night and day; she longed for the moment when those of Zadig might once more be

able to gaze on her with delight; but an abscess which attacked the wounded eye gave every cause for alarm. A messenger was sent as far as Memphis for Hermes, the famous physician, who came with a numerous train. He visited the sick man, and declared that he would lose the eye; he even foretold the day and the hour when this unfortunate event would happen.

"If it had been the right one," said he, "I might have cured it, but injuries to the left eye are incurable."

All Babylon, while bewailing Zadig's fate, admired the profound scientific research by Hermes. Two days afterwards the abscess broke of itself, and Zadiz was completely cured. Hermes wrote a book, in which he proved to him that he ought not to have been cured; but Zadig did not read it. As soon as he could venture forth, he prepared to visit her in whom rested his every hope of happiness in life, and for whose sake alone he desired to have eyes. Now Semira had gone into the country three days before, and on his way he learned that this fair lady, after loudly declaring that she had an insurmountable objection to one-eyed people, had just married Orcan the night before. At these tidings he fell senseless, and his anguish brought him to the brink of the grave; he was ill for a long time, but at last reason prevailed over his affliction, and the very atrocity of his treatment furnished him with a source of consolation.

"Since I have experienced," said he, "such cruel caprice from a maiden brought up at the court, I must marry one of the townspeople."

He chose Azora, who came of the best stock and was the best behaved girl in the city. He married her, and lived with her for a month in all the bliss of a most tender union. The only fault he remarked in her was a little giddiness, and a strong tendency to find out that the handsomest young men had always the most intelligence and virtue.

Chapter 2

THE NOSE

ONE DAY AZORA RETURNED FROM A WALK IN A STATE OF vehement indignation, and uttering loud exclamations.

"What is the matter with you, my dear wife?" said Zadig; "who can have put you so much out of temper?"

"Alas!" she replied, "you would be as indignant as I, if you had seen the sight which I have just witnessed. I went to console the young widow Cosrou, who two days ago raised a tomb to her young husband beside the stream which forms the boundary of this meadow. She vowed to Heaven, in her grief, that she would dwell beside that tomb as long as the stream flowed by it."

"Well!" said Zadig, "a truly estimable woman, who really loved her husband!"

"Ah!" returned Azora, "if you only knew how she was occupied when I paid her my visit!"

"How then, fair Azora?"

"She was diverting the course of the brook."

Azora gave vent to her feelings in such lengthy invectives, and burst into such violent reproaches against the young widow, that this ostentatious display of virtue was not altogether pleasing to Zadig.

He had a friend named Cador, who was one of those young men in whom his wife found more merit and integrity than in others; Zadig took him into his confidence, and secured his fidelity, as far as possible, by means of a considerable present.

Azora, having passed a couple of days with one of her lady friends in the country, on the third day returned home. The servants, with tears in their eyes, told her that her husband had died quite suddenly the night before, that they had not dared to convey to her such sad news, and that they had just buried Zadig in the tomb of his ancestors at the end of the garden.

She wept, and tore her hair, and vowed that she would die. In the evening Cador asked if she would allow him to speak to her, and they wept in company. Next day they wept less, and dined together. Cador informed her that his friend had left him the best part of his property, and gave her to understand that he would deem it the greatest happiness to share his fortune with her. The lady shed tears, was offended, allowed herself to be soothed; the supper lasted longer than the dinner, and they conversed together more confidentially. Azora spoke in praise of the deceased, but admitted that he had faults from which Cador was free.

In the middle of supper, Cador complained of a violent pain

in the spleen. The lady, anxious and attentive, caused all the essences on her toilet table to be brought, to try if there might not be some one among them good for affections of the spleen. She was very sorry that the famous Hermes was no longer in Babylon. She even condescended to touch the side where Cador felt such sharp pains.

"Are you subject to this cruel malady?" she asked in a tone of compassion.

"It sometimes brings me to the brink of the grave," answered Cador; "and there is only one remedy which can relieve me: it is to apply to my side the nose of a man who has been only a day or two dead."

"What a strange remedy!" said Azora.

"Not more strange," was his reply, "than the scent-bags of Mr. Arnoult being an antidote to apoplexy."

That reason, joined to the distinguished merit of the young man, at last decided the lady.

"After all," said she, "when my husband shall pass from the world of yesterday into the world of to-morrow over the bridge Chinavar, the angel Azrael will not grant him a passage any the less because his nose will be a little shorter in the second life than in the first."

She then took a razor, and went to her husband's tomb; after she had watered it with her tears, she approached to cut off Zadig's nose, whom she found stretched at full length in the tomb, when he suddenly got up, and, holding his nose with one hand, stopped the razor with the other.

"Madam," said he, "do not cry out so loudly another time against young Cosrou; your intention of cutting off my nose is as bad as that of turning aside a stream."

Chapter 3

THE DOG AND THE HORSE

ZADIG FOUND BY EXPERIENCE THAT THE FIRST MONTH OF MARriage is, as it is written in the book of the Zendavesta, the moon of honey, and that the second is the moon of wormwood. He was some time afterwards obliged to put away Azora, who became

too unmanageable to live with, and he sought for happiness in the study of nature.

"There is no delight," he said, "equal to that of a philosopher, who reads in this great book which God has set before our eyes. The truths which he discovers are his own: he nourishes and educates his soul, he lives in peace, he fears no man, and no tender spouse comes to cut off his nose."

Full of these ideas, he retired to a country house on the banks of the Euphrates. There he did not spend his time in calculating how many inches of water flowed in a second under the arches of a bridge, or whether a cubic line of rain fell in the month of the mouse more than in the month of the sheep. He did not contrive how to make silk out of cobwebs, nor porcelain out of broken bottles; but he studied most of the properties of animals and plants; and soon acquired a sagacity that showed him a thousand differences where other men see nothing but uniformity.

One day, when he was walking near a little wood, he saw one of the queen's eunuchs running to meet him, followed by several officers, who appeared to be in the greatest uneasiness, and were running hither and thither like men bewildered and searching for some most precious object which they had lost.

"Young man," said the chief eunuch to Zadig, "have you seen the queen's dog?"

Zadig modestly replied: "It is a bitch, not a dog."

"You are right," said the eunuch.

"It is a very small spaniel," added Zadig; "it is not long since she has had a litter of puppies; she is lame in the left forefoot, and her ears are very long."

"You have seen her, then?" said the chief eunuch, quite out of breath.

"No," answered Zadig, "I have never seen her, and never knew that the queen had a bitch."

Just at this very time, by one of those curious coincidences which are not uncommon, the finest horse in the king's stables had broken away from the hands of a groom in the plains of Babylon. The grand huntsman and all the other officers ran after him with as much anxiety as the chief of the eunuchs had displayed in his search after the queen's bitch. The grand huntsman accosted Zadig, and asked him if he had seen the king's horse pass that way.

"It is the horse," said Zadig, "which gallops best; he is five feet high, and has small hoofs; his tail is three and a half feet long; the studs on his bit are of gold twenty-three carats fine; his shoes are silver of eleven pennyweights."

"Which road did he take? Where is he?" asked the grand huntsman.

"I have not seen him," answered Zadig, "and I have never even heard anyone speak of him."

The grand huntsman and the chief eunuch had no doubt that Zadig had stolen the king's horse and the queen's bitch, so they caused him to be brought before the Assembly of the Grand Desterham, which condemned him to the knout, and to pass the rest of his life in Siberia. Scarcely had the sentence been pronounced, when the horse and the bitch were found. The judges were now under the disagreeable necessity of amending their judgment; but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold for having said that he had not seen what he had seen. He was forced to pay this fine first, and afterwards he was allowed to plead his cause before the Council of the Grand Desterham, when he expressed himself in the following terms:

"Stars of justice, fathomless gulfs of wisdom, mirrors of truth, ye who have the gravity of lead, the strength of iron, the brilliance of the diamond, and a close affinity with gold, inasmuch as it is permitted me to speak before this august assembly, I swear to you by Ormuzd that I have never seen the queen's respected bitch, nor the sacred horse of the king of kings. Hear all that happened: I was walking towards the little wood where later on I met the venerable eunuch and the most illustrious grand huntsman. I saw on the sand the footprints of an animal, and easily decided that they were those of a little dog. Long and faintly marked furrows, imprinted where the sand was slightly raised between the footprints, told me that it was a bitch whose dugs were drooping, and that consequently she must have given birth to young ones only a few days before. Other marks of a different character, showing that the surface of the sand had been constantly grazed on either side of the front paws, informed me that she had very long ears; and, as I observed that the sand was always less deeply indented by one paw than by the other three, I gathered that the bitch belonging to our august queen was a little lame, if I may venture to say so.

"With respect to the horse of the king of kings, you must know that as I was walking along the roads in that same wood, I perceived the marks of a horse's shoes, all at equal distances. 'There,' I said to myself, 'went a horse with a faultless gallop.' The dust upon the trees, where the width of the road was not more than seven feet, was here and there rubbed off on both sides, three feet and a half away from the middle of the road. 'This horse,' said I, 'has a tail three feet and a half long, which, by its movements to right and left, has whisked away the dust.' I saw, where the trees formed a canopy five feet above the ground, leaves lately fallen from the boughs; and I concluded that the horse had touched them, and was therefore five feet high. As to his bit, it must be of gold twenty-three carats fine, for he had rubbed its studs against a touchstone, the properties of which I had ascertained. Lastly, I inferred from the marks that his shoes left upon stones of another kind, that he was shod with silver of eleven pennyweights in quality."

All the judges marvelled at Zadig's deep and subtle discernment, and a report of it even reached the king and queen. Nothing but Zadig was talked of in the ante-chambers, the presence chamber, and the private closet; and, though several of the magi were of opinion that he ought to be burned as a wizard, the king ordered that he should be released from the fine of four hundred ounces of gold to which he had been condemned. The registrar, the bailiffs, and the attorneys came to his house with great solemnity to restore him his four hundred ounces; they kept back only three hundred and ninety-eight of them for legal expenses, and their servants too claimed their fees.

Zadig saw how very dangerous it sometimes is to show oneself too knowing, and resolved on the next occasion of the kind to say nothing about what he had seen.

Such an opportunity soon occurred. A state prisoner made his escape, and passed under the windows of Zadig's house, who, on being questioned, answered nothing; but it was proved that he had looked out of the window. For this offence he was condemned to pay five hundred ounces of gold, and he thanked his judges for their leniency, according to the custom of Babylon.

"Good Heavens!" said Zadig to himself, "what a pity it is when one takes a walk in a wood through which the queen's bitch and

the king's horse have passed! how dangerous it is to stand at a window! and how difficult it is to be happy in this life!"

Chapter 4

THE ENVIOUS MAN

ZADIG SOUGHT CONSOLATION IN PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP for the unkindness with which fortune had treated him. In one of the suburbs of Babylon he had a house tastefully furnished, where he had gathered all the arts and pleasures that were worthy of a gentleman. In the morning his library was open to all men of learning; in the evening his table was surrounded by good company. But he soon discovered what danger there is in entertaining the learned. A hot dispute arose over a law of Zoroaster, which prohibited the eating of a griffin.

"How can a griffin be forbidden," said some, "if no such creature exists?"

"It must exist," said the others, "since Zoroaster forbids it to be eaten."

Zadig endeavoured to bring them to an agreement by saying: "If there are griffins, let us refrain from eating them; and if there are none, there will be all the less danger of our doing so. Thus, in either case alike, Zoroaster will be obeyed."

A learned scholar who had composed thirteen volumes on the properties of the griffin, and who was moreover a great magician, lost no time in bringing an accusation against Zadig before an archimagian named Yebor, the most foolish of the Chaldeans, and consequently the most fanatical.

This man would fain have impaled Zadig for the greater glory of the Sun, and would have recited the breviary of Zoroaster in a more complacent tone of voice for having done it; but his friend Cador (one friend is worth more than a hundred priests) sought out old Yebor, and addressed him thus: "Long live the Sun and the griffins! Take good heed that you do no harm to Zadig; he is a saint; he keeps griffins in his back-yard, and abstains from eating

them; and his accuser is a heretic, who dares to maintain that rabbits have cloven feet and are not unclean."

"In that case," said Yebor, shaking his bald head, "Zadig must be impaled for having thought wrongly about griffins, and the other for having spoken wrongly about rabbits."

Cador settled the matter by means of a maid of honour, who had borne Yebor a child, and who was held in high esteem in the college of the magi. No one was impaled, though a good many of the doctors murmured thereat, and prophesied the downfall of Babylon in consequence.

Zadig exclaimed: "On what does happiness depend! Everybody in this world persecutes me, even beings that do not exist."

He cursed all men of learning, and determined to live henceforth only in the best society. He invited to his house the most distinguished men and the most charming women in Babylon; he gave elegant suppers, often preceded by concerts, and enlivened by interesting conversation, from which he knew how to banish that straining after a display of wit, which is the surest way to have none and to mar the most brilliant company. Neither the choice of his friends, nor that of his dishes, was prompted by vanity; for in everything he preferred being to seeming, and thereby he attracted to himself the real respect of which he made no claim.

Opposite Zadig's house lived Arimaze, a person whose depraved soul was painted on his coarse countenance. He was consumed with malice, and puffed up with pride, and, to crown all, he set up for being a wit and was only a bore. Having never been able to succeed in the world, he took his revenge by railing at it. In spite of his riches, he had some trouble in getting flatterers to flock to his house. The noise of the carriages entering Zadig's gates of an evening annoyed him, the sound of his praises irritated him yet more. He sometimes went to Zadig's parties, and sat down at his table without being invited, where he spoiled all the enjoyment of the company, just as the harpies are said to infect whatever food they touch. One day a lady whom he was anxious to entertain, instead of accepting his invitation, went to sup with Zadig. Another day, when he was talking with him in the palace, they came across a minister who asked Zadig to supper without asking Arimaze. The most inveterate hatreds are often founded on causes quite as trivial. This person, who went by the name of "the Envious man" in Babylon, wished to ruin Zadig because people called him "the

Happy man." Opportunities for doing harm are found a hundred times a day, and an opportunity for doing good occurs once a year, as Zoroaster has observed.

On one occasion the Envious man went to Zadig's house, and found him walking in his garden with two friends and a lady, to whom he was addressing frequent compliments, without any intention other than that of making himself agreeable. The conversation turned upon a war, which the king had just brought to a prosperous termination, against the prince of Hyrcania, his vassal. Zadig, who had displayed his valour during the short campaign, had much to say in praise of the king, and still more in praise of the lady. He took out his note-book, and wrote down four lines, which he made on the spur of the moment, and which he gave to his fair companion to read. His friends entreated him to be allowed a sight of them; but his modesty, or rather a natural regard for his reputation, made him refuse.

He knew that such impromptu verses are never of any value except in the eyes of her in whose honour they have been composed, so he tore in two the leaf on which he had just written them, and threw the pieces into a thicket of roses, where his friends looked for them in vain. A shower came on, and they betook themselves indoors. The Envious man, who remained in the garden, searched so diligently that he found one fragment of the leaf, which had been torn in such a way that the halves of each line that were left made a continuous sense, and even a rhymed verse, in shorter metre than the original; but by an accident still more strange, these short lines were found to contain the most opprobrious libel against the king. They read thus:

By heinous crimes
Set on the throne,
In peaceful times
One foe alone.

The Envious man was happy for the first time in his life, for he had in his hands the means of destroying a virtuous and amiable man. Full of such cruel joy, he caused this lampoon written by Zadig's own hand to be brought to the king's notice, who ordered him to be sent to prison, together with his two friends and the lady. His trial was soon over, nor did his judges deign to hear what he had to say for himself. When he was brought up to receive

sentence, the Envious man crossed his path, and told him in a loud voice that his verses were good for nothing. Zadig did not pride himself on being a fine poet, but he was in despair at being condemned as guilty of high treason, and at seeing so fair a lady and his two friends kept in prison for a crime that he had never committed. He was not allowed to speak, because his note-book spoke for him. Such was the law of Babylon. He was then forced to go to his execution through a crowd of inquisitive spectators, not one of whom dared to commiserate him, but who rushed forward in order to scrutinise his countenace, and to see whether he was likely to die in good grace. His relations alone were distressed; for they were not to be his heirs. Three quarters of his estate were confiscated for the king's benefit, and the Envious man profited by the other quarter.

Just as he was preparing for death, the king's parrot escaped from its perch, and alighted in Zadig's garden, on a thicket of roses. A peach had been carried thither by the wind from a tree hard by, and it had fallen on a piece of writing paper, to which it had stuck. The bird took up both the peach and the paper, and laid them on the monarch's knees. The king, whose curiosity was excited, read some words which made no sense, and which appeared to be the ends of four lines of verse. He loved poetry, and princes who love the muses never find time hang heavy on their hands. His parrot's adventure set him thinking. The queen, who remembered what had been written on the fragment of the leaf from Zadig's note-book, had it brought to her.

Both pieces were put side by side, and were found to fit together exactly. The verses then read as Zadig had made them:

By heinous crimes I saw the earth alarm'd,
Set on the throne one king all evil curbs;
In peaceful times now only Love is arm'd,
One foe alone the timid heart disturbs.

The king immediately commanded that Zadig should be brought before him, and that his two friends and the fair lady should be let out of prison. Zadig prostrated himself with his face to the ground at their majesties' feet, asked their pardon most humbly for having made such poor rhymes, and spoke with so much grace, wit, and good sense, that the king and queen desired to see him again. He came again accordingly, and won still greater favour.

All the property of the Envious man who had accused him unjustly was given to Zadig, but he restored it all, and the Envious man was touched, but only with the joy of not losing his wealth after all.

The king's esteem for Zadig increased every day. He made him share all his pleasures, and consulted him in all matters of business. The queen regarded him from that time with a tender complacency that might become dangerous to herself, to her royal consort, to Zadig, and to the whole State. Zadig began to think that it is not so difficult after all to be happy.

Chapter 5

THE PRIZE OF GENEROSITY

THE TIME WAS NOW ARRIVED FOR CELEBRATING A HIGH FESTIVAL, which recurred every five years. It was the custom at Babylon to announce in a public and solemn manner, at the end of such a period, the name of that citizen who had done the most generous act during the interval. The grandees and the magi were the arbitrators. The chief satrap, who had the city under his charge, made known the most noble deeds that had been performed under his government. The election was made by vote, and the king pronounced judgment. People came to this festival from the farthest corners of the earth, and the successful candidate received from the monarch's hands a cup of gold decorated with precious stones, the king addressing him in these terms: "Receive this reward of generosity, and may the gods grant me many subjects who resemble you."

The memorable day then was come, and the king appeared upon his throne, surrounded by grandees, magi, and deputies, sent by all nations to these games, where glory was to be gained, not by the swiftness of horses nor by strength of body, but by virtue. The chief satrap proclaimed with a loud voice the actions that might entitle their authors to this inestimable prize. He said nothing about the magnanimity with which Zadig restored all his fortune to the Envious man; that was not considered an action worthy of disputing the prize.

First, he presented a judge who, after having given judgment against a citizen in an important law-suit, under a mistake for which he was in no way responsible, had given him all his own property, which was equal in value to what the other had lost.

He next brought forward a young man, who, being over head and ears in love with a damsel to whom he was engaged to be married, had resigned her to a friend who was nearly dying for love of her, and had moreover resigned the dowry as well as the damsel.

Then he introduced a soldier, who in the Hyrcanian war had given a still nobler example of generosity. Some of the enemy's troops were laying hands on his mistress, and he was defending her from them, when he was told that another party of Hyrcanians, a few paces off, were carrying away his mother. With tears he left his mistress, and ran to rescue his mother; and when he returned to the object of his love, he found her dying. He was on the point of slaying himself, but when his mother pointed out that she had no one but him to whom she could look for succour, he was courageous enough to endure to live on.

The arbitrators were inclined to give the prize to this soldier; but the king interposed, and said: "This man's conduct and that of the others is praiseworthy, but it does not astonish me; whereas yesterday Zadig did a thing that made me marvel. Some days before, my minister and favourite Coreb had incurred my displeasure and been disgraced. I uttered violent complaints against him, and all my courtiers assured me that I was not half severe enough; each vied with his neighbour in saying as much evil as he could of Coreb. I asked Zadig what he thought of him, and he dared to say a word in his favour. I am free to confess that I have heard of instances in our history of men atoning for a mistake by the sacrifice of their goods, giving up a mistress, or preferring a mother to a sweetheart, but I have never read of a courtier speaking a good word for a minister in disgrace, against whom his sovereign was bitterly incensed. I award twenty thousand pieces of gold to each of those whose generous acts have been recounted; but I award the cup to Zadig."

"Sire," said he, "it is Your Majesty alone who deserves the cup, for having done a deed of unprecedented magnanimity, in that, being a king, you were not angry with your slave when he ran counter to your passion."

The king and Zadig were regarded with equal admiration. The judge who had given away his fortune, the lover who allowed his friend to marry his mistress, and the soldier who had preferred his mother's safety to that of his sweetheart, received at the monarch's hands the presents he had assigned, and saw their names written in the Book of the Generous, but Zadig had the cup. The king gained the reputation of a good prince, which he did not keep long. The day was celebrated with feasts that lasted longer than the law directed, and its memory is still preserved in Asia.

Zadig said: "At last, then, I am happy." But he was deceived.

Chapter 6

THE MINISTER

THE KING HAD LOST HIS PRIME MINISTER, AND CHOSE ZADIG TO FILL his place. All the fair ladies in Babylon applauded the choice; for since the foundation of the empire there had never been known such a young minister. All the courtiers were offended; and the Envious man spat blood on hearing the news, while his nose swelled to an enormous size. Zadig, having thanked the king and queen, proceeded to thank the parrot also.

"Beautiful bird," he said, "it is you who have saved my life, and made me prime minister: the bitch and the horse belonging to Their Majesties did me much harm, but you have done me good. On what slight threads do human destinies depend! But," added he, "a happiness so strangely acquired will, perhaps, soon pass by."

"Ay," replied the parrot.

Zadig was startled at the response; but, being a good naturalist, and not believing that parrots were prophets, he soon recovered himself.

Applying all his energies to the duties of his office, he made everybody feel the sacred power of the laws, but made no one feel the weight of his dignity. He did not interfere with the free expression of opinion in the divan, and each vizier was welcome to hold his own without displeasing him. When he acted as judge in any matter, it was not he who pronounced sentence, it was the law; but when the law was too harsh, he tempered its severity;

and when there were no laws to meet the case, his sense of equity supplied him with decisions that might have been taken for those of Zoroaster.

It is from Zadig that the nations of the world have received the grand maxim: "It is better that a guilty man should be acquitted than that an innocent one should be condemned." He held that laws were made as much for the sake of helping as of intimidating the people. His chief skill lay in revealing the truth which all men try to darken. From the very beginning of his administration he put this great talent to good use. A famous merchant of Babylon had died in India, and made his two sons heirs to equal portions of his estate, after having given their sister in marriage; and he left a present of thirty thousand gold pieces to that one of his two sons who should be judged to have shown the greater love towards himself. The elder built him a tomb, the second increased his sister's dowry with a part of his own inheritance. Everybody said: "It is the elder son who has the greater love for his father, the younger loves his sister better; the thirty thousand pieces belong to the elder."

Zadig sent for the two brothers, one after the other. He said to the elder: "Your father is not dead; he has been cured of his last illness, and is returning to Babylon."

"God be praised!" answered the young man, "but his tomb has cost me a large sum of money."

Zadig then said the same thing to the younger brother.

"God be praised!" answered he; "I will restore to my father all that I have, but I hope that he will leave my sister what I have given her."

"You shall restore nothing," said Zadig, "and you shall have the thirty thousand pieces; it is you who love your father best."

A very rich young lady had promised her hand to two magi, and, after having received a course of instruction for some months from each of them, found herself likely to become a mother. Both still wishing to marry her, she said she would take for her husband the one who had put her in a position to present the empire with a citizen.

"It is I who have done that good work," said one of them.

"It is I who have had that privilege," said the other.

"Well," answered she, "I will recognise that one as the father of the child who can give him the best education."

She was brought to bed of a son. Each of the two magi wished to bring it up, and the case was referred to Zadig, who summoned the magi to his presence.

"What will you teach your pupil?" he asked of the first.

"I will instruct him," said the learned professor, "in the eight parts of speech, in logic, astrology, demonology, the difference between substance and accident, abstract and concrete, the doctrine of the monads and the pre-established harmony."

"For my part," said the other, "I will endeavour to render him just and worthy of having friends."

Zadig exclaimed: "Whether you are his father or not, you shall marry his mother."

Day after day complaints reached court of the governor of Media, whose name was Irax. He was a high and mighty personage, not a bad fellow at bottom, but spoiled by vanity and self-indulgence. He seldom suffered anyone to speak to him, and never to contradict him. Peacocks are not more conceited than he was, nor doves more voluptuous, nor turtles more indolent; every breath he drew was devoted to vain glory and false pleasures. Zadig undertook to reform him.

He sent him, in the king's name, a skilful musician with a dozen singers and two dozen fiddlers, also a butler with half a dozen cooks and four chamberlains, who were never to leave him alone. By the king's orders the following ceremonies were strictly observed, and this is how matters were carried on.

The first day, as soon as the pleasure-loving Irax was awake, the musical conductor entered his chamber followed by the singers and fiddlers: a cantata was sung which lasted two hours, and every three minutes there was this refrain:

Whose merits e'er attain'd such height?
Who with such grace was e'er endow'd?
Has not His Highness every right
To feel self-satisfied and proud?

After this cantata was performed, one of the chamberlains made him a speech, three quarters of an hour long, in which he praised him expressely for all those good qualities in which he was most deficient. The oration finished, he was escorted to the table to the sound of musical instruments. The dinner lasted three hours;

whenever he opened his mouth to speak, the first chamberlain said: "Whatever he says will be right."

Scarcely had he spoken four words, when the second chamberlain would exclaim: "He is right." The two other chamberlains burst into fits of laughter at all the witticisms which Irax uttered, or which they attributed to him. After dinner he was favoured with a repetition of the cantata.

This first day seemed to him delightful; he thought that the king was honouring him according to his deserts. The second appeared a little less agreeable, the third palled upon him considerably, the fourth was intolerable, and the fifth absolute torture. At last, rather than hear the continual refrain:

Has not his Highness every right
To feel self-satisfied and proud?

rather than hear the perpetual assurance that whatever he said was right, rather than be harangued every day at the same hour, he wrote to the court entreating the king to be good enough to recall his chamberlains, his musicians, and his butler; and he promised to be less vain and more industrious in future. He was henceforth less tolerant of flattery, gave fewer entertainments, and was all the happier; for, as the Sadder has said:

Continual pleasure is no pleasure.

Chapter 7

SETTLING DISPUTES AND GIVING AUDIENCE

THUS IT WAS THAT ZADIG DAILY SHOWED THE SHREWDNESS OF HIS intellect and the goodness of his heart. He was admired, yet he was also loved. He passed for the most fortunate of men; all the empire resounded with his name, all the women ogled him, and all the citizens extolled his justice; the men of science regarded him as their oracle, and even the priests confessed that he knew more than the old archimagian Yebor. Far from wishing to prosecute him for his opinions on the subject of griffins, they believed only what seemed credible to him.

Now there was a great controversy in Babylon, which had

lasted fifteen hundred years, and had divided the empire into two bigoted sects; one maintained that the temple of Mithras should never be entered except with the left foot foremost; the other held this practice in abomination, and always entered with the right foot first. The rival sects waited impatiently for the day on which the solemn feast of the holy fire was to be held, to know which side would be favoured by Zadig. All had their eyes fixed on his two feet, and the whole city was in agitation and suspense. Zadig leaped into the temple with both his feet together, and afterwards proved in an eloquent discourse that the God of heaven and earth, who is no respecter of persons, cares no more for the left leg than for the right. The Envious man and his wife contended that there were not enough figures of speech in his discourse, that he had not made the mountains and hills skip about freely enough.

"He is dry and wants imagination," they said; "one does not see the ocean fly before him, nor the stars fall, nor the sun melt like wax; he lacks the fine oriental style."

Zadig was content with having the style of a reasonable man. He was a favourite with all classes, not because he was in the right road, nor because he was reasonable, nor even because he was amiable, but because he was grand vizier.

He also happily put an end to the hot dispute between the white and the black magi. The white asserted that it was impious, when praying to God, to turn towards the east in winter; the black were confident that God abhorred the prayers of those who turned towards the west in summer. Zadig directed that men should turn to whatever quarter of the compass they pleased.

He likewise found out the secret of dispatching all his business, both public and private, in the morning, and he employed the rest of the day in providing Babylon with refined entertainments. He caused tragedies to be represented which moved the audience to tears, and comedies that made them laugh; a custom which had long passed out of fashion, and which he had the good taste to revive. He did not pretend to know more about their art than the actors themselves; he rewarded them with gifts and distinctions, and was not secretly jealous of their talents. In the evenings he diverted the king much, and the queen still more.

"A great minister!" said the king.

"A charming minister!" said the queen.

Both of them agreed that it would have been a thousand pities if Zadig had been hanged.

Never was statesman in office obliged to give so many audiences to the ladies. The greater number came to speak to him about no business in particular for the sake of having particular business with him. The wife of the Envious man presented herself among the first; she swore by Mithras and the Zendavesta, and the holy fire, that she detested the conduct of her husband; then she told him in confidence that this husband of hers was jealous and treated her brutally, and gave him to understand that the gods punished him by refusing him the precious effects of that holy fire whereby alone man is made like the immortals. She ended by dropping her garter. Zandig picked it up with his customary politeness, but did not offer to fasten it again round the lady's knee, and this little fault, if it can be considered such, was the cause of the most dreadful misfortunes. Zadig thought no more about the incident, but the Envious man's wife thought about it a great deal.

Other ladies continued to present themselves every day. The secret annals of Babylon assert that he yielded to temptation on one occasion, but that he was astonished to find that he enjoyed his mistress without pleasure, and that his mind was distracted even in the midst of the tenderest embraces. The fair one to whom he gave, almost unconsciously, these tokens of his favour was a lady in waiting to Queen Astarte. This amorous daughter of Babylon consoled herself for his coldness by saying to herself: "That man must have a prodigious amount of business in his head, since his thoughts are absorbed with it even when he is making love."

Zadig happened at a moment when many people say nothing and others only utter terms of endearment, to suddenly exclaim: "The queen!" The fair Babylonian fancied that he had at last recovered his wits at a happy moment, and that he was addressing her as his queen. But Zadig, still absent-minded, proceeded to utter the name of Astarte. The lady, who in this agreeable situation interpreted everything in a flattering sense, imagined that he meant to say: "You are more beautiful than Queen Astarte."

She left Zadig's harem with magnificent presents, and went to relate her adventure to the Envious woman, who was her intimate friend. The latter was cruelly piqued at the preference shown to the other.

"He did not even condescend," said she, "to replace this garter which I have here, and which I will never use again."

"Oh!" said her more fortunate friend, "you wear the same garters as the queen! Do you get them from the same maker?"

The Envious woman fell into deep thought, and made no reply, but went and consulted her husband, the Envious man.

Meanwhile Zadig became aware of his constant absence of mind whenever he gave an audience or administered justice; he did not know to what to attribute it; it was his only subject of annoyance.

He had a dream, in which he seemed to be lying at first on a heap of dry herbs, among which were some prickly ones which made him uncomfortable, and that afterwards he reposed luxuriously upon a bed of roses, out of which glided a snake that wounded him in the heart with its pointed and poisoned tongue.

"Alas!" said he, "I lay a long time on those dry and prickly herbs; I am now on the bed of roses; but who will be the serpent?"

Chapter 8

JEALOUSY

ZADIG'S ILL-LUCK AROSE OUT OF HIS VERY HAPPINESS, AND WAS mainly due to his merits. He had daily interviews with the king and with Astarte, his august consort. The charm of his conversation was doubled by that desire to please which is to the mind what ornaments are to personal beauty; his youth and graceful manners insensibly made an impression upon Astarte, of the strength of which she was not at first aware. Her passion grew up in the bosom of innocence. Astarte gave herself up without scruple and without fear to the pleasure of seeing and hearing a man who was so dear to her husband and to the State; she never ceased singing his praises to the king; she was perpetually speaking about him to her women, who even went beyond her in their commendations; everything served to fix more deeply in her heart the arrow of which she was unconscious. She bestowed presents upon Zadig, into which more love-making entered than she supposed; she meant to speak to him as a queen satisfied with his services, but the expressions she used were sometimes those of a woman of tender sensibility.

Astarte was much more beautiful than that Semira who had such a destestation of one-eyed men, or that other woman who had intended to cut off her husband's nose. Astarte's familiar manner, her soft speeches at which she began to blush, her eyes which, despite her efforts to turn them away, were ever fixed upon his own, kindled in Zadig's heart a fire which filled him with astonishment. He fought against his feelings; he called to his aid the philosophy which had never before failed him; he drew from it nothing but a clearer perception of his folly, and received no relief. Duty, gratitude, and outraged majesty presented themselves to his view as so many avenging deities; he struggled, and he triumphed; but this victory, which had to be repeated every moment, cost him groans and tears. He no longer dared to address the queen with that delightful freedom which had had such charms for both of them; a cloud overshadowed his eyes; his conversation was constrained and abrupt; his eyes were downcast, and when, in spite of himself, they turned towards Astarte, they encountered those of the queen moistened with tears from which there shot forth arrows of flame. They seemed to say to each other: "Our adoration is mutual, yet we are afraid to love; we are both consumed with a fire which we condemn."

When Zadig left her side it was with bewilderment and despair, his heart oppressed with a burden which he was no longer able to support: in the violence of his agitation he let his friend Cador penetrate his secret, like a man who, after having endured the most excruciating pains, at last makes his malady known by a cry which a keener spasm than any before wrings from him, and by the cold sweat which pours over his forehead.

Cador addressed him as follows: "I have already divined the feelings that you would fain hide from yourself; the passions have symptoms which cannot be misinterpreted. Judge, my dear Zadig, since I have been able to read your heart, whether the king is not likely to discover there a sentiment that may give him serious offence. He has no other fault but that of being the most jealous of men. You resist your passion with more vigour than the queen can contend against hers, because you are a philosopher, and because you are Zadig. Astarte is a woman; she lets her looks speak for her with all the more imprudence that she does not yet believe herself blameworthy. Assured of her innocence, she unfortunately neglects appearances which it is necessary to observe. I shall tremble

for her so long as she has nothing wherewith to reproach herself. If you came to a common understanding, you would be able to throw dust into all eyes; a growing passion, forcibly checked, gives evident tokens of its existence; but love when gratified can easily conceal itself."

Zadig shuddered at the suggestion of betraying the king, his benefactor; and he was never more faithful to his prince than when guilty of an involuntary crime against him. Meanwhile the queen pronounced the name of Zadig so often, she blushed so deeply as she uttered it, she was sometimes so animated, and at other times so confused when she addressed him in the king's presence, and she was seized with so profound a fit of abstraction whenever he went away, that the king began to be alarmed. He believed all that he saw, and imagined all that he did not see. He particularly remarked that his wife's slippers were blue, and that Zadig's slippers were blue; that his wife's ribbons were yellow, and that Zadig's cap was yellow. Terrible indications these to a prince of such delicate sensibility! Suspicion soon became certainty in his envenomed mind.

All the slaves of kings and queens are so many spies over their hearts. It was soon discovered that Astarte was tender and that Moabdar was jealous. The Envious man got his wife to send the king her garter, which was like the queen's; and, to make the matter worse, this garter was blue. The monarch thought of nothing now but how to take his revenge. One night he determined to poison the queen, and to have Zadig strangled as soon as it was light. The order was given to a merciless eunuch, the usual executioner of his vengeance.

Now there happened to be at the time in the king's chamber a little dwarf, who was dumb but not deaf. He was allowed to wander about when and where he pleased, and, like a domestic animal, was oftentimes a witness of what passed in the strictest privacy. This little mute was much attached to the queen and Zadig, and he heard with no less surprise than horror the order given for their death. But what could he do to prevent this frightful order, which was to be carried out within a few hours? He did not know how to write, but he had learned how to paint, and was particularly skilful in taking likenesses. He spent part of the night in portraying what he wished the queen to understand. His sketch represented in one corner of the picture the king in a furious rage,

giving orders to his eunuch; a blue bowstring and a cup on a table, with garters and yellow ribbons; the queen in the middle of the picture, expiring in the arms of her women, and Zadig lying strangled at her feet. A rising sun was represented on the horizon to indicate that this horrible execution was to take place at the earliest glimpse of dawn. As soon as this task was finished he ran to one of Astarte's women, awoke her, and made her understand that she must take the picture that very instant to the queen.

In the middle of the night someone knocked at Zadig's door; he was roused from sleep, and a note from the queen was given him; he doubted whether or not it were a dream, and opened the letter with a trembling hand. What was his surprise, and who could express the consternation and despair with which he was overwhelmed, when he read these words: "Fly, this very moment, or you will be seized and put to death! Fly, Zadig; I command you in the name of our love and of my yellow ribbons. I have done nothing wrong, but I foresee that I am going to die like a criminal."

Zadig, who had scarcely strength enough to speak, sent for Cador, and then, without a word, gave him the letter. Cador forced him to obey its injunction, and to set out immediately for Memphis.

"If you venture to go in search of the queen," said he, "you will only hasten her death; if you speak to the king, that step again will lead to her destruction. Her fate shall be my care; do you follow your own. I will spread the report that you have taken the road to India. I will soon come and find you out, when I will tell you all that shall have passed at Babylon."

Cador, without a moment's delay, had two of the swiftest dromedaries brought to a private postern of the palace, and made Zadig mount one of them; he had to be carried, for he was almost ready to expire. Only one servant accompanied him; and soon Cador, plunged in astonishment and grief, lost sight of his friend.

The illustrious fugitive, when he arrived at the brow of a hill which commanded a view of Babylon, turned his gaze towards the queen's palace, and fainted. He recovered his senses only to shed tears and to wish that he was dead.

At last, after having occupied his thoughts awhile with the deplorable fate of the most amiable of women and the best of queens, he returned for a moment to himself, and exclaimed:

"What, then, is human life? O virtue! of what use hast thou been to me? Two women have basely deceived me, and the third, who is innocent and is more beautiful than the others, is about to die! All the good that I have done has always brought upon me a curse, and I have been raised to the height of grandeur only to fall down the most horrible precipice of misfortune. If I had been wicked, like so many others, I should be happy like them."

Overwhelmed with these gloomy reflections, his eyes shrouded with a veil of sorrow, the paleness of death on his countenance, and his soul sunk in the depths of a dark despair, he continued his journey towards Egypt.

Chapter 9

THE BEATEN WOMAN

ZADIG DIRECTED HIS COURSE BY THE STARS. THE CONSTELLATION of Orion and the bright star of Sirius guided him towards the harbour of Canopus. He marvelled at those vast globes of light, which appear only like feeble sparks to our eyes, while the earth, which is in reality nothing more than an imperceptible point in nature, appears to our covetous eyes something grand and noble. He then pictured to himself men as they really are, insects devouring one another on a little atom of clay. This true image seemed to annihilate his misfortunes, by making him realise the insignificance of his own existence and that of Babylon itself. His soul launched forth into the infinitude of space, detached from the operation of the senses, and contemplated the unchangeable order of the universe. But when, afterwards returning to himself and once more looking into his own heart, he thought how Astarte was perhaps already dead for his sake, the universe vanished from his eyes, and he saw nothing in all nature save Astarte dying and Zadig miserable.

As he gave himself up to this alternate flow of sublime philosophy and overwhelming grief, he approached the confines of Egypt; and his faithful servant was already in the first village, looking out for a lodging. Zadig was, meanwhile, walking towards the gardens which skirted the village, and saw, not far from the high road, a woman in great distress, who was calling out to heaven and earth

for succour, and a man who was following her in a furious rage. He had already reached her before Zadig could do so, and the woman was clasping his knees, while the man overwhelmed her with blows and reproaches. He judged from the Egyptian's violence, and from the repeated prayers for forgiveness which the lady uttered, that he was jealous and she unfaithful; but after he had closely regarded the woman, who was of enchanting beauty, and who, moreover, bore a little resemblance to the unhappy Astarte, he felt moved with compassion towards her, and with horror towards the Egyptian.

"Help me!" she cried to Zadig in a voice choked with sobs; "deliver me out of the hands of this most barbarous man, and save my life!"

Hearing these cries, Zadig ran and threw himself between her and the barbarian; and having some knowledge of the Egyptian tongue, he addressed him in that language, and said: "If you have any humanity, I entreat you to respect beauty and weakness. How can you ill-treat so cruelly such a masterpiece of nature as lies there at your feet, with no protection but her tears?"

"Ah, ha!" answered the man, more enraged than ever; "then you are another of her lovers! and on you too I must take revenge."

Saying these words, he left the lady, whom he had been holding by the hair with one hand, and, seizing his lance, made an attempt to run the stranger through with it. But he, being cool and composed, easily avoided the thrust of one who was beside himself with rage, and caught hold of the lance near the iron point with which it was armed. The one tried to draw it back, while the other tried to wrench it out of his hand, so that it was broken between the two. The Egyptian drew his sword, Zadig did the same, and they forthwith attacked each other; the former dealing a hundred blows in quick succession, the latter skilfully warding them off. The lady, seated on a piece of turf, readjusted her headdress, and looked calmly on. The Egyptian was stronger than his antagonist, Zadig was the more dexterous. The latter fought like a man whose arm was guided by his head, the former like a madman who in blind frenzy delivered random strokes. Zadig, attacking him in his turn, disarmed his adversary; and whilst the Egyptian, rendered still more furious, tried to throw himself upon him, the other seized him with a tight grip, and threw him on the

ground; then, holding his sword to his breast, he offered to give him his life. The Egyptian, transported with rage, drew his dagger, and therewith wounded Zadig, at the very instant that the conqueror was granting him pardon. Provoked beyond endurance, Zadig plunged his sword into the other's heart. The Egyptian uttered a horrible yell, and died struggling violently.

Then Zadig advanced towards the lady, and said in a respectful tone: "He forced me to kill him; you I have avenged, and delivered out of the hands of the most outrageous man I ever saw. What will you have me do for you now, madam?"

"To die, scoundrel," she replied; "to die! You have killed my lover; I would that I were able to tear out your heart."

"Truly, madam, you had a strange sort of lover in him," returned Zadig; "he was beating you with all his might, and he wanted to have my life because you implored me to help you."

"I wish he was beating me still," answered the lady, giving vent to loud lamentation; "I well deserved it, and gave him good cause for jealousy. Would to heaven that he were beating me and that you were in his place!"

Zadig, more surprised and indignant than he had ever been before in his life, said to her: "Madam, beautiful as you are, you deserve to have me beat you in my turn for your unreasonable behaviour, but I shall not take the trouble."

So saying, he remounted his camel, and advanced towards the village. He had hardly proceeded a few steps when he turned back at the clatter of four messengers riding post haste from Babylon. One of them, seeing the woman, exclaimed: "That is the very person! She resembles the description that was given us."

They did not encumber themselves with the dead body, but forthwith caught hold of the lady, who never ceased calling out to Zadig: "Help me once more, generous stranger! I beg your pardon for having reproached you: help me, and I will be yours till death."

Zadig no longer felt any desire to fight on her behalf.

"Apply to someone else," he answered, "you will not trap me again."

Moreover he was wounded and bleeding; he had need of help himself; and the sight of the four Babylonians, probably sent by King Moabdar, filled him with uneasiness. So he hastened towards the village, unable to imagine why four messengers from Baby-

lonia should come to take this Egyptian woman, but still more astonished at the conduct of the lady.

Chapter 10

SLAVERY

AS HE ENTERED THE EGYPTIAN VILLAGE, HE FOUND HIMSELF surrounded by the people. Everyone was crying out: "This is the fellow who carried off the lovely Missouf, and who has just murdered Cletofis!"

"Gentlemen," said he, "may Heaven preserve me from carrying off your lovely Missouf! she is too capricious for me; and with regard to Cletofis, I have not murdered him, I only fought against him in self-defence. He wanted to kill me because I had asked him most humbly to pardon the lovely Missouf, whom he was beating unmercifully. I am a stranger come to seek a refuge in Egypt; and it is not likely that, in coming to claim your protection, I should begin by carrying off a woman and murdering a man."

The Egyptians were at that time just and humane. The people conducted Zadig to the court-house. They began by getting his wound dressed, and then they questioned him and his servant separately, in order to learn the truth. They came to the conclusion that Zadig was not a murderer; but he was found guilty of homicide, and the law condemned him to be a slave. His two camels were sold for the benefit of the village; all the gold that he carried was distributed among the inhabitants; his person was exposed for sale in the market-place, as well as that of his fellow traveller.

An Arab merchant, named Setoc, made the highest bid for him; but the serving-man, as more fit for hard work, was sold at a much higher price than the master. There was no comparison, it was thought, between the two men; so Zadig became a slave of inferior position to his own servant. They were fastened together with a chain, which was passed round their ankles, and in that state they followed the Arab merchant to his house. Zadig, on the way, tried to console his servant, and exhorted him to be patient; and, according to his custom, he made some general reflections on human life.

"I see," he said, "that my unhappy fate has spread its shadow

over yours. Hitherto at every turn I have met with strange reverses. I have been condemned to pay a fine for having seen traces of a passing bitch; I thought I was going to be impaled on account of a griffin; I have been sent to execution because I made some complimentary verses on the king; I was on the point of being strangled because the queen had yellow ribbons; and here am I a slave along with you, because a brute of a man chose to beat his mistress. Come, let us not lose courage; all this perhaps will come to an end. It must needs be that Arab merchants should have slaves; and why should not I be one as well as another, since I also am a man? This merchant will not be unmerciful; he must treat his slaves well, if he wishes to make good use of them."

Thus he spoke, but in the depths of his heart he was thinking only of the fate of the queen of Babylon.

Setoc the merchant started, two days afterwards, for Arabia Deserta, with his slaves and his camels. His tribe dwelt near the desert of Horeb, the way to which was long and painful. Setoc, on the journey, took greater care of the servant than of the master, because the former could load the camels much better; and any little distinction that was made between them was in his favour.

A camel died two days before they expected to reach Horeb, and its load was distributed among the men, so that each back had its burden, Zadig's among the rest. Setoc laughed to see how all his slaves were bent almost double as they walked. Zadig took the liberty of explaining to him the reason, and gave him some instruction in the laws of equilibrium. The astonished merchant began to regard him with other eyes. Zadig seeing that he had excited his master's curiosity, increased it by teaching him many things that had a direct bearing on his business, such as the specific gravity of metals and commodities in equal bulk, the properties of several useful animals, and the way in which those might be rendered useful which were not naturally so, until Setoc thought him a sage. He now gave Zadig the preference over his comrade, whom he had before esteemed so highly. He treated him well, and had no reason to repent of it.

Having reached his tribe, the first thing Setoc did was to demand repayment of five hundred ounces of silver from a Jew to whom he had lent them in the presence of two witnesses; but these two witnesses were dead, and the Jew, assured that there was no proof of the debt, appropriated the merchant's money, and thanked God

for having given him the opportunity of cheating an Arab. Setoc confided his trouble to Zadig, who was now his adviser in everything.

"In what place was it," asked Zadig, "that you lent these five hundred ounces to the infidel?"

"On a large stone near Mount Horeb," answered the merchant.

"What kind of man is your debtor?" said Zadig.

"A regular rogue," returned Setoc.

"But I mean, is he hasty or deliberate, cautious or imprudent?"

"Of all bad payers," said Setoc, "he is the hastiest man I ever knew."

"Well," pursued Zadig, "allow me to plead your cause before the judge."

In the end he summoned the Jew to take his trial, and thus addressed the judge: "Pillar of the throne of equity, I come here to claim from this man, in my master's name, repayment of five hundred ounces of silver which he will not restore."

"Have you witnesses?" asked the judge.

"No, they are dead; but there still remains a large stone upon which the money was counted out; and, if it please your lordship to order someone to go and fetch the stone, I hope that it will bear witness to the truth. We will remain here, the Jew and I, until the stone arrives; I will send for it at my master Setoc's expense."

"I am quite willing that that should be done," answered the judge; and then he proceeded to dispatch other business.

At the end of the sitting he said to Zadig: "Well, your stone is not arrived yet, is it?"

The Jew laughed, and answered: "Your lordship would have to remain here till to-morrow before the stone could be brought; it is more than six miles away, and it would take fifteen men to move it."

"Now then," exclaimed Zadig, "did I not say well that the stone itself would bear witness? Since this man knows where it is, he acknowledges that upon it the money was counted."

The Jew was abashed, and was soon obliged to confess the whole truth. The judge ordered him to be bound to the stone, without eating or drinking, until the five hundred ounces should be restored, and it was not long before they were paid.

After that Zadig the slave was held in high esteem throughout Arabia, and so was the stone.

Chapter II

THE FUNERAL PYRE

SETOC WAS SO ENCHANTED WITH HIS SLAVE THAT HE MADE HIM his intimate friend. He could no more dispense with him than the king of Babylon had done; and Zadig was glad that Setoc had no wife. He found in his master an excellent disposition, with much integrity and good sense; but he was sorry to see that he worshipped the host of heaven (that is to say, the sun, moon, and stars), according to the ancient custom of Arabia. He spoke to him sometimes on the subject with judicious caution. At last he told him that they were material bodies like other things, which were no more worthy of his adoration than a tree or a rock.

"But," said Setoc, "they are immortal beings, from whom we derive all the benefits we enjoy; they animate nature, and regulate the seasons; besides they are so far from us that one cannot help worshipping them."

"You receive more advantages," answered Zadig, "from the waters of the Red Sea, which bear your merchandise to India. Why may it not be as ancient as the stars? And if you adore what is far away from you, you ought to adore the land of the Gangarides, which lies at the very end of the world."

"No," said Setoc; "the stars are so bright that I cannot refrain from worshipping them."

When the evening was come, Zadig lighted a great number of candles in the tent where he was to sup with Setoc; and, as soon as his patron appeared, he threw himself on his knees before those wax lights, saying: "Eternal and brilliant luminaries, be ever propitious to me!"

Having offered this prayer, he sat down to table without paying any attention to Setoc.

"What is that you are doing?" asked Setoc in astonishment.

"I am doing what you do," answered Zadig; "I adore these candles, and neglect their master and mine."

Setoc understood the profound meaning of this parable. The wisdom of his slave entered into his soul; he no longer lavished his incense upon created things, but worshipped the Eternal Being who had made them.

There prevailed at that time in Arabia a frightful custom, which came originally from Scythia, and which, having established itself in India through the influence of the Brahmans, threatened to invade all the East. When a married man died, and his favourite wife wished to obtain a reputation for sanctity, she used to burn herself in public on her husband's corpse. A solemn festival was held on such occasions, called *the Funeral Pyre of Widowhood,* and that tribe in which there had been the greatest number of women consumed in this way was held in the highest honour. An Arab of Setoc's tribe having died, his widow, named Almona, who was very devout, made known the day and hour when she would cast herself into the fire to the sound of drums and trumpets. Zadig showed Setoc how contrary this horrible custom was to the interests of the human race, for young widows were every day allowed to burn themselves who might have presented children to the State, or at least have brought up those they already had; and he made him agree that so barbarous an institution ought, if possible, to be abolished.

Setoc replied: "It is more than a thousand years since the women acquired the right of burning themselves. Which of us will dare to change a law which time has consecrated? Is there anything more venerable than an ancient abuse?"

"Reason is more ancient," rejoined Zadig. "Do you speak to the chiefs of the tribes, and I will go and find the young widow."

He obtained admission to her presence; and after having insinuated himself into her good graces by commending her beauty, and after having said what a pity it was to commit such charms to the flames, he praised her again on the score of her constancy and courage.

"You must have loved your husband wonderfully?" said he.

"I? Oh no, not at all," answered the Arab lady. "I could not bear him, he was so brutal and jealous; but I am firmly resolved to throw myself on his funeral pile."

"Apparently," said Zadig, "there must be some very delicious pleasure in being burned alive."

"Ah! it makes nature shudder to think of it," said the lady; "but I must e'en put up with it. I am a pious person, and I should lose my reputation and be mocked by everybody if I did not burn myself."

Zadig, having brought her to admit that she was burning herself

for the sake of other people and out of vanity, spoke to her for a long time in a manner calculated to make her a little in love with life, and even managed to inspire her with some kindly feeling towards himself.

"What would you do now," said he, "if you were not moved by vanity to burn yourself?"

"Alas!" said the lady, "I think that I should ask you to marry me."

Zadig was too much engrossed with thoughts of Astarte to take any notice of this declaration; but he instantly went to the chiefs of the different tribes, told them what had passed, and advised them to make a law by which no widow should be allowed to burn herself until after she had had a private interview with a young man for the space of a whole hour. Since that time no lady has burned herself in Arabia. To Zadig alone was the credit due for having abolished in one day so cruel a custom, and one that had lasted so many ages. Thus he became the benefactor of all Arabia.

Chapter 12

THE SUPPER

SETOC, WHO COULD NOT PART FROM THE MAN IN WHOM WISDOM dwelt, brought him to the great fair of Bassora, whither the wealthiest merchants of the habitable globe were wont to resort. It was no little consolation to Zadig to see so many men of different countries assembled in the same place. It seemed to him that the universe was one large family which gathered together at Bassora. The second day after their arrival Zadig found himself at table with an Egyptian, an Indian from the banks of the Ganges, an inhabitant of China, a Greek, a Celt, and several other foreigners, who, in their frequent voyages to the Persian Gulf, had learned enough Arabic to make themselves understood.

The Egyptian appeared exceedingly angry. "What an abominable country Bassora is!" said he; "I cannot get a loan here of a thousand ounces of gold on the best security in the world."

"How is that?" said Setoc; "on what security was that sum refused you?"

"On the body of my aunt," answered the Egyptian; "she was the worthiest woman in Egypt. She always accompanied me on my journeys, and died on the way hither. I have turned her into one of the finest mummies to be had; and in my own country I could get whatever I wanted by giving her in pledge. It is very strange that no one here will lend me even a thousand ounces of gold on such sound security."

In spite of his indignation, he was just on the point of devouring a capital boiled fowl, when the Indian, taking him by the hand, exclaimed in a doleful voice, "Ah! what are you about to do?"

"To eat this fowl," said the man with the mummy.

"Beware of what you are doing," said the man from the Ganges; "it may be that the soul of the departed has passed into the body of that fowl, and you would not wish to run the risk of eating up your aunt. To cook fowls is plainly an outrage upon nature."

"What do you mean with your nonsense about nature and fowls?" returned the wrathful Egyptian. "We worship an ox, and yet eat beef for all that."

"You worship an ox! Is it possible?" said the man from the Ganges.

"There is nothing more certain," replied the other; "we have done so for a hundred and thirty-five thousand years, and no one among us has any fault to find with it."

"Ah! A hundred and thirty-five thousand years!" said the Indian. "There must be a little exaggeration there; India has only been inhabited eighty thousand years, and we are undoubtedly more ancient than you are; and Brahma had forbidden us to eat oxen before you ever thought of putting them on your altars and on your spits."

"An odd kind of animal, this Brahma of yours, to be compared with Apis!" said the Egyptian. "What fine things now has your Brahma ever done?"

"It was he," the Brahman answered, "who taught men to read and write, and to whom all the world owes the game of chess."

"You are wrong," said a Chaldean who was sitting near him; "it is to the fish Oannes that we owe such great benefits; and it is right to render our homage to him alone. Anybody will tell you that he was a divine being, that he had a golden tail and a handsome human head, and that he used to leave the water to come and preach on land for three hours every day. He had sundry children who

were all kings, as everyone knows. I have his likeness at home, to which I pay all due reverence. We may eat as much beef as we please; but there is no doubt that it is a very great sin to cook fish. Moreover, you are, both of you, of too mean and too modern an origin to argue with me about anything. The Egyptian nation counts only one hundred and thirty-five thousand years, and the Indians can boast no more than eighty thousand, while we have almanacs that go back four thousand centuries. Believe me, renounce your follies, and I will give each of you a beautiful likeness of Oannes."

The Chinaman here put in his word, and said: "I have a strong respect for the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Celts, Brahma, the ox Apis, and the fine fish Oannes, but it may be that Li or Tien [reason and heaven], by whichever name one may choose to call him, is well worth any number of oxen and fishes. I will say nothing about my country; it is as large as the land of Egypt, Chaldea, and India all put together. I will enter into no dispute touching antiquity, because it is enough to be happy, and it is a very little matter to be ancient; but if there were any need to speak about almanacs, I could tell you that all Asia consults ours, and that we had very good ones before anything at all was known of arithmetic in Chaldea."

"You are a set of ignoramuses, all of you!" cried the Greek; "is it possible that you do not know that Chaos is the father of all things, and that form and matter have brought the world into the state in which it is?"

This Greek spoke for a long time; but he was at last interrupted by the Celt, who, having drunk deeply whilst the others were disputing, now thought himself wiser than any of them, and affirmed with an oath that there was nothing worth the trouble of talking about except Teutates and the mistletoe that grows on an oak; that, as for himself, he always had some mistletoe in his pocket; that the Scythians, his forefathers, were the only honest people that had ever been in the world; that they had indeed sometimes eaten men, but that no one ought to be prevented by that from having a profound respect for his nation; and finally, that if anyone spoke evil of Teutates, he would teach him how to behave.

Thereupon the quarrel waxed hot, and Setoc saw that in another moment there would be bloodshed at the table, when Zadig, who had kept silence during the whole dispute, at last rose. He addressed

himself first to the Celt as the most violent of them all; he told him that he was in the right, and asked him for a piece of mistletoe; he commended the Greek for his eloquence, and soothed the general irritation. He said very little to the Chinaman, because he had been the most reasonable of them all. Then he said to the whole party:

"My friends, you were going to quarrel for nothing, for you are all of the same opinion."

When they heard him say that, they all loudly protested.

"Is it not true," he said to the Celt, "that you do not worship this mistletoe, but Him who made the mistletoe and the oak?"

"Assuredly," answered the Celt.

"And you, my Egyptian friend, revere, as it would seem, in a certain ox Him who has given you oxen, is it not so?"

"Yes," said the Egyptian.

"The fish Oannes," continued Zadig, "must give place to Him who made the sea and the fishes."

"Granted," said the Chaldean.

"The Indian," added Zadig, "and the Chinaman recognise, like you, a first principle; I did not understand very well the admirable remarks made by the Greek, but I am sure that he also admits the existence of a Supreme Being, upon whom form and matter depend."

The Greek who was so much admired said that Zadig had seized his meaning very well.

"You are all then of the same opinion," replied Zadig, "and there is nothing left to quarrel over"; at which all the company embraced him.

Setoc, after having sold his merchandise at a high price, brought his friend Zadig back with him to his tribe. On their arrival Zadig learned that he had been tried in his absence, and that he was going to be burned at a slow fire.

Chapter 13

THE ASSIGNATION

DURING HIS JOURNEY TO BASSORA, THE PRIESTS OF THE STARS HAD determined to punish Zadig. The precious stones and ornaments of the young widows whom they sent to the funeral pyre were their

acknowledged perquisite; it was in truth the least they could do to burn Zadig for the ill turn he had done them. Accordingly they accused him of holding erroneous views about the host of heaven; they gave testimony against him on oath that they had heard him say that the stars did not set in the sea. This frightful blasphemy made the judges shudder; they were ready to rend their garments when they heard those impious words, and they would have done so, without a doubt, if Zadig had had the means wherewith to pay them compensation; but dreadfully shocked as they were, they contented themselves with condemning him to be burned at a slow fire.

Setoc, in despair, exerted his influence in vain to save his friend; he was soon obliged to hold his peace. The young widow Almona, who had acquired a strong appetite for life, thanks to Zadig, resolved to rescue him from the stake, the misuse of which he had taught her to recognise. She turned her scheme over and over in her head, without speaking of it to anyone. Zadig was to be executed the next day, she had only that night to save him in. This is how she set about the business, like a charitable and discreet woman. She anointed herself with perfumes; she enhanced her charms by the richest and most seductive attire, and went to ask the chief priest of the stars for a private audience. When she was ushered into the presence of that venerable old man, she addressed him in these terms:

"Eldest son of the Great Bear, brother of the Bull, and cousin of the Great Dog" (such were the pontiff's titles), "I come to confide to you my scruples. I greatly fear that I have committed an enormous sin in not burning myself on my dear husband's funeral pyre. In truth, what had I worth preserving? A body liable to decay, and which is already quite withered." Saying these words, she drew up her long silk sleeves, and displayed her bare arms, of admirable form and dazzling whiteness. "You see," said she, "how little it is worth."

The pontiff thought in his heart that it was worth a great deal. His eyes said so, and his mouth confirmed it; he swore that he had never in his life seen such beautiful arms.

"Alas!" said the widow, "my arms may be a little less deformed than the rest; but you will admit that my neck was unworthy of any consideration," and she let him see the most charming bosom that nature had ever formed. A rosebud on an apple of ivory would

have appeared beside it nothing better than madder upon box-wood, and lambs just come up from the washing would have seemed brown and sallow. This neck; her large black eyes, in which a tender fire glowed softly with languishing lustre; her cheeks, enlivened with the loveliest crimson mingled with the whiteness of the purest milk; her nose, which was not at all like the tower of Mount Lebanon; her lips, which were like two settings of coral enclosing the most beautiful pearls in the Arabian sea; all these charms conspired to make the old man fancy himself a youth of twenty summers. With stammering tongue he made a tender declaration; and Almona, seeing how he was smitten, craved pardon for Zadig.

"Alas!" said he, "my lovely lady, though I might grant you his pardon, my indulgence would be of no use, as the order would have to be signed by three others of my colleagues."

"Sign it all the same," said Almona.

"Willingly," said the priest, "on condition that your favours shall be the price of my compliance."

"You do me too much honour," said Almona; "only be pleased to come to my chamber after sunset, when the bright star *Scheat* shall rise above the horizon; you will find me on a rose-coloured sofa, and you shall deal with your servant as you may be able."

Then she went away, carrying with her the signature, and left the old man full of amorous passion and of diffidence as to his powers. He employed the rest of the day in bathing; he drank a liquid compounded of the cinnamon of Ceylon, and the precious spices of Tidor and Ternat, and waited with impatience for the star *Scheat* to appear.

Meanwhile the fair Almona went in search of the second pontiff, who assured her that the sun, the moon, and all the lights of heaven were nothing but faint marsh fires in comparison with her charms. She asked of him the same favour, and he offered to grant it on the same terms. She allowed her scruples to be overcome, and made an appointment with the second pontiff for the rising of the star *Algenib*. Thence she proceeded to the houses of the third and fourth priests, getting from each his signature, and making one star after another the signal for a secret assignation. Then she sent letters to the judges, requesting them to come and see her on a matter of importance. When they appeared, she showed them the four names, and told them at what price the priests had sold

Zadig's pardon. Each of the latter arrived at his appointed hour, and was greatly astonished to find his colleagues there, and still more at seeing the judges, before whom they were exposed to open shame.

Thus Zadig was saved, and Setoc was so delighted with Almona's cleverness, that he made her his wife.

Chapter 14

THE DANCE

SETOC WAS ENGAGED TO GO ON MATTERS OF BUSINESS TO THE island of Serendib; but the first month of marriage, which is, as everyone knows, the moon of honey, permitted him neither to quit his wife, nor even to imagine that he could ever quit her; so he requested his friend Zadig to make the voyage on his behalf.

"Alas!" said Zadig, "must I put a wider distance between the beautiful Astarte and myself? But I must oblige my benefactors." He spoke, he wept, and he set forth on his journey.

He was not long in the island of Serendib before he began to be regarded as an extraordinary man. He became umpire in all disputes between the merchants, the friend of the wise, and the trusted counsellor of that small number of persons who are willing to take advice. The king wished to see and hear him. He soon recognised all Zadig's worth, placed reliance on his wisdom, and made him his friend. The king's intimacy and esteem made Zadig tremble. Night and day he was pierced with anguish at the misfortune which Moabdar's kindness had brought upon him.

"The king is pleased with me," said he; "how shall I escape ruin?"

He could not however decline His Majesty's attentions; for it must be confessed that Nabussan, King of Serendib, the son of Nussanab, the son of Nabassan, the son of Sanbusna, was one of the best princes in Asia; when anyone spoke to him, it was difficult not to love him.

This good monarch was continually praised, deceived, and robbed; officials vied with each other in plundering his treasury. The receiver-general of the island of Serendib always set the ex-

ample, and was faithfully followed by the others. The king knew it, and had time after time changed his treasurer; but he had not been able to change the time-honoured fashion of dividing the royal revenue into two unequal parts, the smaller of which always fell to His Majesty, and the larger to the administrative staff.

King Nabussan confided his difficulty to the wise Zadig: "You who know so many fine things," said he, "can you think of no method of enabling me to find a treasurer who will not rob me?"

"Assuredly," answered Zadig; "I know an infallible way of giving you a man who has clean hands."

The king was charmed, and, embracing him, asked how he was to proceed.

"All you will have to do," said Zadig, "is to cause all who shall present themselves for the dignity of treasurer to dance, and he who dances most lightly will be infallibly the most honest man."

"You are joking," said the king; "truly a droll way of choosing a receiver of my revenues! What! Do you mean to say that the one who cuts the highest capers will prove the most honest and capable financier?"

"I will not answer for his capability," returned Zadig; "but I assure you that he will undoubtedly be the most honest."

Zadig spoke with so much confidence that the king thought he had some supernatural secret for recognising financiers.

"I am not fond of the supernatural," said Zadig; "people and books that deal in prodigies have always been distasteful to me; if Your Majesty will allow me to make the trial I propose, you will be well enough convinced that my secret is the easiest and most simple thing in the world."

Nabussan, King of Serendib, was far more astonished at hearing that this secret was a simple matter, than if it had been presented to him as a miracle.

"Well then," said the king, "do as you shall think proper."

"Give me a free hand," said Zadig, "and you will gain by this experiment more than you think."

The same day he issued a public notice that all who aspired to the post of receiver-in-chief of the revenues of His gracious Majesty Nabussan, son of Nussanab, were to present themselves in garments of light silk, on the first day of the month of the crocodile, in the king's ante-chamber. They duly put in an appearance to the number of sixty-four. Fiddlers were posted in an adjoining

hall; all was ready for dancing; but the door of the hall was fastened, and it was necessary, in order to enter it, to pass along a little gallery which was pretty dark. An usher was sent to conduct each candidate, one after another, along this passage, in which he was left alone for a few minutes. The king, prompted by Zadig, had spread out all his treasures in this gallery. When all the competitors had reached the hall, His Majesty gave orders that they should begin to dance. Never did men dance more heavily and with less grace; they all kept their heads down, their backs bent, and their hands glued to their sides.

"What rogues!" said Zadig, under his breath.

There was only one among them who stepped out freely, with head erect, a steady eye, and outstretched arms, body straight, and legs firm.

"Ah! the honest fellow! the worthy man!" said Zadig.

The king embraced this good dancer, and declared him treasurer; whereas all the others were punished with a fine, and that most justly, for each one of them, during the time that he was in the gallery, had filled his pockets so that he could hardly walk. The king was grieved for the honour of human nature that out of those sixty-four dancers there should have been sixty-three thieves. The dark gallery was henceforth called *the Corridor of Temptation.* In Persia those sixty-three gentlemen would have been impaled; in other countries a court of justice would have been held which would have consumed in legal expenses three times as much as had been stolen; while in yet another kingdom they would have procured a complete acquittal for themselves, and brought the nimble dancer to disgrace; at Serendib they were only condemned to increase the public funds, for Nabussan was very indulgent.

He was also very grateful; he gave to Zadig a sum of money greater than any treasurer had stolen from the king his master. Zadig availed himself of it to send expresses to Babylon, who were to bring him information of Astarte's fate. His voice trembled while giving this order, his blood flowed back towards his heart, a mist covered his eyes, and his soul was ready to take its flight. The messenger departed: Zadig saw him embark. He returned to the king, seeing no one, fancying himself in his own chamber, and pronouncing the name of "love."

"Ah! love," said the king; "that is precisely what is the matter with me; you have rightly divined where my trouble lies. What a

great man you are! I hope you will teach me how to recognise a faithful and devoted wife, as you have enabled me to find a disinterested treasurer."

Zadig, having recovered his wits, promised to serve him in love as well as in finance, although the undertaking seemed still more difficult.

Chapter 15

BLUE EYES

"MY BODY AND MY HEART . . ." SAID THE KING TO ZADIG.

At these words the Babylonian could not refrain from interrupting His Majesty.

"How glad I am," said he, "that you did not say *my heart and soul!* For one hears nothing else but those words in every conversation at Babylon, and one sees nothing but books devoted to discussions on the heart and soul, written by people who have neither one nor the other. But please, sire, proceed."

Nabussan then continued: "My body and my heart are predisposed by destiny to love; the former of these two powers has every reason to be satisfied. I have here a hundred women at my disposal, all beautiful, buxom, and obliging, even voluptuously inclined, or pretending to be so when with me. My heart is not nearly so well off. I have found only too often that they lavish all their caresses on the King of Serendib, and care very little for Nabussan. It is not that I think my women unfaithful; but I would fain find a soul to be my own; I would resign for such a treasure the hundred beauties of whose charms I am master. See if, out of these hundred ladies of my harem, you can find me a single one by whom I may feel sure that I am loved?"

Zadig answered him as he had done on the subject of the financiers:—"Sir, leave the matter to me; but allow me first to dispose of what you displayed in the Corridor of Temptation; I will render you a good account of all, and you shall lose nothing by it."

The king gave him unfettered discretion. He chose in Serendib, thirty-three little hunchbacks, the ugliest he could find, thirty-three of the most handsome pages, and thirty-three of the most

eloquent and most robust bonzes. He left them all at liberty to enter the ladies' private chambers. Each little hunchback had four thousand gold pieces to give them, and the very first day all the hunchbacks were happy. The pages, who had nothing to give away but themselves, failed to achieve a triumph till the end of two or three days. The bonzes had a little more difficulty! but at last thirty-three fair devotees surrendered to them. The king, through the shutter-blinds which admitted a view into each chamber, witnessed all these experiments, and was not a little astonished. Of his hundred women, ninety-nine had succumbed before his eyes. There yet remained one who was quite young and freshly imported, whom His Majesty had never admitted to his arms. One, two, three hunchbacks were successively told off to make her offers which rose to the sum of twenty thousand pieces; she was incorruptible, and could not help laughing at the idea which had entered into these hunchbacks' heads that money could render them less deformed. The two handsomest of the pages were presented to her; she said that she thought the king still more handsome. The most eloquent and afterwards the most intrepid of the bonzes were let loose upon her; she found the first an idle babbler, and would not deign even to form an opinion on the merits of the second.

"The heart is everything," said she; "I will never yield either to the gold of a hunchback, or the personal attractions of a young man, or the cunning enticements of a bonze. I will love no one but Nabussan, son of Nussanab, and will wait till he condescends to love me."

The king was transported with joy, astonishment, and tenderness. He took back all the money that had won the hunchbacks their success, and made a present of it to the fair Falide (for such was the young lady's name). He gave her his heart, and she well deserved it. Never was the flower of youth so brilliant, never were the charms of beauty so enchanting. Historical veracity will not allow me to conceal the fact that she curtsied awkwardly, but she danced like a fairy, sang like a siren, and spoke like one of the graces; she was full of accomplishments and virtues.

Nabussan, loved as he was by her, adored her in his turn. But she had blue eyes, and this was the source of the greatest misfortunes. There was an ancient law which forbade the kings to love one of those women whom the Greeks in later days called *ox-eyed*. The chief of the bonzes had established this law more than five

thousand years before that time, with a view to appropriating the mistress of the first king of the island of Serendib, whom the chief bonze had induced to pass an anathema upon blue eyes as a fundamental article of the constitution. All orders of society came to remonstrate with Nabussan. They publicly declared that the last days of the kingdom had arrived, that iniquity had reached its height, and that all nature was threatened with some untoward accident; that, in a word, Nabussan, son of Nussanab, was in love with two big blue eyes. The hunchbacks, financiers, bonzes, and brunettes filled the palace with complaints.

The wild tribes that inhabit the north of Serendib took advantage of the general discontent to make an incursion into the territory of the good Nabussan. He demanded subsidies from his subjects; the bonzes, who owned half the revenues of the state, contented themselves with raising their hands to heaven, and refused to put them into their coffers to help the king. They offered up grand prayers to fine music, and left the State a prey to the barbarians.

"O my dear Zadig! Will you rescue me again from this horrible embarrassment?" dolefully exclaimed Nabussan.

"Very willingly," answered Zadig. "You shall have as much money from the bonzes as you wish. Abandon to the enemy the lands on which their mansions are built, and only defend your own."

Nabussan did not fail to follow this advice. The bonzes thereupon came and threw themselves at the king's feet, imploring his assistance. The king answered them in beautiful strains of music, the words to which they were an accompaniment being prayers to Heaven for the preservation of their lands. The bonzes, at last, gave some money, and the king brought the war to a prosperous conclusion. Thus Zadig, by his wise and successful counsel, and by his important services, drew upon himself the irreconcilable hatred of the most powerful men in the State; the bonzes and the brunettes took an oath to ruin him; the financiers and the hunchbacks did not spare him, but did all they could to make him suspected by the excellent Nabussan. "Good offices remain in the antechamber when suspicions enter the closet," as Zoroaster has wisely observed. Every day there were fresh accusations; if the first was repelled, the second might graze the skin, the third wound, and the fourth be fatal.

Zadig, after having advantageously transacted the business of his friend Setoc and sent him his money, thought of nothing now in his alarm but of leaving the island, and resolved to go himself in search of tidings of Astarte.

"For," said he, "if I stay in Serendib, the bonzes will cause me to be impaled. . . . But where can I go? In Egypt I shall be a slave; burnt, in all likelihood, in Arabia; strangled at Babylon. Still I must know what has become of Astarte. . . . Let us be gone, and see for what my sad destiny reserves me."

Chapter 16

THE BRIGAND

ON ARRIVING AT THE FRONTIER WHICH SEPARATES ARABIA PETRÆA from Syria, as he was passing near a pretty strong castle, a party of armed Arabs sallied forth. He saw himself surrounded, and the men cried out: "All that you have belongs to us, and your body belongs to our master."

Zadig, by way of answer, drew his sword; his servant, who had plenty of courage, did the same. They routed and slew the Arabs who first laid hands on them; their assailants now numbered twice as many as before, but they were not daunted, and resolved to die fighting. Then were seen two men defending themselves against a multitude. Such a conflict could not last long. The master of the castle, whose name was Arbogad, having seen from a window the prodigies of valour performed by Zadig, conceived such an admiration for him that he hastily descended, and came in person to disperse his men and deliver the two travellers.

"All that passes over my lands is my property," said he, "as well as whatever I find on the lands of other people; but you seem to me such a brave man, that I except you from the general rule."

He made Zadig enter his castle, and bade his people treat him well. In the evening Arbogad desired Zadig to sup with him.

Now the lord of the castle was one of those Arabs who are known as *robbers;* but he sometimes did a good action among a multitude of bad ones. He robbed with fierce rapacity, and gave away freely; he was intrepid in battle, though gentle enough in so-

ciety; intemperate at table, merry in his cups, and above all, full of frankness. Zadig pleased him greatly, and his animated conversation prolonged the repast. At length Arbogad said to him:

"I advise you to enrol yourself under me; you cannot do better; this calling of mine is not a bad one, and you may one day become what I now am."

"May I ask you," said Zadig, "how long you have practised this noble profession?"

"From my tenderest youth," replied the lord of the castle. "I was the servant of an Arab who was a pretty sharp fellow; I felt my position intolerable; it drove me to despair to see that in all the earth, which belongs equally to all mankind, fortune had reserved no portion for me. I confided my trouble to an old Arab, who said to me: 'My son, do not despair; there was once upon a time a grain of sand which bewailed its fate in being a mere unheeded atom in the desert; but at the end of a few years it became a diamond, and it is now the most beautiful ornament in the King of India's crown.' This story made a great impression on me. I was the grain of sand, and I determined to become a diamond. I began by stealing two horses; I then formed a gang, and put myself in a position to rob small caravans. Thus by degrees I abolished the disproportion which existed at first between myself and other men; I had my share in the good things of this world, and was even recompensed with usury. I was held in high esteem, became a brigand chief, and obtained this castle by violence. The satrap of Syria wished to dispossess me, but I was already too rich to have anything to dread; I gave some money to the satrap, and by this means retained the castle and increased my domains. He even named me treasurer of the tribute which Arabia Petræa paid to the king of kings. I fulfilled my duty well, so far as receiving went, but utterly ignored that of payment. The Grand Desterham of Babylon sent hither in the name of King Moabdar a petty satrap, intending to have me strangled. This man arrived with his orders; I was informed of all, and caused to be strangled in his presence the four persons he had brought with him to apply the bowstring to my neck; after which I asked him what his commission to strangle me might be worth to him. He answered me that his fees might amount to three hundred pieces of gold. I made it clear to him that there was more to be gained with me. I gave him a subordinate post among my brigands, and now he is one of my smart-

est and wealthiest officers. Take my word for it, you will succeed as well as he. Never has there been a better season for pillage, since Moabdar is slain and all is in confusion at Babylon."

"Moabdar slain!" said Zadig; "and what has become of Queen Astarte?"

"I know nothing about her," replied Arbogad; "all I know is that Moabdar became mad and was killed, that Babylon is one vast slaughter-house, that all the empire is laid waste, that there are fine blows to be struck yet, and that I myself have done wonders in that way."

"But the queen?" said Zadig; "pray tell me, know you nothing of the fate of the queen?"

"I heard something about a prince of Hyrcania," replied he; "she is probably among his concubines, if she has not been killed in the insurrection; but I have more curiosity in the matter of plunder than of news. I have taken a good many women in my raids, but I keep none of them; I sell them at a high price if they are handsome, without inquiring who or what they are, for my customers pay nothing for rank; a queen who was ugly would find no purchaser. Maybe I have sold Queen Astarte, maybe she is dead; it matters very little to me, and I do not think you need to be more concerned about her than I am."

As he spoke thus he went on drinking lustily, and mixed up all his ideas so confusedly, that Zadig could extract no information out of him.

He remained confounded, overwhelmed, unable to stir. Arbogad continued to drink, told stories, constantly repeated that he was the happiest of all men, and exhorted Zadig to render himself as happy as he was. At last, becoming more and more drowsy with the fumes of wine, he gradually fell into a tranquil slumber. Zadig passed the night in a state of the most violent agitation.

"What!" said he, "the king become mad! the king killed! I cannot help lamenting him! The empire is dismembered, and this brigand is happy! Alas for fate and fortune! A robber is happy, and the most amiable object that nature ever created has perhaps perished in a frightful manner, or is living in a condition worse than death. O Astarte! what has become of you?"

At break of day he questioned all whom he met in the castle; but everyone was busy, and no one answered him: new conquests had been made during the night, and they were dividing the spoils.

All that he could obtain in the confusion that prevailed was permission to depart, of which he availed himself without delay, plunged deeper than ever in painful thoughts.

Zadig walked on restless and agitated, his mind engrossed with the hapless Astarte, with the king of Babylon, with his faithful Cador, with the happy brigand Arbogad, and that capricious woman whom the Babylonians had carried off on the confines of Egypt, in short, with all the disappointments and misfortunes that he had experienced.

Chapter 17

THE FISHERMAN

AT A DISTANCE OF SEVERAL LEAGUES FROM ARBOGAD'S CASTLE HE found himself on the brink of a little river, still deploring his destiny, and regarding himself as the very type of misery. There he saw a fisherman lying on the bank, hardly holding in his feeble hand the net which he seemed ready to drop, and lifting his eyes towards heaven.

"I am certainly the most wretched of all men," said the fisherman. "I was, as everybody allowed, the most famous seller of cream cheeses in Babylon, and I have been ruined. I had the prettiest wife that a man could possess, and she has betrayed me. A mean house was all that was left me, and I have seen it plundered and destroyed. Having taken refuge in a hut, I have no resource but fishing, and I cannot catch a single fish. O my net! I will cast you no more into the water, it is myself that I must cast therein."

Saying these words, he rose and advanced in the attitude of a man about to throw himself headlong and put an end to his life.

"What is this?" said Zadig to himself; "there are men then as miserable as I!"

Eagerness to save the fisherman's life rose as promptly as this reflection. He ran towards him, stopped, and questioned him with an air of concern and encouragement. It is said that we are less miserable when we are not alone in our misery. According to Zoroaster this is due, not to malice, but to necessity; we then feel ourselves drawn towards a victim of misfortune as a fellow

sufferer. The joy of a prosperous man would seem to us an insult; but two wretched men are like two weak trees, which, leaning together, mutually strengthen each other against the tempest.

"Why do you give way to your misfortunes?" said Zadig to the fisherman.

"Because," answered he, "I see no way out of them. I was held in the highest estimation in the village of Derlback, near Babylon, and I made, with my wife's help, the best cream cheeses in the empire. Queen Astarte and the famous minister Zadig were passionately fond of them. I had supplied their houses with six hundred cheeses, and went one day into town to be paid, when, on my arrival at Babylon, I learned that the queen and Zadig had disappeared. I hastened to the house of the lord Zadig, whom I had never seen; there I found the police officers of the Grand Desterham, who, furnished with a royal warrant, were sacking his house in a perfectly straightforward and orderly manner. I flew to the queen's kitchens; some of the royal cooks told me that she was dead; others said that she was in prison; while others again declared that she had taken flight; but all assured me that I should be paid nothing for my cheeses. I went with my wife to the house of the lord Orcan, who was one of my customers, and we asked him to protect us in our distress. He granted his protection to my wife, and refused it to me. She was whiter than those cream cheeses with which my troubles began, and the gleam of Tyrian purple was not more brilliant than the carnation which animated that whiteness. It was this which made the lord Orcan keep her and drive me away from his house.

"I wrote to my dear wife the letter of a desperate man. She said to the messenger who brought it: 'Oh! ah! yes! I know something of the man who writes me this letter. I have heard people speak of him; they say he makes capital cream cheeses; let him send me some, and see that he is paid for them.'

"In my unhappy state I determined to have recourse to justice. I had six ounces of gold left; I had to give two ounces to the lawyer whom I consulted; two to the attorney who undertook my case, and two to the secretary of the first judge. When all this was done, my suit was not yet commenced, and I had already spent more money than my cheeses and my wife were worth. I returned to my village, with the intention of selling my house in order to recover my wife.

"My house was well worth sixty ounces of gold, but people saw that I was poor and forced to sell. The first man to whom I applied offered me thirty ounces for it, the second twenty, and the third ten. I was ready at last to take anything, so blinded was I, when a prince of Hyrcania came to Babylon, and ravaged all the country on his way. My house was first sacked and then burned.

"Having thus lost my money, my wife, and my house, I retired to this part of the country where you see me. I tried to support myself by fishing, but the fishes mock me as much as men do; I take nothing, I am dying of hunger, and had it not been for you, my illustrious consoler, I should have perished in the river."

The fisherman did not tell his story all at once; for every moment Zadig in his agitation would break in with: "What! do you know nothing of what has befallen the queen?"

"No, my lord," the fisherman would make reply; "but I know that the queen and Zadig have not paid me for my cream cheeses, that my wife has been taken from me, and that I am in despair."

"I feel confident," said Zadig, "that you will not lose all your money. I have heard people speak of this Zadig; he is an honest man; and if he returns to Babylon, as he hopes to do, he will give you more than he owes you. But as to your wife, who is not so honest, I recommend you not to try to recover her. Take my advice, go to Babylon; I shall be there before you, because I am on horseback, and you are on foot. Apply to the most noble Cador; tell him you have met his friend, and wait for me at his house. Go; perhaps you will not always be unhappy."

"O mighty Ormuzd," continued he, "thou dost make use of me to console this man; of whom wilt thou make use to console me?"

So saying, he gave the fisherman half of all the money he had brought from Arabia, and the fisherman, astonished and delighted, kissed the feet of Cador's friend, and said: "You are an angel sent to save me."

Meanwhile Zadig continued to ask for news, shedding tears as he did so.

"What! my lord," cried the fisherman, "can you then be unhappy, you who bestow bounty?"

"A hundred times more unhappy than you," answered Zadig.

"But how can it be," said the simple fellow, "that he who gives is more to be pitied than him who receives?"

"Because," replied Zadig, "your greatest misfortune was a hungry belly, and because my misery has its seat in the heart."

"Has Orcan taken away your wife?" said the fisherman.

This question recalled all his adventures to Zadig's mind; he repeated the catalogue of his misfortunes, beginning with the queen's bitch, up to the time of his arrival at the castle of the brigand Arbogad.

"Ah!" said he to the fisherman, "Orcan deserves to be punished. But it is generally such people as he who are the favourites of fortune. Be that as it may, go to the house of the lord Cador, and wait for me."

They parted; the fisherman walked on thanking his stars, and Zadig pressed forward still accusing his own.

Chapter 18

THE COCKATRICE

HAVING ARRIVED AT A BEAUTIFUL MEADOW, HE SAW THERE several women searching for something with great diligence. He took the liberty of approaching one of them, and of asking her if he might have the honour of helping them in their search.

"Take good heed not to do that," answered the Syrian damsel; "what we are looking for can only be touched with impunity by women."

"That is very strange," said Zadig; "may I venture to ask you to tell me what it is that only women are allowed to touch?"

"A cockatrice," said she.

"A cockatrice, madam! and for what reason, if you please, are you looking for a cockatrice?"

"It is for our lord and master, Ogul, whose castle you see on the bank of that river, at the end of the meadow. We are his most humble slaves; the lord Ogul is ill, his physician has ordered him to eat a cockatrice stewed in rose-water, and, as it is a very rare animal, and never allows itself to be taken except by women, the lord Ogul has promised to choose for his well-beloved wife whichever of us shall bring him a cockatrice. Let me prosecute the

search, if you please; for you see what it would cost me, if I were anticipated by my companions."

Zadig left this Syrian girl and the others to look for their cockatrice, and continued to walk through the meadow. When he reached the brink of a little stream, he found there another lady lying on the turf, but not in search of anything. Her figure appeared majestic, but her countenance was covered with a veil. She was leaning over the stream; deep sighs escaped from her mouth. She held in her hand a little rod, with which she was tracing characters on the fine sand which lay between the grass and the stream. Zadig had the curiosity to look and see what this woman was writing; he drew near, and saw the letter Z, then an A; he was astonished; then appeared a D; he started. Never was there surprise to equal his, when he saw the two last letters of his name. He remained some time without moving; then, breaking the silence, he exclaimed in an agitated voice:

"O noble lady! pardon a stranger who is in distress if he ventures to ask you by what astonishing chance I find here the name of Zadig traced by your adorable hand."

At that voice, at those words, the lady raised her veil with a trembling hand, turned her eyes on Zadig, uttered a cry of tenderness, surprise, and joy, and, overcome by all the varied emotions which simultaneously assailed her soul, she fell fainting into his arms. It was Astarte herself, it was the queen of Babylon, it was she whom Zadig adored, and whom he reproached himself for adoring; it was she for whom he had wept so much, and for whom he had so often dreaded the worst stroke of fate.

For a moment he was deprived of the use of his senses; then, fixing his gaze on Astarte's eyes, which languidly opened once more with an expression in which confusion was mingled with tenderness, he cried: "O immortal powers, who preside over the destinies of feeble mortals! Do ye indeed restore to me Astarte? At what a time, in what a place, and in what a condition do I see her again!"

He threw himself on his knees before Astarte, and applied his forehead to the dust of her feet. The queen of Babylon lifted him up, and made him sit beside her on the bank of the stream, while she repeatedly dried her eyes from which tears would soon begin again to flow. Twenty times at least did she take up the thread of the discourse which her sighs interrupted; she questioned him as to what strange chance brought them once more together, and she

anticipated his answers by suddenly asking fresh questions. She began to relate her own misfortunes, and then wished to know those of Zadig. At last, both of them having somewhat appeased the tumult of their souls, Zadig told her in a few words how it came to pass that he found himself in that meadow.

"But, O unhappy and honoured queen! how is it that I find you in this remote spot, clad as a slave, and accompanied by other women slaves who are searching for a cockatrice to be stewed in rose-water by a physician's order?"

"Whilst they are looking for their cockatrice," said the fair Astarte, "I will inform you of all that I have suffered, and for how much I have ceased to blame heaven now that I see you again. You know that the king, my husband, took it ill that you were the most amiable of all men; and it was for this reason that he one night took the resolution to have you strangled and me poisoned. You know how heaven permitted my little mute to give me warning of His sublime Majesty's orders. Hardly had the faithful Cador forced you to obey me and to go away, when he ventured to enter my chamber in the middle of the night by a secret passage. He carried me off, and brought me to the temple of Ormuzd, where his brother, the magian, shut me up in a gigantic statue, the base of which touches the foundations of the temple, while its head reaches to the roof. I was as it were buried there, but waited on by the magian, and in want of none of the necessities of life. Meanwhile at daybreak His Majesty's apothecary entered my chamber with a draught compounded of henbane, opium, black hellebore, and aconite; and another official went to your apartment with a bowstring of blue silk. Both places were found empty. Cador, the better to deceive him, went to the king, and pretended to accuse us both. He said that you had taken the road to India, and that I had gone towards Memphis; so officers were sent after each of us.

"The messengers who went in search of me did not know me by sight, for I had hardly ever shown my face to any man but yourself, and that in my husband's presence and by his command. They hastened off in pursuit of me, guided by the description that had been given them of my person. A woman of much the same height as myself, and who had, it may be, superior charms, presented herself to their eyes on the borders of Egypt. She was evidently a fugitive and in distress; they had no doubt that this

woman was the queen of Babylon, and they brought her to Moabdar.

"Their mistake at first threw the king into a violent rage; but ere long, taking a nearer look at the woman, he perceived that she was very beautiful, which gave him some consolation. She was called Missouf. I have been told since that the name signifies in the Egyptian tongue *the capricious beauty*. Such in truth she was, but she had as much artfulness as caprice. She pleased Moabdar, and brought him into subjection to such a degree that she made him declare her his wife. Thereupon her character developed itself in all its extravagance; she fearlessly gave herself up to every foolish freak of her imagination. She wished to compel the chief of the magi, who was old and gouty, to dance before her; and when he refused she persecuted him most bitterly. She ordered her master of the horse to make her a jam tart. In vain did the master of the horse represent to her that he was not a pastry cook, he must make the tart; and he was driven from office because it was too much burned. She gave the post of master of the horse to her dwarf, and the place of chancellor to a page. It was thus that she governed Babylon, while all regretted that they had lost me. The king, who had been a tolerably just and reasonable man until the moment when he had determined to poison me and to have you strangled, seemed now to have drowned his virtues in the exorbitant love that he had for the capricious beauty.

"He came to the temple on the great day of the sacred fire, and I saw him implore the gods on behalf of Missouf, at the feet of the image in which I was confined. I lifted up my voice, and cried aloud to him: 'The gods reject the prayers of a king who is become a tyrant, who has been minded to put to death a sensible wife to marry a woman of the most extravagant whims.'

"Moabdar was so confounded at these words, that his head became disordered. The oracle that I had delivered, and Missouf's domineering temper, sufficed to deprive him of his senses, and in a few days he became quite mad.

"His madness, which seemed a punishment from heaven, was the signal for revolt. There was a general insurrection, and all men ran to take up arms. Babylon, so long plunged in effeminate idleness, became the scene of a frightful civil war. I was drawn forth from the cavity of my statue, and placed at the head of one

party. Cador hastened to Memphis, to bring you back to Babylon. The prince of Hyrcania, hearing of these fatal dissensions, came back with his army to form a third party in Chaldea. He attacked the king, who fled before him with his wayward Egyptian. Moabdar died pierced with wounds, and Missouf fell into the hands of the conqueror. It was my misfortune to be myself taken prisoner by a party of Hyrcanians, and I was brought before the prince at precisely the same time as they were bringing in Missouf. You will be pleased, no doubt, to hear that the prince thought me more beautiful than the Egyptian; but you will be sorry to learn that he destined me for his harem. He told me very decidedly that as soon as he should have finished a military expedition which he was about to undertake, he would come and keep me company. You may fancy my distress! The tie that bound me to Moabdar was broken, and I might have been Zadig's, if this barbarian had not cast his chains around me. I answered him with all the pride that my rank and my resentment gave me. I had always heard it said that heaven has connected with persons of my condition a greatness of character, which, with a word or a look, can reduce the presumptuous to a humble sense of that deep respect which they have dared to disregard. I spoke like a queen, but found myself treated like a domestic.

"The Hyrcanian, without deigning to address to me even a single word, told his black eunuch that I was a saucy minx, but that he thought me pretty; so he bade him take care of me, and subject me to the diet of his favourites, that I might recover my complexion, and be rendered more worthy of his favours by the time that he might find it convenient to honour me with them. I told him that I would sooner kill myself; he answered, laughing, that there was no fear of that, and that he was used to such displays of affectation; whereupon he left me like a man who has just put a parrot into his aviary. What a state of things for the first queen in all the world,—I will say more, for a heart which was devoted to Zadig!"

At these words he threw himself at her knees, and bathed them with tears. Astarte raised him tenderly, and continued thus: "I saw myself in the power of a barbarian, and a rival of the crazy woman who was my fellow prisoner. She told me what had befallen her in Egypt. I conjectured from the description she gave of your

person, from the time of the occurrence, from the dromedary on which you were mounted, and from all the circumstances of the case, that it was Zadig who had fought on her behalf. I had no doubt that you were at Memphis, and resolved to betake myself thither.

" 'Beautiful Missouf,' said I, 'you are much more pleasing than I am, and will entertain the prince of Hyrcania far better than I can do. Help me to effect my escape; you will then reign alone, and render me happy in ridding yourself of a rival.'

"Missouf arranged with me the means of my flight, and I departed secretly with an Egyptian woman slave.

"I had nearly reached Arabia, when a notorious robber, named Arbogad, carried me off, and sold me to some merchants, who brought me to this castle where the lord Ogul resides. He bought me without knowing who I was. He is a man of pleasure whose only object in life is good cheer, and who is convinced that God has sent him into the world to sit at table. He is excessively fat, and is constantly on the point of suffocation. His physician, in whom he believes little enough when his digestion is all right, exerts a despotic sway over him whenever he has eaten too much. He has persuaded him that he can cure him with a cockatrice stewed in rose-water. The lord Ogul has promised his hand to whichever of his female slaves shall bring him a cockatrice. You see how I leave them to vie with one another in their eagerness to win this honour, for, since heaven has permitted me to see you again, I have less desire than ever to find this cockatrice."

Then Astarte and Zadig gave expression to all that tender feeling long repressed,—all that their love and misfortunes could inspire in hearts most generous and ardent; and the genii who preside over love carried their vows to the orb of Venus.

The women returned to Ogul's castle without having found anything. Zadig, having obtained an introduction, addressed him to this effect: "May immortal health descend from heaven to guard and keep you all your days! I am a physician, and come to you in haste on hearing the report of your sickness, and I have brought you a cockatrice stewed in rose-water. I have no matrimonial intentions with regard to you; I only ask for the release of a young female slave from Babylon, who has been several days

in your possession, and I consent to remain in bondage in her place, if I have not the happiness of curing the magnificent lord Ogul."

The proposal was accepted. Astarte set out for Babylon with Zadig's servant, having promised to send him a messenger immediately to inform him of all that might have happened. Their parting was as tender as their unexpected recognition. The moment of separation and the moment of meeting again are the two most important epochs of life, as is written in the great book of Zendavesta. Zadig loved the queen as much as he swore he did, and the queen loved Zadig more than she professed to do.

Meanwhile Zadig spoke thus to Ogul: "My lord, my cockatrice is not to be eaten, all its virtue must enter into you through the pores. I have put it into a little leathern case, well blown out, and covered with a fine skin; you must strike this case of leather as hard as you can, and I must send it back each time; a few days of this treatment will show you what my art can do."

The first day Ogul was quite out of breath, and thought that he should die of fatigue. The second day he was less exhausted and slept better. In a week's time he had gained all the strength, health, lightness, and good spirits of his most robust years.

"You have played at ball, and you have been temperate," said Zadig; "believe me, there is no such creature in nature as a cockatrice, but with temperance and exercise one is always well, and the art of combining intemperance and health is as chimerical as the philosopher's stone, judicial astrology, and the theology of the magi."

Ogul's former physician, perceiving how dangerous this man was to the cause of medicine, conspired with his private apothecary to dispatch Zadig to hunt for cockatrices in the other world. Thus, after having already been punished so often for having done good, he was again nearly perishing for having healed a gluttonous nobleman. He was invited to a grand dinner, and was to have been poisoned during the second course; but whilst they were at the first he received a message from the fair Astarte, at which he left the table, and took his departure.

When one is loved by a beautiful woman, says the great Zoroaster, *one is always extricated out of every scrape.*

Chapter 19

THE TOURNAMENTS

THE QUEEN HAD BEEN RECEIVED AT BABYLON WITH THE ENTHUsiasm which is always shown for a beautiful princess who has been unfortunate. Babylon at that time seemed more peaceful. The prince of Hyrcania had been killed in a battle; and the victorious Babylonians declared that Astarte should marry the man whom they might elect for monarch. They did not desire that the first position in the world, namely, that of being husband of Astarte and king of Babylon, should depend upon intrigues and cabals. They took an oath to acknowledge as their king the man whom they should find bravest and wisest. Spacious lists, surrounded by an amphitheatre splendidly decorated, were formed at a distance of several leagues from the city. The combatants were to repair thither armed at all points. Each of them had separate quarters behind the amphitheatre, where he was to be neither seen nor visited by anyone. It was necessary to enter the lists four times, and those who should be successful enough to defeat four cavaliers were thereupon to fight against each other, and the one who should finally remain master of the field should be proclaimed victor of the tournament. He was to return four days afterwards with the same arms, and try to solve the riddles which the magi would propound. If he could not solve the riddles, he was not to be king, and it would be necessary to begin the jousts over again, until a knight should be found victorious in both sorts of contest; for they wished to have a king braver and wiser than any other man. The queen, during all this time, was to be strictly guarded; she was only allowed to be present at the games covered with a veil, and she was not permitted to speak to any of the competitors, in order to avoid either favouritism or injustice.

This was the intelligence that Astarte sent her lover, hoping that for her sake he would display greater valour and wisdom than anyone else. So he took his departure, entreating Venus to fortify his courage and enlighten his mind. He arrived on the banks of the Euphrates the evening before the great day, and caused his device to be inscribed among those of the combatants, concealing

his countenance and his name, as the law required. Then he went to take repose in the lodging that was assigned him by lot. His friend Cador, who had returned to Babylon, after having vainly searched for him in Egypt, dispatched to his quarters a complete suit of armour which was the queen's present. He also sent him, on her behalf, the finest steed in Persia. Zadig recognised the hand of Astarte in these gifts; his courage and his love gained thereby new energy and new hopes.

On the morrow, the queen having taken her place under a jewelled canopy, and the amphitheatre being filled with ladies and persons of every rank in Babylon, the combatants appeared in the arena. Each of them came and laid his device at the feet of the grand magian. The devices were drawn by lot, and Zadig's happened to be the last. The first who advanced was a very rich lord named Itobad, exceedingly vain, but with little courage, skill, or judgment. His servants had persuaded him that such a man as he ought to be king; and he had answered them: "Such a man as I ought to reign." So they had armed him from head to foot. He had golden armour enamelled with green, a green plume, and a lance decked with green ribbons. It was evident at once, from the manner in which Itobad managed his horse, that it was not for *such a man as he* that heaven reserved the sceptre of Babylon.

The first knight who tilted against him unhorsed him; the second upset him so that he lay on his horse's crupper with both his legs in the air and arms extended. Itobad recovered his seat, but in such an ungainly fashion that all the spectators began to laugh. The third did not condescend to use his lance, but after making a pass at him, took him by the right leg, turned him half round, and let him drop on the sand. The squires of the tourney ran up to him laughing, and replaced him on his saddle. The fourth combatant seized him by the left leg, and made him fall on the other side. He was accompanied with loud jeers to his quarters, where he was to pass the night according to the law of the games; and he said as he limped along with difficulty: "What an experience for such a man as I!"

The other knights acquitted themselves better. There were some who defeated two antagonists one after the other, a few went as far as three, but the prince Otame was the only one who conquered four. At last Zadig tilted in his turn; he unseated four cavaliers in succession in the most graceful manner possible. It then remained

to be seen whether Otame or Zadig would be the victor. The arms of the former were blue and gold, with a plume of the same colour, while those of Zadig were white. The sympathies of all were divided between the knight in blue and the knight in white. The queen, whose heart was throbbing violently, put up prayers to heaven that the white might be the winning colour.

The two champions made passes and wheeled round with such agility, they delivered such dexterous thrusts, and sat so firmly on their saddles, that all the spectators, except the queen, wished that there might be two kings in Babylon. At last, their chargers being exhausted, and their lances broken, Zadig had recourse to this stratagem: he steps behind the blue prince, leaps upon the crupper of his horse, seizes him by the waist, hurls him down, takes his place in the saddle, and prances round Otame, as he lies stretched upon the ground. All the amphitheatre shouts: "Victory to the white cavalier!"

Otame rises, indignant at his disgrace, and draws his sword; Zadig springs off the horse's back, sabre in hand. Then, lo and behold! both of them on foot in the arena begin a new conflict, in which strength and agility by turns prevail. The plumes of their helmets, the rivets of their arm-pieces, the links of their armour, fly far afield under a thousand rapid blows. With point and edge they thrust and cut, to right and left, now on the head, and now on the chest; they retreat, they advance, they measure swords, they come to close quarters, they wrestle, they twine like serpents, they attack like lions; sparks are sent forth every moment from their clashing swords. At last Zadig, recovering his coolness for an instant, stops, makes a feint, and then rushes upon Otame, brings him to the ground, and disarms him, when the vanquished prince exclaims: "O white cavalier! you it is who should reign over Babylon."

The queen's joy was at its climax. The cavalier in blue and the cavalier in white were conducted each to his own lodging, as well as all the others, in due accordance with the law. Mutes came to attend them and to bring them food. It may be easily guessed that the queen's little mute was the one who waited on Zadig. Then they were left to sleep alone until the morning of the next day, when the conqueror was to bring his device to the grand magian to be compared with the roll, and to make himself known.

In spite of his love Zadig slept soundly enough, so tired was he. Itobad, who lay near him, did not sleep a wink. He rose in the night, entered Zadig's quarters, took away his white arms and his device, and left his own green armour in their place. As soon as it was daylight, he went up boldly to the grand magian, and announced that such a man as he was victor. This was unexpected, but his success was proclaimed while Zadig was still asleep. Astarte, surprised, and with despair at her heart, returned to Babylon. The whole amphitheatre was already almost empty when Zadig awoke; he looked for his arms, and found only the green armour. He was obliged to put it on, having nothing else near him. Astonished and indignant, he armed himself in a rage, and stepped forth in that guise.

All the people who were left in the amphitheatre and arena greeted him with jeers. They pressed round him, and insulted him him to his face. Never did man endure such bitter mortification. He lost patience, and with his drawn sword dispersed the mob which dared to molest him; but he knew not what course to adopt. He could not see the queen, nor could he lay claim to the white armour which she had sent him, without compromising her; so that, while she was plunged in grief, he was tortured with rage and perplexity. He walked along the banks of the Euphrates, convinced that his star had marked him out for inevitable misery, reviewing in his mind all the misfortunes he had suffered, since his experience of the woman who hated one-eyed men up to this present loss of his armour.

"See what comes," said he, "of awaking too late; if I had slept less, I should now be king of Babylon and husband of Astarte. Knowledge, conduct, and courage have never served to bring me anything but trouble."

At last, murmurs against Providence escaped him, and he was tempted to believe that the world was governed by a cruel destiny, which oppressed the good, and brought prosperity to cavaliers in green. One of his worst grievances was to be obliged to wear that green armour which drew such ridicule upon him; and he sold it to a passing merchant at a low price, taking in exchange from the merchant a gown and a nightcap. In this garb he paced beside the Euphrates, filled with despair, and secretly accusing Providence for always persecuting him.

Chapter 20

THE HERMIT

WHILE WALKING THUS, ZADIG MET A HERMIT, WHOSE WHITE and venerable beard descended to his girdle. He held in his hand a book which he was reading attentively. Zadig stopped, and made him a profound obeisance. The hermit returned his salutation with an air so noble and attractive, that Zadig had the curiosity to enter into conversation with him. He asked him what book he was reading.

"It is the book of destiny," said the hermit; "do you desire to read aught therein?"

He placed the book in Zadig's hands, but he, learned as he was in several languages, could not decipher a single character in the book. This increased his curiosity yet more.

"You seem to me much vexed," said the good father.

"Alas! and with only too much reason!" answered Zadig.

"If you will allow me to accompany you," rejoined the old man, "perhaps I may be of service to you; I have sometimes poured consolation into the souls of the unhappy."

The hermit's aspect, his beard, and his book, inspired Zadig with respect. He found in conversing with him the light of a superior mind. The hermit spoke of destiny, of justice, of morality, of the chief good, of human frailty, of virtue, and of vice, with an eloquence so lively and touching, that Zadig felt himself drawn towards him by an irresistible charm. He earnestly besought him not to leave him, until they should return to Babylon.

"I myself ask the same favour of you," said the old man; "swear to me by Ormuzd that you will not part from me for some days to come, whatever I may do."

Zadig swore not to do so, and they set out together.

The two travellers arrived that evening at a magnificent castle, where the hermit craved hospitality for himself and for the young man who accompanied him. The porter, who might have been taken for a distinguished nobleman, introduced them with a sort of disdainful politeness. They were presented to one of the principal domestics, who showed them the master's splendid apart-

ments. They were admitted to the lower end of his table, without being honoured even with a look from the lord of the castle; but they were served like the others, with elegance and profusion. A golden bowl studded with emeralds and rubies was afterwards brought them, wherein to wash their hands. For the night they were consigned to fine sleeping apartments, and in the morning a servant brought each of them a piece of gold, after which they were courteously dismissed.

"The master of the house," said Zadig, when they were again on their way, "seems to me to be a generous man, but a little too proud; he practises a noble hospitality."

As he said these words, he perceived that a very wide sort of pocket which the hermit was wearing appeared stretched and stuffed out, and he caught sight of the golden bowl adorned with precious stones, which the hermit had stolen. He did not at first venture to take any notice of it, but he experienced a strange surprise.

Towards midday, the hermit presented himself at the door of a very small house inhabited by a very rich miser, of whom he begged hospitable entertainment for a few hours. An old servant, meanly clad, received them roughly, and conducted the hermit and Zadig to the stable, where some rotten olives, mouldy bread, and sour beer were given them. The hermit ate and drank with as contented an air as on the evening before; then, turning to the old servant who was watching them both to see that they stole nothing, and who kept urging them to go, he gave him the two pieces of gold which he had received that morning, and thanked him for all his attentions.

"Pray," added he, "let me speak a word to your master."

The astonished servant introduced the two strangers.

"Magnificent lord," said the hermit, "I cannot refrain from offering you my most humble thanks for the noble manner in which you have treated us; deign to accept this golden bowl as a slight token of my gratitude."

The miser almost fell backward from his seat, but the hermit, not giving him time to recover from his sudden surprise, departed with his young companion as quickly as possible.

"Father," said Zadig, "what is all this that I see? You do not seem to me to resemble other men in anything that you do; you steal a bowl adorned with precious stones from a nobleman who

entertained you sumptuously, and you give it to a miser who treats you with indignity."

"My son," replied the old man, "that pompous person, who entertains strangers only out of vanity, and to excite admiration of his riches, will learn a needful lesson, while the miser will be taught to practise hospitality; be astonished at nothing, and follow me."

Zadig was still uncertain whether he had to do with a man more foolish or more wise than all other men; but the hermit spoke with a tone of such superiority, that Zadig, bound besides by his oath, felt constrained to follow him.

In the evening they arrived at a house built in a pleasing but simple style, where nothing betokened either prodigality or avarice. The master was a philosopher who, retired from the world, pursued in peace the study of wisdom and virtue, and who, nevertheless, felt life no tedious burden. It had pleased him to build this retreat, into which he welcomed strangers with a generosity which was free from ostentation. He went himself to meet the travellers, and ushered them into a comfortable apartment, where he first left them to repose awhile. Some time afterwards he came in person to invite them to a clean and well-cooked meal, during which he spoke with great good sense about the latest revolutions in Babylon. He seemed sincerely attached to the queen, and expressed a wish that Zadig had appeared in the lists as a competitor for the crown.

"But mankind," added he, "do not deserve to have a king like Zadig."

The latter blushed, and felt his disappointment return with double force. In the course of conversation it was generally agreed that matters in this world do not always fall out as the wisest men would wish. The hermit maintained throughout that we are ignorant of the ways of Providence, and that men are wrong in judging of the whole by the very small part which alone they are able to perceive.

They spoke of the passions. "Ah! how fatal they are!" said Zadig.

"They are the winds that swell the sails of the vessel," replied the hermit; "they sometimes sink the vessel, but it could not make way without them. The bile makes men choleric and sick, but

without bile they could not live. Everything here below has its danger, and yet everything is necessary."

Then they spoke of pleasure, and the hermit proved that it is a gift of the Deity.

"For," said he, "man can give himself neither sensation nor idea, he receives them all; pain and pleasure come to him from without like his very existence."

Zadig marvelled how a man who had acted so extravagantly could argue so well. At length, after a discourse as profitable as it was agreeable, their host conducted the two travellers back to their apartment, blessing heaven for having sent him two men so virtuous and so wise; and he offered them money in a frank and easy manner that could give no offence. The hermit, however, refused it, and told him that he must now take leave of him, as he purposed departing for Babylon before morning. Their parting was affectionate, Zadig especially felt full of esteem and love for so amiable a man.

When the hermit and he were alone in their chamber, they passed a long time in praising their host. The old man at daybreak awoke his comrade.

"We must start," said he, "while all the household is asleep. I wish to leave this man a token of my regard and affection."

Saying these words, he seized a light, and set fire to the house. Zadig uttered a cry of horror, and would fain have prevented him from committing so dreadful a deed, but the hermit dragged him away by superior force, and the house was soon in flames. The hermit, who was now at a safe distance with his companion, calmly watched it burning.

"Thank God!" said he; "there goes the house of my dear host, destroyed from basement to roof! Happy man!"

At these words Zadig was tempted at once to burst out laughing, to overwhelm the reverend father with reproaches, to beat him, and to fly from him; but he did none of these things; still overawed by the hermit's dominating influence, he followed him in spite of himself to their last quarters for the night.

It was at the house of a charitable and virtuous widow, who had a nephew fourteen years of age, full of engaging qualities, and her only hope. She did the honours of her house as well as she could, and on the morrow she bade her nephew conduct the

travellers as far as a bridge which, having broken down a short time before, was now dangerous to cross. The lad walked before them with alacrity. When they were on the bridge, the hermit said to the youth: "Come, I must prove my gratitude to your aunt."

Then he seized him by the hair, and threw him into the river. The boy sank, rose for a moment above the water, and was then swallowed up by the torrent.

"O monster! Most wicked of all mankind!" exclaimed Zadig.

"You promised to be more patient," said the hermit, interrupting him. "Know that under the ruins of that house to which Providence set fire, the master has found an immense treasure; and that this youth, whose neck Providence has twisted, would have murdered his aunt within a year, and yourself within two."

"Savage, who told you so?" cried Zadig; "and though you may have read this event in your book of destiny, are you allowed to drown a child who has done you no harm?"

While the Babylonian was speaking, he perceived that the old man had no longer a beard, and that his countenance assumed the features of youth. The habit of a hermit disappeared; four beautiful wings covered a form majestic and glittering with light.

"O messenger from heaven! Divine angel!" cried Zadig, falling on his knees; "art thou then descended from the empyrean to teach a feeble mortal to submit to the eternal decrees?"

"Mankind," said the angel Jesrad, "judge of everything when knowing nothing; of all men you were the one who most deserved to be enlightened."

Zadig asked if he might have permission to speak.

"I distrust myself," said he, "but may I venture to ask thee to resolve my doubt? Would it not have been better to have corrected this youth, and to have rendered him virtuous, than to drown him?"

Jesrad answered: "If he had been virtuous, and had continued to live, it would have been his destiny to be murdered himself, together with the wife he was to marry, and the son whom she was to bear."

"What!" said Zadig, "is it inevitable then that there should be crimes and misfortunes? The misfortunes, too, fall upon the good!"

"The wicked," answered Jesrad, "are always unhappy; they serve to try a small number of righteous men scattered over the

earth, and there is no evil from which some good does not spring."

"But," said Zadig, "what if there were only good, and no evil at all?"

"Then," answered Jesrad, "this earth would be another world, the chain of events would be ordered by wisdom of another kind; and this order, which would be perfect, can only exist in the eternal abode of the Supreme Being, which evil cannot approach. He has created millions of worlds, not one of which can resemble another. This boundless variety is an attribute of His boundless power. There are not two leaves of a tree upon this earth, nor two globes in the infinite fields of heaven, which are alike, and everything that you see on this little atom where you have been born must fill its own place, and exist in its own fixed time, according to the immutable decrees of Him who embraces all. Men think that this child who has just perished fell into the water by accident, that it was by accident likewise that that house was burned; but there is no such thing as accident; all that takes place is either a trial, or a punishment, or a reward, or a providential dispensation. Remember that fisherman who deemed himself the most miserable of men. Ormuzd sent you to change his destiny. Feeble mortal, cease to dispute against that which it is your duty to adore."

"But," said Zadig . . .

As the word was on his lips, the angel was already winging his way towards the tenth sphere. Zadig on his knees adored Providence, and was resigned. The angel cried to him from high: "Take your way towards Babylon."

Chapter 21

THE RIDDLES

ZADIG, IN A STATE OF BEWILDERMENT, AND LIKE A MAN AT WHOSE side the lightning has fallen, walked on at random. He entered Babylon on the day when those who had contended in the lists were already assembled in the grand vestibule of the palace to solve the riddles, and to answer the questions of the grand magian. All the knights were there, except him of the green armour. As

soon as Zadig appeared in the city, the people gathered round him; they could not satisfy their eyes with the sight of him, their mouths with blessing him, or their hearts with wishing him to be king. The Envious man saw him pass, trembled, and turned aside, while the people escorted him to the place of the assembly. The queen, to whom his arrival was announced, became a prey to the agitation of fear and hope; she was devoured with uneasiness, and could not comprehend why Zadig was unarmed, and how it came to pass that Itobad wore the white armour. A confused murmur arose at the sight of Zadig. All were surprised and delighted to see him again; but only the knights who had taken part in the tournament were permitted to appear in the assembly.

"I have fought like the others," said he; "but another here wears my armour, and, while I must wait to have the honour of proving it, I ask leave to present myself in order to explain the riddles."

The question was put to the vote; his reputation for integrity was still so deeply impressed on the minds of all, that there was no hesitation about admitting him.

The grand magian first proposed this question: "What, of all things in the world, is alike the longest and shortest, the quickest and the slowest, the most minutely divided and the most widely extended, the most neglected and the most regretted, without which nothing can be done, which devours everything that is little, and confers life on everything that is great?"

Itobad was to speak first; he answered that such a man as he understood nothing about riddles, that it was enough for him to have conquered by the might of his arm. Some said that the answer to the riddle was fortune; according to others it was the earth, and according to others again light.

Zadig said that it was time: "Nothing is longer," added he, "since it is the measure of eternity; nothing is shorter, since it fails to accomplish our projects. There is nothing slower to one who waits, nothing quicker to one who enjoys. It extends to infinity in greatness, it is infinitely divisible in minuteness. All men neglect it, all regret its loss. Nothing is done without it. It buries in oblivion all that is unworthy of being handed down to posterity; and it confers immortality upon all things that are great."

The assembly agreed that Zadig's answer was the right one.

The next question was: "What is it which we receive without acknowledgment, which we enjoy without knowing how, which

we bestow on others when we know nothing about it, and which we lose without perceiving the loss?"

Everybody had his own explanation. Zadig alone guessed that it was life, and explained all the other riddles with the same readiness. Itobad said on each occasion that nothing was easier, and that he would have come to the same conclusion with equal facility, if he had cared to give himself the trouble. Questions were afterwards propounded on justice, the chief good, and the art of government. Zadig's replies were pronounced the soundest.

"What a pity," it was said, "that one whose judgment is so good should be so bad a knight!"

"Illustrious lords," said Zadig, "I have had the honour of conquering in the lists. It is to me that the white armour belongs. The lord Itobad possessed himself of it while I slept; he thought, apparently, that it would become him better than the green. I am ready to prove upon his person forthwith before you all, in this garb and armed only with my sword, against all this fine white armour which he has stolen from me, that it was I who had the honour of vanquishing brave Otame."

Itobad accepted the challenge with the greatest confidence. He felt no doubt that, armed as he was with helmet, breastplate, and brassarts, he would soon see the last of a champion arrayed in a nightcap and a dressing gown. Zadig drew his sword, and saluted the queen, who gazed on him with the deepest emotion of mingled joy and alarm. Itobad unsheathed his weapon without saluting anyone. He advanced upon Zadig like a man who had nothing to fear, and made ready to cleave his head open. Zadig adroitly parried the stroke, opposing the strongest part of his sword to the weakest part of that of his adversary, in such a way that Itobad's blade was broken. Then Zadig, seizing his enemy round the waist, hurled him to the ground, and, holding the point of his sword where the breastplate ended, said:

"Submit to be disarmed, or I take your life."

Itobad, who was always surprised at any disgrace which befell such a man as he, suffered Zadig to do what he pleased, who peaceably relieved him of his splendid helmet, his superb breastplate, his fine brassarts, and his glittering thigh-pieces, put them on himself again, and ran in this array to throw himself at Astarte's knees.

Cador had no difficulty in proving that the armour belonged

to Zadig. He was acknowledged king by unanimous consent, and most of all by Astarte, who tasted, after so many adversities, the delight of seeing her lover regarded by all the world as worthy of being her husband. Itobad went away to hear himself called his lordship in his own house. Zadig was made king, and he was happy. What the angel Jesrad had said to him was present to his mind, and he even remembered the grain of sand which became a diamond. The queen and he together adored Providence. Zadig left the beautiful and capricious Missouf to range the world at will. He sent in search of the brigand Arbogad, gave him an honourable post in his army, and promised to promote him to the highest rank, if he behaved himself like a true warrior, but threatened to have him hanged, if he followed the trade of a robber.

Setoc was summoned from the heart of Arabia, together with the fair Almona, and set at the head of the commerce of Babylon. Cador was loved and honoured, receiving an appointment such as his services deserved; he was the king's friend, and Zadig was then the only monarch upon earth who had one. The little mute was not forgotten. A fine house was given to the fisherman, while Orcan was condemned to pay him a large sum, and to give him back his wife; but the fisherman, now grown wise, took the money only.

The fair Semira was inconsolable for having believed that Zadig would be blind of an eye; and Azora never ceased lamenting that she had wished to cut off his nose. He soothed their sorrow with presents. The Envious man died of rage and shame. The empire enjoyed peace, glory, and abundance; that age was the best which the earth had known, for it was ruled by justice and by love. All men blessed Zadig, and Zadig blessed heaven.

The manuscript containing Zadig's history ends here. We know that he experienced many other adventures which have been faithfully recorded. Interpreters of oriental tongues are requested, if they should meet with any such records, to make them public.

END OF THE STORY OF ZADIG

THE PRINCESS OF BABYLON

Chapter 1

AGED BELUS, KING OF BABYLON, THOUGHT HIMSELF THE FIRST man in the world, for all his courtiers told him so, and his historiographers proved it to him. What may possibly excuse his ridiculous idea is that his predecessors had certainly built Babylon more than thirty thousand years before him, and that he had improved it. Everyone knows that his palace and his park a few parasangs outside Babylon stretched from the Tigris to the Euphrates, which bathed this enchanted river-side spot. His vast house with its façade three thousand paces long touched the clouds; its flat roof had a white marble balustrade fifty feet high which bore colossal statues of all the kings and great men of the empire. This roof was composed of two rows of bricks covered from end to end with a thick layer of lead on which had been spread twelve feet of earth; on this earth had been grown forests of olive-trees, lemon-trees, orange-trees, palms, clove-trees, cocoa-nut palms, and cinnamon bushes, which were arranged in avenues into which the sun's rays could not penetrate.

The waters of the Euphrates, pumped through a hundred hollow pillars, filled huge marble basins in the gardens and then, falling back through other channels, went into the park, where they formed cascades six thousand feet long with a hundred thousand fountains that played so high they could barely be seen; thence they returned to the Euphrates whence they had come. The gardens of Semiramis that amazed Asia several centuries later were but a faint imitation of these ancient marvels; for in the time of Semiramis everything to do with men and women started to degenerate.

What, however, was most admirable in Babylon and eclipsed all the rest was the king's only daughter, by name Formosante. It was upon her portraits and statues that Praxiteles centuries later modelled his Aphrodite and the statue that was called "The Venus

with the Beautiful Buttocks." Heavens! what a difference between the original and the copies! Belus was prouder of his daughter than he was of his kingdom. She was eighteen years old: she must have a husband worthy of her; but where could he be found? An ancient oracle had commanded that Formosante should belong to none but him who should bend Nimrod's bow. This Nimrod, great hunter in the eyes of God, had left a bow seven Babylonian feet long, made of ebony harder than the Caucasian iron that is forged in the forges of Derbent; and no mortal, from the time of Nimrod, had been able to draw this marvellous bow.

It was said further that the arm that bent this bow would also kill the most terrible and dangerous lion loosed in the arena of Babylon. That was not all: the bender of the bow, the conqueror of the lion, had to beat all his rivals; but particularly must he have a great deal of wit, be the most magnificent man and the most virtuous, and possess the rarest thing there was on the whole earth.

Three kings who dared fight for possession of Formosante presented themselves; they were the Pharaoh of Egypt, the Shah of the Indies and the Khan of the Scythians. Belus appointed a day and fixed for the combat a spot at the end of the park, in the vast space that was bordered by the united waters of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Around the field was erected a marble amphitheatre which could hold five hundred thousand spectators. Opposite the amphitheatre was the throne of His Majesty the King who would appear with Formosante accompanied by the whole court. On the right and on the left, between the throne and the amphitheatre, were other thrones and other seats for the three kings and all the other sovereigns who would be curious to see this awe-inspiring ceremony.

The King of Egypt arrived first, mounted on the bull Apis and carrying the sistrum of Isis in his hand. He was followed by two thousand priests clad in linen robes that were whiter than snow, by two thousand eunuchs, two thousand magicians and two thousand warriors.

The King of the Indies arrived soon after in a chariot drawn by twelve elephants. He had a retinue still more brilliant and numerous than the Pharaoh of Egypt.

The last to appear was the King of the Scythians. With him he had none but chosen warriors armed with bows and arrows. His

mount was a superb tiger which he had tamed; it was as tall as the most beautiful Persian horses. This monarch's form, imposing and majestic, quite eclipsed those of his rivals; his bare arms, as brawny as they were white, seemed already to be bending Nimrod's bow.

The three kings first of all bowed low before Belus and Formosante. The King of Egypt offered the princess two of the most beautiful Nile crocodiles, two hippopotamuses, two zebras, two ichneumons and two mummies, with the books of the great Hermes which he considered were the rarest things on the earth.

The King of the Indies offered her a hundred elephants, each bearing a tower of gilded wood, and laid at her feet the Veda written in Xaca's own hand.

The King of the Scythians, who could neither read nor write, presented a hundred chargers covered with black-fox saddle-cloths.

The princess dropped her eyes before her suitors, and bowed with a grace as modest as it was dignified.

Belus had these monarchs conducted to the thrones that had been prepared for them. "If only I had three daughters," he said to them, "I should to-day make six people happy." He then had lots drawn as to who should be the first to try Nimrod's bow. The names of the three claimants were put in a golden casque. The King of Egypt's came out first, then followed the King of the Indies. The Scythian King, looking at the bow and at his rivals, was not at all sorry to be the third.

While preparations were being made for these glorious trials, twenty thousand pages and twenty thousand young girls quietly went between the seats distributing refreshments to the spectators. Everybody avowed that the gods had invented kings for the sole purpose of having feast-days every day, always providing there should be variety of amusement; that life is too short to be wasted in any other way, that the law-suits, wars, intrigues and clerical disputes that fill human life are absurd and horrible things; that man was born for joy; that he would not have a perpetual passionate love of pleasure had he not been made for pleasure; that the most vital thing in human nature is to enjoy oneself, and all the rest is folly. Nothing but the facts give the lie to this excellent ethical code.

As the trials that would decide the fate of Formosante were about to begin, an unknown youth mounted on a unicorn, accompanied by his servant similarly mounted, and carrying a big

bird on his wrist, presented himself at the barrier. The guards were surprised to see in this equipage a figure that had something in it of the divine. It was, as has been said since, the face of Adonis on the frame of Hercules, majesty arm in arm with grace. His black eyebrows and long fair hair, a blend of handsome features unknown in Babylon, charmed the crowd; everyone in the amphitheatre stood up the better to see; all the women of the court fixed marvelling eyes on him; even Formosante, who always lowered her eyes, raised them and blushed; the three kings paled: all the spectators, comparing Formosante with the unknown, cried: "This is the only young man in the world as beautiful as the princess."

The stewards, overcome with astonishment, asked if he were a king. The stranger replied that he had not that honour, but that he had come from a great distance out of curiosity to see if there were any kings worthy of Formosante. He was conducted to the first row of the amphitheatre with his servant, his two unicorns and his bird. He bowed deeply to Belus, his daughter, the three kings and the whole assemblage, and then took his place blushing. His two unicorns stretched themselves at his feet, his bird perched on his shoulder, and his servant who was carrying a little bag sat beside him.

The trials began. Nimrod's bow was drawn out of its golden case. The grand master of ceremonies, followed by fifty pages and preceded by twenty trumpeters, presented it to the King of Egypt, who had it blessed by his priests; and having placed it on the head of the bull Apis he had no doubt as to his carrying off this first victory. He went down into the middle of the arena, tried, exhausted his strength, twisted himself into contortions that excited the amphitheatre's laughter, and made even Formosante smile.

His grand almoner approached him: "May it please Your Majesty," he said, "to renounce this vain honour that is but one of sinew and muscle; you will triumph in the rest of the contest: you will vanquish the lion, because you carry the sabre of Osiris. The princess of Babylon is to belong to the prince with the most wit, and you have guessed riddles; she is to marry the most virtuous man, you are he because you have been brought up by the priests of Egypt; the most generous man is to carry her off, and you have given her the two most lovely crocodiles and the two finest ichneumons in the Delta; you own the bull Apis and the book of Hermes,

which are the rarest things in the universe; nobody can dispute your right to Formosante."

"You are right," said the King of Egypt; and he returned to his throne.

The bow was placed in the hands of the King of the Indies. He had blisters on them for the next fifteen days, and consoled himself with assuming that the King of the Scythians would have no better luck.

In his turn the Scythian handled the bow. To his strength he added skill; in his hands the bow seemed to acquire a certain elasticity; he made it bend a little, but he never succeeded in drawing it. The amphitheatre, in which this prince's pleasant features inspired a favourable bias, groaned at his want of success, and judged the lovely princess would never be married.

Then the young unknown came down into the arena with a bound, and addressing the King of the Scythians: "Let not Your Majesty be surprised," he said, "at not having been entirely successful. These ebony bows are made in my country; one only has to give them a certain twist; you merit much more in having bent it than I can do in drawing it." Immediately, he took an arrow, fixed it on the cord, bent the bow of Nimrod and sent the arrow flying right beyond the barrier. A million hands applauded this miracle. Babylon re-echoed with their cheers, and all the women said: "How fortunate that such a good-looking boy is so strong!"

He then drew from his pocket a little ivory plate, wrote on it with a gold needle, attached the ivory tablet to the bow, and presented the whole to the princes with a grace that enchanted everyone present. Then he returned modestly to his place between his bird and his servant. The whole of Babylon was on tenter-hooks; the three kings were utterly confounded, and the unknown did not seem to notice it.

Formosante was still more surprised to read on the ivory tablet attached to the bow these little verses in Beautiful Chaldean:—

Nimrod's bow is the bow of War,
And Love's bow is the bow of bliss;
You hold it. This god conqueror
Through you the whole world vanquishes.
Three potent rivals, three great kings,

Dare claim the mark of your esteem:
To whomsoe'er your pleasure swings,
The universe will envy him.

This little madrigal did not displease the princess at all. It was criticised by several grandees of the old court, who said that in the good old times Belus would have been likened to the sun and Formosante to the moon, her neck to a tower and her breast to a bushel of wheat. They said the stranger had no imagination, that he did not keep to the rules of true poetry. But all the ladies thought his verses very gallant. They marvelled that a man who could draw a bow so well should have so much wit. The princess's lady-in-waiting said to her: "Madam, here is pure waste of talent, of what use will his wit and Belus' bow be to this young man?"

"To make him admired," answered Formosante.

"Ah!" muttered the lady-in-waiting between her teeth, "another madrigal and maybe she will be in love with him."

Meanwhile Belus, who had consulted his Magi, announced that although none of the three kings had been able to draw Nimrod's bow, his daughter had to be married none the less, and that she should belong to the man who succeeded in beating the great lion that was being bred in the menagerie for this express purpose.

The King of Egypt, who had been educated in all his country's wisdom, thought it very ridiculous to expose a king to wild beasts in order to marry him. He admitted that to possess Formosante was a great prize, but he contended that if the lion killed him he could never marry the beautiful Babylonian maid. The King of the Indies held the same view as the King of Egypt; they both thought the King of Babylon was making fun of them, that someone would have to send an army to punish him, and that both of them had sufficient subjects who would consider themselves highly honoured to die in their masters' service without it costing their masters one hair of their sacred heads; that they could easily dethrone the King of Babylon, and that when they had done so they would draw lots for lovely Formosante.

When they had come to this agreement, the two kings sent express orders to each of their countries for the gathering together of an army of three hundred thousand men for the purpose of carrying Formosante off.

Meanwhile the King of the Scythians went down into the arena

alone with his scimitar in his hand. He was not desperately smitten with Formosante's charms; up to date glory had been his sole passion; and it was glory had brought him to Babylon. He wanted to show that if the Kings of Egypt and the Indies were too prudent to compromise themselves with the lion, he at any rate was brave enough not to despise such a combat, and that he would restore the honour of the diadem. His rare courage did not allow him to use his tiger's help even. He went forward alone, lightly armed, his head covered by a steel helmet decorated with gold and shaded by three horses' tails as white as snow.

The biggest lion that was ever bred in the mountains of Eastern Lebanon was let loose against him. Its terrible claws seemed capable of rending three kings at once, and its vast jaws of devouring them. His frightful roars made the amphitheatre re-echo. The two proud champions swiftly hurled themselves at each other. The brave Scythian drove his sword into the lion's throat, but the point met one of its thick teeth that nothing could pierce, and was shivered to splinters; the king of the forest, maddened with the wound, was already fixing its bloody claws in the king's flank when the young unknown, touched by such a brave prince's peril, rushed into the arena as quickly as lightning, and cut off the lion's head with the same dexterity as has since been seen among our adroit knights. Then, taking out a little box, he presented it to the King of the Scythians. "In this little box," he said, "Your Majesty will find some of the genuine dittany that grows in my country. Your glorious wounds will be healed in an instant. Luck alone has hindered your triumphing over the lion; your courage is none the less marvellous."

The Scythian king, touched more by gratitude than by vanity, thanked his deliverer, and after tenderly embracing him returned to his quarters to apply the dittany to his wounds.

The unknown gave the lion's head to his servant, who washed it in the great fountain beneath the amphitheatre and, having drained out all the blood, pulled out the lion's forty teeth with an iron he took from his little bag, and put diamonds of equal size in their place.

His master returned to his seat with his habitual modesty. He gave the lion's head to his bird. "Beautiful bird," he said, "carry this small mark of homage to Formosante's feet." The bird flew away with this terrible trophy in one of its claws; it presented

it to the princess with a humble inclination of its neck as it cringed before her. The forty diamonds dazzled all eyes. Such magnificence was as yet unknown in splendid Babylon: the emerald, topaz, sapphire and carbuncle were still looked on as the most precious jewels. Belus and the whole court were dumbfounded with admiration. The bird which offered this gift astonished them still more. It was like an eagle, but its eyes were as soft and gentle as an eagle's are proud and threatening. Its beak was rose-coloured and seemed to have something of Formosante's lovely mouth. Its neck was of all the colours of the rainbow mingled, but more brilliant and vivid. A thousand shades of gold shone in its plumage. Its feet seemed of silver and purple mixed; and the tails of the lovely birds that have been harnessed since to Juno's chariot did not approach this bird's tail for beauty.

The attention, curiosity, amazement and ecstasy of the entire court was torn between the diamonds and the bird. It perched on the balustrade between Belus and Formosante; she stroked it, fondled it, kissed it. It seemed to accept her caresses with mingled pleasure and respect. When the princess kissed it, it returned the kisses and then looked at her with affectionate eyes. It took some biscuits and pistachios from her with its purple and silver claw, and bore them to its beak with inexpressible grace.

Belus, who had been carefully considering the diamonds, came to the conclusion that one of his provinces could barely afford so rich a present. He ordered to be prepared for the young unknown gifts still more magnificent than those destined for the three kings. "This young man," he said, "is doubtless the son of the King of China or of that part of the world that is called Europe, of which I have heard speak, or of Africa, which is I believe near the kingdom of Egypt."

He at once sent his Master of the Horse to compliment the unknown and ask him if he were king of one of these empires and why, seeing he was possessor of such amazing treasures, he had come with only one servant and a small bag.

While the Master of the Horse was on his way to the amphitheatre to fulfil his mission, another servant arrived on a unicorn. The servant spoke to the young man. "Ormar," he said, "your father is at the point of death and I have come to warn you of it." The unknown raised his eyes to the sky, wept, and said but three words: "Let us depart."

The Master of the Horse having delivered Belus' compliments to the lion's conqueror, to the donor of the forty diamonds and the master of the beautiful bird, asked the servant the kingdom of which this young hero's father was sovereign. The servant answered: "His father is an old shepherd who is very much loved in the district."

During this short conversation the unknown had already mounted his unicorn. He turned to the Master of the Horse. "My lord," he said, "deign to make my obeisances to Belus and his daughter. I dare beg her to take great care of the bird I leave her; it is as unique as she is." As he said these words the unicorn shot forward like a shaft of lightning; the two servants followed and were lost to sight.

Formosante could not restrain a great cry. The bird turned towards the amphitheatre where its master had been seated and seemed very sad not to see him. Then, with its eyes fixed on the princess, it gently rubbed her hand with its beak, and appeared to dedicate itself to her service.

Belus, in greater astonishment than ever, learned that this young man was a shepherd's son and could not believe it. He sent messengers after him at post haste, but news soon came back that the unicorns on which the men were galloping could not be overtaken, and at the speed they were travelling should cover a hundred leagues a day.

Chapter 2

EVERYONE DISCUSSED THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE AND EXHAUSTED themselves in vain conjecture. How could a shepherd's son give forty big diamonds away? Why was he mounted on a unicorn? They lost themselves in speculation, and Formosante caressed her bird plunged in profound reverie.

Her first cousin, Princess Aldée, a well-made girl nearly as lovely as she was, said to her: "Cousin, I do not know if this young demi-god is a shepherd's son, but as far as I can see he has fulfilled all the conditions attached to your marriage. He has drawn Nimrod's bow, and conquered the lion, he has plenty of wit, seeing that he composed a pretty enough impromptu verse for you. After the

forty diamonds he gave you, you cannot deny he is the most generous of men. In his bird he has one of the rarest things in the world. His virtue is unequalled, seeing that he could have stayed by your side but that without second thought he left at once to see his sick father. The oracle is satisfied on all points except the one that demands he should vanquish his rivals; but he has done even more, he has saved the life of the only competitor he could fear, and when the question arises of beating the other two I do not think you need have any doubts as to his easy success."

"All you say is very true," answered Formosante, "but is it possible for the greatest, and maybe the most lovable, man to be a shepherd's son?"

The lady-in-waiting joining in the conversation said that very often the word shepherd was applied to kings, that they were called "shepherds" because they clip their flocks very close, that it was doubtless a poor joke on the servant's part, that the young man had come with such a meagre retinue but to show how much his merit alone was above the kings' pageantry, and so that he might owe Formosante to nothing but himself. The only reply the princess made was to give her bird a thousand affectionate kisses.

Meanwhile, a great feast was being prepared for the three kings and all the princes who had come to the festival. The king's daughter and niece were to preside. Presents worthy of the magnificence of Babylon were taken to the kings. While waiting for the banquet to be served, Belus assembled his council for the discussion of lovely Formosante's marriage, and addressed them in his capacity of a great statesman.

"I am old," he said, "and know no longer what to do nor to whom to give my daughter. The man who deserved her is nothing but a vile shepherd; the King of Egypt and the King of the Indies are cowards; the King of the Scythians pleases me well enough, but he has fulfilled none of the conditions. I am going to consult the oracle again. Meanwhile deliberate, and we will come to a decision when the oracle has spoken. A king must always be guided by the express orders of the immortal gods."

He went to his chapel forthwith; the oracle answered him in a very few words, as was its custom: "Thy daughter will not be married until she has travelled all over the world." Belus was amazed, and returned to the council with this reply.

All the ministers had a profound respect for oracles; they all

agreed, or pretended to agree, that oracles were the foundation-stones of religion; that reason must keep silence before them; that it is through them that kings reign over nations, and priests over kings; that without oracles there would be neither peace nor virtue on earth. Finally, after demonstrating the most profound reverence for oracles in general, they all decided that this one in particular was exceeding impudent and should not be obeyed; that nothing was more unbecoming for a girl, and especially for a girl who was the King of Babylon's daughter, than to gad about the world heaven knew where; that that was the real way not to get married, or to contract a clandestine marriage, a shameful marriage, a ridiculous marriage; in a word, that this oracle was lacking in common sense.

The youngest of the ministers, Onadase by name, who had more wit than the others, said the oracle doubtless was indicating some pilgrimage, and he offered himself as the princess's guide and guard. The council came over to his way of thinking, but each minister wanted to serve the princess as squire. The king decided that the princess should go three hundred parasangs on the road to Arabia to a temple, the patron saint of which had the reputation of procuring happy marriages for girls, and that the dean of the council should accompany her. This decision made, they all went to sup.

Chapter 3

FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE GARDENS, BETWEEN TWO CASCADES, rose an oval saloon three hundred feet in diameter. Its blue vaulted roof was sown with golden stars representing all the constellations and the planets each in its right place. This vault revolved by means of machinery as invisible as that which controls the movements of the heavens. A hundred thousand wax lights in rock-crystal cylinders lit the banqueting-hall inside and out; a tiered sideboard carried twenty thousand golden vessels and dishes, and opposite the sideboard were other tiers filled with musicians. There were two other amphitheatres, one charged with fruit of all seasons, the other with crystal amphoras, where glistened all the wines of the world.

The guests took their seats round a table divided into compartments representing flowers and fruit all in precious stones. Lovely Formosante sat between the Kings of Egypt and the Indies, lovely Aldée beside the King of the Scythians. There were about thirty princes, and each was seated next to one of the most lovely ladies of the palace. The King of Babylon was seated in the middle, opposite his daughter, and seemed torn between grief at being unable to marry his daughter and joy at being still able to keep her. Formosante asked his permission to put her bird on the table beside her. The king was much pleased with the idea.

The music gave each prince complete liberty to talk to his neighbour. The banquet seemed as pleasant as it was splendid. A ragout of which her royal father was very fond was placed before Formosante. The princess said it should be placed before His Majesty; immediately the bird seized the dish with marvellous dexterity and presented it to the king. Never was anyone at supper more astonished. Belus fondled the bird as much as did his daughter. The bird then flew back beside her. In its flight it spread such a lovely tail, its opened wings showed such an array of brilliant colours, its golden plumage threw so dazzling a light, that all eyes were turned to it. All the musicians stopped playing and stayed motionless. Nobody ate, nobody spoke: the only sound was a murmur of admiration. The Princess of Babylon kissed the bird throughout the banquet, without dreaming there were such things as kings in the world. The sovereigns of Egypt and the Indies felt their indignation and annoyance redouble, and both promised themselves to hasten the march of their three hundred thousand men of vengeance.

As regards the King of the Scythians, he was occupied in talking to lovely Aldée: without being annoyed, his proud heart despised Formosante for her inattention, and regarded her more with indifference than anger. "I admit she is lovely," he said; "but she seems to me to be one of those women who think of nothing but their beauty and believe that the whole human race should feel itself under an obligation to them when they show themselves in public. We do not worship idols in my country. I would rather have a plain girl who was complaisant than this beautiful statue. You, madam, are as attractive as she is, and at least you condescend to talk to strangers. I confess to you with Scythian frankness that I would give you the preference over your

cousin." He was mistaken, however, over Formosante's character; she was not so scornful as she appeared; but his compliment pleased Princess Aldée immensely. Their talk became very interesting: they were both very content and already sure of one another when they rose from table.

After supper everyone went to stroll in the groves. Aldée and the King of the Scythians did not fail to find a lonely summer-house.

Aldée, who was frankness itself, spoke as follows to this prince: "I do not hate my cousin in the least," she said, "although she is more beautiful than I am and is destined to be Queen of Babylon: the honour of pleasing you is compensation for the charms I lack. I prefer Scythia with you to the crown of Babylon without you; but this crown is rightfully mine, if there are any rights in the world, for I come of the elder branch of Nimrod, and Formosante comes of the younger only. Her grandfather dethroned mine and killed him."

"So blood is not thicker than water in the house of Babylon, then!" said the Scythian. "What was your grandfather's name?"

"Aldée, the same as mine: my father had the same name: he was banished to the depths of the empire with my mother, and after their death Belus, fearing nothing from me, wished to bring me up with his daughter; but he has decided I shall never be married."

"I will avenge your father, your grandfather and you," said the King of the Scythians. "I will answer for your being married; I shall carry you off the day after to-morrow early in the morning, for I have to dine to-morrow with the King of Babylon, and I shall return with an army of three hundred thousand men to maintain your rights."

"That will be lovely," said beautiful Aldée; and after pledging their word of honour they parted.

Matchless Formosante had long been in bed. Beside her bed she had an orange-tree in a silver case placed, for her bird to rest in. Her curtains were drawn, but she had no desire to sleep; her imagination and her heart were too wide awake. She saw the charming unknown before her, he was shooting an arrow with Nimrod's bow; she watched him cut off the lion's head; she repeated his madrigal: and finally she saw him escape from the crowd on his unicorn's back; she burst out sobbing. "I shall never see him again," she wept; "I know he will never come back."

"He will come back, madam," answered the bird from the top of the orange-tree: "is it possible to see you once and not to see you again?"

"O heaven!" cried the princess, "eternal powers! my bird speaks pure Chaldean!" As she said these words she drew back the curtains, stretched out her arms to the bird and kneeled on her bed. "Are you a god come down to earth? Are you the great Ormuzd hidden beneath this lovely plumage? If you are god, give me back this beautiful young man."

"I am but a winged creature," said the other, "but I was born at the time when all the animals still spoke, and birds, snakes, she-donkeys, horses and griffons communed intimately with mankind. I did not want to speak before everyone, for fear your ladies-in-waiting should take me for a sorcerer: I do not wish to reveal myself to anyone but you."

Formosante, dumbfounded, bewildered, intoxicated with so many marvels, agitated with eagerness to ask a hundred questions all at once, asked the bird first of all how old it was.

"Twenty-seven thousand nine hundred years and six months, madam. I am as old as that small revolution of the heavens that your Magi call the 'Precession of the Equinoxes' and which is effected in about twenty-eight thousand of your years. There are infinitely longer revolutions, and there are many beings much older than I am. I learned Chaldean twenty-two thousand years ago in one of my travels; I have always had a great liking for the Chaldean language, but my colleagues, the other animals, have given up talking in your climate."

"Why, divine bird?"

"I am sorry to say that it is because men have got into the habit of eating us, instead of talking to us and increasing their stock of knowledge. The savages! Could they not be satisfied that, seeing we had the same organs as they had, the same emotions, needs, desires, we had also just like them what is called a 'soul'; that we were their brothers, and that only the wicked should be killed and eaten? We are so much your brothers that the great Being, the eternal Creator, having made a covenant with mankind, expressly included us in it. He forbade you to nourish yourselves on our blood and us to suck yours.

"The fables of your ancient Lokman, translated into so many languages, will bear eternal witness to the happy intercourse you

had with us once upon a time. They begin with these words— 'In the time when the beasts spoke.' It is true there are many women among you who still speak to their dogs, but the dogs are determined not to reply since the time when they were forced with blows of the whip to go hunting and be accomplices in the murder of our former common friends, the stags, the deer, the hares, and the partridges.

"You have poems still more ancient in which horses speak, and your coachmen speak to them every day; but so roughly and with such infamous words that the horses that once upon a time loved you dearly to-day loathe you.

"The land where your charming unknown, the most perfect of men, lives is the only land in which your species still loves ours and speaks to it; and it is the only country in the world where men are just."

"And where is my dear unknown's country? what is this hero's name? what is the name of his empire? for I no more believe he is a shepherd than I believe you are a bat."

"His country, madam, is that of the Gangarides, a virtuous and invincible race that lives on the right bank of the river Ganges. My friend's name is Amazan. He is not king, and I don't know that he would even lower himself to be king; he loves his compatriots too much: he is, like them, a shepherd. But do not run away with the idea that those shepherds resemble yours who, barely covered with wornout rags, look after sheep that are infinitely better dressed than they are themselves, who groan beneath the burden of their poverty, and who pay an extortioner half the miserable wage they receive from their masters. The shepherds of the Gangarides, all born equal, own the countless flocks that cover their eternally flower-strewn meadows. The flocks are never killed; by the Ganges it is a horrible crime to kill and eat one's fellow creature. Their wool, which is finer and more lustrous than silk, is the biggest trade in the Orient. Besides, the land of the Gangarides produces all the heart of man can desire. Those great diamonds that Amazan had the honour of offering you come from a mine he owns. That unicorn you saw him mount, is the Gangarides' ordinary mount. It is the most lovely, proud, terrible, and gentle animal that adorns the earth. A hundred Gangarides and a hundred unicorns would suffice to rout countless armies. About two centuries ago one of the Kings of the Indies was mad enough

to want to conquer this nation: he was followed by ten thousand elephants and a million warriors. The unicorns transfixed the elephants as on your table I have seen larks transfixed with golden skewers. The warriors fell beneath the Gangarides' sabres just as the rice harvest is cut by the hands of the people of the East. The king was taken prisoner with more than six hundred thousand men. He was washed in the health-giving waters of the Ganges, and he was put on the diet of the country, which consists in living on the vegetables that nature has lavished for the nourishment of all that breathe. Men fed on flesh and steeped in strong liquors all have bitter, fiery blood that makes them mad in a hundred different ways. Their principal dementia is their frenzy for shedding their brothers' blood, and for devastating fertile plains so that they may rule over cemeteries. Six months were spent in curing the King of the Indies of his malady. When at last the doctors judged that his pulse was quieter and his blood cooler, they gave a certificate to that effect to the council of the Gangarides. This council, having taken the advice of the unicorns, sent the King of the Indies back to his own country with great humanity, accompanied by his silly court and his idiotic warriors. This lesson made them wise, and from that time the Indians have respected the Gangarides, just as the ignorant who wish to increase their knowledge respect among your people the Chaldean philosophers they cannot equal."

"By the way, my dear bird," interrupted the princess, "have the Gangarides any religion?"

"Have they any religion? On the days of full moon we gather together to return thanks to God, the men in one great cedar temple, the women in another, for fear their minds may wander; all the birds in one grove, the quadrupeds on a lovely lawn; we thank God for all His beneficence. We have above all some parrots that preach marvellously well.

"Such is the country of my dear Amazan; it is there I live; I have as much friendship for him as the love he has inspired in you. If you believe me we will set off together, and you shall pay him a return visit."

"Really, my bird, you have a very pleasant calling," said the princess smiling; she was burning with envy to make the journey, but did not dare admit it.

"I serve my friend," replied the bird, "and after the happiness

of loving you the next greatest happiness is to serve your love affairs."

Formosante no longer knew where she was; she thought herself transported beyond the world. All she had seen that day, all she saw, all she heard, and above all, all she felt in her heart plunged her in a rapture that far surpassed that which the fortunate Mussulman feels to-day when, freed from his terrestrial bonds, he sees himself in the ninth heaven in the arms of his houris, surrounded by glory and steeped in the happiness of heaven.

Chapter 4

SHE PASSED THE WHOLE NIGHT TALKING OF AMAZAN. SHE NO longer spoke of him as anything but her "shepherd"; and it is from that time that among some nations the names "shepherd" and "lover" have been interchangeable.

Soon she asked the bird if Amazan had had other mistresses. It answered in the negative, and she was in the height of joy. Then she wanted to know how he passed his life; and she learned with delight that he spent his time doing good, in cultivating the arts, in probing nature's secrets, and in making himself more perfect. Then she was curious to learn if the bird's soul was of the same nature as her lover's: why it had lived nearly twenty-eight thousand years whereas her lover was only eighteen or nineteen years old. She posed a hundred similar questions which the bird answered with a discretion that stirred her curiosity. Sleep closed their eyes at last, and handed Formosante over to the sweet illusion of dreams sent by the gods, which surpass even reality sometimes and which all the philosophy of the Chaldeans has great difficulty in explaining.

Formosante did not wake till very late. She was just getting up when her father the king entered. The bird received His Majesty with respectful politeness, walked in front of him and fluttered its wings, stretched its neck, and went back to its orange-tree. The king seated himself on his daughter's bed; her dreams had made her still more beautiful. His long beard drew near the lovely face and when he had given her two kisses, he spoke to her.

"My dear daughter," he said, "you were not able to find a

husband yesterday as I hoped: nevertheless you must have one; the safety of my empire demands it. I have consulted the oracle which as you know never lies, and which governs all my acts; it has ordered me to send you travelling all over the world. You must take a journey."

"Ah! to the land of the Gangarides, doubtless," said the princess, realising as she spoke that she had made a foolish remark. The king, who knew not a word of geography, asked her what she meant by the Gangarides. The princess found a facile evasion. The king told her she had to make a pilgrimage, that he had selected the persons for her suite, the dean of the councillors of state, the grand almoner, one lady-in-waiting, a doctor, an apothecary and her bird, together with all the servants proper.

Formosante, who had never left her father the king's palace, and up to the day of the three kings and Amazan had led but a very insipid life in the etiquette of pomp and the semblance of pleasure, was enchanted at having to make a pilgrimage. "Who knows," she whispered to her heart, "if the gods will not inspire my dear Gangaride with a desire to go to the same chapel, and if I shall not have the good fortune to see my pilgrim again?" She thanked her father tenderly, telling him she had always had a secret devotion to the saint to whom she was being sent.

Belus gave an excellent dinner to his guests; only men were present, and they were a very badly assorted lot. Kings, princes, ministers, pontiffs, all jealous of one another, all weighing their words, all embarrassed by their neighbours and by themselves. Although everyone drank a great deal, it was a dismal repast. The princesses stayed in their apartments, each occupied with her departure. They ate in their little arbour. Formosante went for a walk afterwards with her dear bird, which to amuse itself flew from tree to tree spreading its splendid tail and divine plumage.

The King of Egypt, who was warm with wine, not to say drunk, asked one of his pages for a bow and arrows. This prince was in truth the clumsiest archer in his kingdom. When he aimed at the target the place of greatest safety was the spot he was striving to hit, but the beautiful bird flying as swiftly as the arrow received the blow itself and fell bleeding into Formosante's arms. The Egyptian with a silly laugh returned to his quarters. The princess rent the air with her cries, burst into tears and beat her cheeks and breast. The dying bird whispered to her— "Burn me

and do not fail to bear my ashes towards Arabia Felix to the east of the ancient city of Aden or Eden, and to expose them to the sun on a little pyre of clove and cinnamon." Having uttered these words it died. Formosante fainted and remained a long time in this state; when she came back to her senses it was but to burst into sobs.

Her father shared her grief, and muttering imprecations against the King of Egypt, had no doubts as to this misadventure being an evil portent. He went off in haste to consult the oracle in his chapel. The oracle answered: "Everything mixed up together; dead and alive, faithlessness and constancy, loss and gain, calamities and good fortune." Neither he nor his council could understand a word of it; but he was satisfied anyhow that he had fulfilled the duties his religion imposed on him.

While her father was consulting the oracle, his disconsolate daughter was giving the bird the funeral honours it had ordered; she determined to carry it to Arabia at the risk of her life. It was burned in incombustible linen with the orange-tree on which it had perched; she gathered up the ashes in a small golden vessel surrounded with carbuncles and diamonds taken from the lion's jaws. What would she not have given, instead of accomplishing this sad duty, if she could have burned the detestable King of Egypt alive! it was her one wish. In her vexation she killed his two crocodiles, his two zebras, his two hippopotamuses, his two ichneumons, and had his two mummies thrown into the Euphrates; if she had had his bull Apis she would not have spared it.

The King of Egypt, incensed at this affront, left at once to urge forward the advance of his three hundred thousand men. The King of the Indies, seeing his ally depart, himself returned home the same day. The King of the Scythians slipped away with Princess Aldée during the night, firm in his resolve to come to fight for her at the head of three hundred thousand Scythians, and to give her back the heritage of Babylon which was her due, seeing that she was descended from the elder branch.

On her side lovely Formosante set forth at three o'clock in the morning with her caravan of pilgrims, trusting she would be able to go to Arabia to fulfil her bird's last wishes, and hoping that the justice of the immortal gods would give her back her dear Amazan without whom she could no longer live.

Thus, when the King of Babylon awaked, he found nobody

there. "How the finish of great festivals," he said, "leaves an astonishing void in one's soul after all the bustle!" But he was really right royally wroth when he learned of the abduction of Princess Aldée. He ordered all his ministers to be waked and the council to be convoked. While he was awaiting their arrival he did not fail to consult his oracle, but he could never draw from it any words but these which have since become so famous throughout the universe: "If one does not find girls husbands, they find them for themselves."

The order was given immediately for the advance of three hundred thousand men against the King of the Scythians. Behold the most terrible war flaming out on all sides, produced by the pleasures of the most splendid feast that had ever been given on earth. Asia was going to be desolated by four armies, each of three hundred thousand men. It is quite clear that the Trojan war, which amazed the world some centuries later, was but child's play in comparison; but it must be remembered too that in the Trojan quarrel there was question only of an old and very licentious woman who had herself abducted twice, instead of as here two girls and a bird being concerned.

The King of the Indies went to await his army on the splendid great highway that at that time went direct from Babylon to Kashmir. The King of the Scythians hurried with beautiful Aldée by the fine road that leads to Mount Immaus. Through bad government all these roads have since disappeared. The King of Egypt had marched to the west towards that little Mediterranean Sea which the ignorant Hebrews have since called "The Great Sea."

As for lovely Formosante, she took the road to Bassora planted with tall palm-trees which give eternal shade and fruit in every season. The temple which was the object of her pilgrimage was in Bassora itself. The saint to whom the temple was dedicated was very similar to the one that had been worshipped since at Lampsacus. Not only did he provide girls with husbands, but often acted as husband himself. He was the most fêted saint in all Asia.

Formosante did not worry herself at all about the saint of Bassora; she invoked the aid of no one but her dear Gangaride shepherd, her dear Amazan. She counted on taking ship from Bassora and going to Arabia Felix to fulfil the dead bird's orders.

At the third night's resting-place she had barely entered the

hostelry where her quartermasters had everything prepared for her than she learned that the King of Egypt was coming there too. Informed by his spies of the princess's journey, he had at once changed his route, followed by a numerous escort. On his arrival he placed sentries at all the doors and went up to lovely Formosante's room. "Mademoiselle," he said, "you're the very person I'm looking for. You took small notice of me when I was in Babylon, it is just that scornful, capricious girls should be punished: you will be so good as to sup with me this evening; you shall have none other bed but mine, and I shall do with you as I please."

Formosante saw clearly she was not the stronger; she knew that good sense consists in adapting oneself to circumstances; she made up her mind to free herself from the King of Egypt's clutches by an innocent artifice.

She looked at him out of the corner of her eye, what several centuries later was called "ogling," and this is what she said to him with a modesty, grace, sweetness, embarrassment, and a host of fascinations that would have made the wisest man mad and the most clear-sighted blind: "I admit, sir, that I always dropped my eyes before you when you did my father the king the honour of visiting him. I was afraid of my heart, I feared I was too unsophisticated, too naïve: I trembled lest my father and your rivals should remark the preference I had for you and which you merit so exceedingly. Now I can give myself up to my real feelings. I swear by the bull Apis who is, after you, what I respect most in the world, that your suggestion enchants me. I have already supped with you in the presence of my father the king, now I will sup with you here without his being present: all I ask of you is that your High-Almoner shall drink with us; he seemed at Babylon to be a very good table-fellow; I have some excellent Schiraz wine, which I will let you both taste. As regards your second suggestion, it sounds very attractive, but it barely becomes a well-bred girl to speak of it; be satisfied that I look on you as the greatest of kings and the most lovable of men."

This little speech turned the King of Egypt's head; he was quite ready for the almoner to make a third. "I have still one favour to ask of you," said the princess, "and that is that my apothecary may be allowed to come to speak to me; girls always have certain little troubles that need certain little attentions, I speak of vapours, palpitations, colics, suffocations, which in particular circumstances

need particular remedies: in a word, I have urgent need of my apothecary, and I hope you will not refuse me so slight a mark of love."

"Mademoiselle," answered the King of Egypt, "although an apothecary's views are entirely opposed to mine, and the objects of his art are completely contrary to those of mine, I am too well-bred to refuse such a request; I go to command him to come to speak with you while we await supper; I assume you must be a little tired after your journey and you will doubtless need a chambermaid as well; you may have the one that suits you best; I will await your orders and your convenience."

He retired; the apothecary and the chambermaid, Irla by name, arrived. The princess had complete confidence in her; she ordered her to bring six bottles of Schiraz wine for supper, and to see that the sentries who kept her officers under arrest had the same wine to drink. Then she charged the apothecary to put into each bottle certain drugs from his medicine chest that would make people sleep for twenty-four hours, and of which he always carried a stock. Her orders were obeyed to the letter. After half-an-hour the king returned with the High-Almoner: the supper was very gay; the king and the priest emptied the six bottles, and avowed they had not such good wine in Egypt; the chambermaid had been careful to see that the servants drank also. As for the princess, she was very careful not to drink at all, and excused herself by saying her doctor had put her on diet. Soon everybody was fast asleep.

The King of Egypt's almoner had the most lovely beard a man of his kind could have. Formosante cut it off very neatly, and having sewn it into a little ribbon fastened it under her chin. She wrapped herself up in the priest's robe and all the habiliments of his office, and dressed up her chambermaid as a sacristan of the goddess Isis; then armed with her urn and her gems passed out of the hotel under the noses of the sentries who slept as soundly as their master. The chambermaid had taken care to have two horses ready at the door. The princess could not take with her any of the officers of her suite; they would have been arrested by the main guard.

Formosante and Irla passed the lines of soldiers who, taking her for the High Priest, called her "Most Reverend Father in God" and asked her benediction. In twenty-four hours the two fugitives reached Bassora, before the king waked. They then took off their

disguises which might have aroused suspicion. They chartered as quickly as possible a vessel that took them through the Straits of Ormus to the lovely shores of Eden in Arabia Felix. It was this Eden of which the gardens were so famous that they became later the habitation of the just; the Champs-Elysées were modelled on them, as well as the Gardens of the Hesperides and those of the Fortunate Islands; for in those warm climates men did not think there could be a greater blessing that the shade of green trees accompanied by the whispering of waters. To live in these havens with the supreme Being or to walk in the garden, in paradise, was the same thing for men who always talk without understanding what they are saying, and who have hardly been able to have clear ideas or exact expressions.

As soon as the princess found herself in this land, her first care was to give her dear bird the funeral honours it had demanded of her. Her lovely hands prepared a pyre of clove and cinnamon. What was her surprise when on spreading the bird's ashes on the pyre she saw them ignite of their own accord! Everything was soon consumed. In place of the ashes there appeared nothing but a great egg from which she saw her bird come out more brilliant than it had ever been. It was the most beautiful moment the princess had experienced in all her life; there was only one person who could be dearer to her; she wanted him, but she did not have any hope of having him.

"I see quite clearly," she said to the bird, "that you are the phœnix of which I have heard so much. I am ready to diė of amazement and joy. I had no belief in resurrection; but my good fortune has convinced me that it exists."

"Resurrection, madam," said the bird, "is the simplest thing in the world. It is no more surprising to be born twice than once. Everything is resurrection in this world; caterpillars are resuscitated as butterflies; a fruit-stone placed in the earth is resuscitated as a tree; all the animals that are buried in the earth are resuscitated as herbs, as plants, and nourish other animals of which very soon they become an integral part: all the particles composing the body are changed into different beings. It is true that I am the only one to which potent Ormuzd has granted the favour of being resuscitated in its own form."

Formosante who, from the day she saw Amazan and the phœnix for the first time, had passed her days in amazement, said to the

bird: "I see clearly that the great Being has been able to form from your ashes a phœnix almost exactly like you; but that you are precisely the same person, that you have the same soul, that, I confess, I do not grasp very clearly. What happened to your soul while I was carrying you in my pocket after you were dead?"

"My God, madam! is it not as easy for the great Ormuzd to continue his action on a little spark like myself as to commence it? Before, he accorded me emotion, memory and thought; he still accords me them; that he has attached this favour to a spark of elementary fire hidden in me or to my combined organs does not at bottom make the slightest difference: both the phœnix and mankind are always ignorant as to how the thing happens; but the greatest favour the supreme Being has accorded me is to be born again for you. If only I can pass the twenty-eight thousand years I have still to live before my next resurrection with you and my dear Amazan!"

"My phœnix," returned the princess, "think of it, the first words you said to me in Babylon, I shall never forget them, gave me the fond hope of seeing once more the dear shepherd I idolise; we must absolutely go to the land of the Gangarides together and bring him back to Babylon."

"That's just my idea," said the phœnix. "There's not a moment to be lost. We must go to find Amazan by the shortest road, that is, by air. In Arabia Felix there are two griffons, intimate friends of mine, who live only a hundred and fifty miles from here: I will write to them by pigeon post; and they will come before nightfall. We shall have plenty of time to have a little couch made for you with drawers where you can put some food. With your maid you will be very comfortable in this vehicle. The two griffons are the strongest of their species; each of them will take one end of the couch in its claws; but, I repeat, time is precious." He went with Formosante at once to order the couch from an upholsterer of his acquaintance. It was finished in four hours. In the drawers were placed some small rolls, some biscuits of finer quality than were obtainable in Babylon, some big lemons, some pineapples, cocoanuts, pistachios and Eden wine which is as much finer than Schiraz wine as Schiraz is than Surenne.

The couch was light, comfortable and solid. The two griffons reached Eden at the appointed time. Formosante and Irla seated themselves in the carriage. The two griffons lifted it like a feather.

Sometimes the phœnix flew close by, at others it perched on the back. The two griffons sailed towards the Ganges with the speed of an arrow cleaving the air. Only at night did the equipage stop for a few moments for the travellers to eat and for the two carriers to have a drink.

They reached the land of the Gangarides at last. The princess's heart beat with hope, love and joy. The phœnix stopped the carriage before Amazan's house, and asked to speak to him, but he had already departed three hours before no one knew whither.

There are no words even in the language of the Gangarides that can express the despair with which Formosante was stricken. "That's what I feared," said the phœnix. "The three hours you passed in your hostelry on the Bassora road with the wretched King of Egypt have taken away from you your life's happiness for ever, maybe: I fear greatly we have lost Amazan irretrievably."

He then asked the servants if he might greet Amazan's mother. They answered that her husband had died the evening before last, and that she was not receiving anybody. The phœnix had influence in the house and did not fail to have the Princess of Babylon shown into a salon of which the walls were covered with orange-wood inlaid with ivory. The under-shepherds and under-shepherdesses in long white robes girdled with ornaments of the colour of the rising sun, served her with a hundred delightful viands in a hundred simple porcelain baskets: among them there were no disguised corpses; there was rice, sago, semolina, vermicelli, macaroni, omelettes, egg caramel, cream cheeses, pastries of all sorts, vegetables, fruits of a taste and perfume of which in other climates one has no idea: there were refreshing liqueurs, better than the best wines, in profusion.

While the princess, couched on a bed of roses, was eating, four peacocks, silent happily, fanned her with their lustrous wings; two hundred birds, a hundred shepherds and a hundred shepherdesses gave her a concert with two choirs; the nightingales, canaries, warblers and chaffinches sang the treble with the shepherdesses, and the shepherds sang the counter-tenor and bass: it was just a manifestation of nature glorious and simple. The princess avowed that even if there was more magnificence in Babylon, nature was a thousand times more agreeable in the land of the Gangarides. But during this comforting and voluptuous music she wept; to young Irla her companion she said: "These shepherds and shepherdesses,

these nightingales and canaries make love, and I am deprived of the Gangaride hero who is the noble object of my most tender and impatient desire."

While she was making a light repast, admiring her surroundings and weeping, the phœnix was talking to Amazan's mother. "Madam," it said, "you cannot excuse yourself from seeing the Princess of Babylon; you know . . ."

"I know everything," she answered, "up to her adventure in the hostelry on the Bassora Road; a blackbird told me all about it this morning; and this blackbird is the cause of my son having become mad with despair and of his having left his father's house."

"You do not know then," returned the phœnix, "that the princess brought me back to life?"

"No, my dear child, I knew from the blackbird that you were dead, and I was inconsolable. I was so overwhelmed by this loss, my husband's death, and my son's hurried departure that I closed my door to everyone! but seeing that the Princess of Babylon does me the honour of coming to see me, ask her to come in at once; I have things of the utmost importance to tell her, and I want you to be present."

She went at once into another salon to meet the princess. She walked with difficulty; she was a lady about three hundred years old; but she still had the remains of beauty, and one could see that when she was about two hundred and thirty to forty she must have been charming. She received Formosante with respectful dignity mingled with an air of sorrowful interest that made a deep impression on the princess.

Formosante first offered sympathy to her on her husband's death.

"Alas!" said the widow, "his loss is of greater interest to you than you think."

"Without question I am touched by it," said Formosante, "he was the father of . . ." At these words she wept. "It is only for him I have come through all these dangers," she continued. "For him I have left my father and the most magnificent court in the world, for him I have been abducted by a King of Egypt I loathe. Then, after escaping this ravisher, I have voyaged through the air so that I might see the man I love. I arrive, and he flies from me!" Tears and sobs stopped her saying more.

"Madam," answered the mother, "when the King of Egypt was

about to ravish you, when you supped with him in the inn on the Bassora road, when your beautiful hands were pouring him out the Schiraz wine, do you recall seeing a blackbird fluttering about the room?"

"Yes, now you mention it, it comes back to my mind. I did not pay any attention to it at the time, but now I come to think of it I remember very well that at the moment when the King of Egypt rose from the table to give me a kiss the blackbird flew out of the window with a great cry, and did not come back any more."

"Behold the cause of our misfortunes," continued Amazan's mother. "My son had sent that blackbird to bring him information as to the state of your health and as to all that was happening in Babylon. He counted on returning soon to throw himself at your feet and dedicate his life to you. The blackbird found you in an inn drinking gaily with the King of Egypt and an ugly priest; he saw you finally give an affectionate kiss to this monarch who had killed the phœnix, and for whom my son has an unconquerable horror. At this sight the blackbird was seized with just indignation, and flew away cursing your fatal love affairs. It returned to-day and told all it had seen. But at what a fatal time, good heavens! My son was weeping with me for the death of his father and the phœnix, and he had just learned from me that he was your first cousin!"

"My cousin, madam, my cousin? Is it possible? by what chance? How? Am I at once so fortunate, and at the same time so unfortunate as to have offended him?"

"My son is your cousin, I tell you," resumed the mother, "and soon I will prove it to you, but in becoming my relative you tear my son from me! he cannot survive the sorrow caused by the kiss you gave the King of Egypt."

"I swear to you, aunt," cried lovely Formosante, "by him and by potent Ormuzd, that this fatal kiss, far from being criminal, was the strongest proof of love I could show your son. For him I disobeyed my father. For him I was on my way from the Euphrates to the Ganges. I fell into the hands of this unworthy Egyptian Pharaoh, and I could not escape from him except by deceiving him. I call the phœnix's ashes and soul, which were in my pocket, to bear witness; the phœnix will do me justice. But how can your son, born on the banks of the Ganges, be my cousin, when my family has

reigned on the banks of the Euphrates for so many centuries?"

"You are aware," answered the venerable Gangaride lady, "that your great-uncle Aldée was King of Babylon, and was dethroned by Belus' father."

"Yes, madam."

"You are aware that his son Aldée had by his marriage a daughter named Aldée who was brought up at your court. It was this prince who, persecuted by your father, came to find refuge in our happy country under another name. It was he who married me, and by whom I had the young prince Aldée-Amazan, the finest, strongest, bravest, most virtuous of mortals, and to-day the maddest. The reputation of your beauty took him to the festival in Babylon: from that time he idolised you, and maybe I shall never see my dear son again."

She then showed the princess all the titles of the house of Aldée, but Formosante hardly deigned to look at them. "Does one make inquiries about what one desires?" she cried. "My heart believes you sufficiently. But where is Aldée-Amazan? where is my cousin, my lover, my king? where is my life? what road did he take? I will go and look for him in all the worlds the Eternal Being has made, and of which he is the chief ornament. I will go to the stars Canopus, Scheat and Aldebaran; I will go and convince him of my love and innocence."

The phœnix vindicated the princess of the crime imputed to her by the blackbird of having given the King of Egypt a kiss for love: but Amazan had to be undeceived and brought back. Birds were dispatched on every road; unicorns were set to work: news came back at last that Amazan had taken the road to China.

"To China then!" cried the princess. "It is not a long journey; I hope to bring your son back in fifteen days at most." At these words what tears of tenderness filled the throats of Gangaride mother and Babylonian princess! what embraces! what overflowing of hearts!

The phœnix at once ordered a coach and six unicorns. The mother supplied two hundred horsemen, and presented the princess her niece with several thousand of the most beautiful diamonds of the country. The phœnix, sore-stricken with the evil caused by the blackbird's indiscretion, ordered all the blackbirds to vacate the country. It is from that time that no more blackbirds are found on the banks of the Ganges.

Chapter 5

IN LESS THAN A WEEK THE UNICORNS BROUGHT FORMOSANTE, Irla and the phœnix to Cambalu, the capital of China. It was a larger town than Babylon, and its magnificence was of quite a different kind. These new sights and customs would have amused Formosante had she been occupied with anything but Amazan.

As soon as the Emperor of China learned that the Princess of Babylon was at the gates of the city, he sent four thousand mandarins in ceremonial robes to welcome her; they all fell on their faces before her and each offered a compliment written in letters of gold on a strip of purple silk. Formosante told them that if she had four thousand tongues she would not fail to reply at once to each mandarin, but that as she had only one she begged them to be satisfied that she used it to thank them all collectively. With great respect they led her to the Emperor.

This Emperor was the most just, the most polite and the most wise monarch in the whole world. He it was who had first tilled a little field with his own imperial hands in order to inculcate in his people a respect for agriculture. He was the first to found prizes for virtue. Everywhere else, the laws were limited shamefully to the punishment of crimes. This Emperor had just driven out of his country a troop of foreign bonzes who had come from the depths of the west in the senseless hope of forcing all China to think as they thought, and who under the pretext of making truth manifest had already amassed honours and riches.

When he drove them out he said these very words to them, which are recorded in the annals of the empire: "You might do as much evil here as you have done elsewhere: you came to teach dogmas of intolerance to the most tolerant nation in the world. I send you away so that I may never be forced to punish you. You will be conducted honourably to my frontiers; you will be supplied with all you need to take you to the borders of the hemisphere whence you are come. Go in peace if you wish to be in peace, and never return."

The Princess of Babylon learned of this speech and judgment with delight; she felt all the more sure of being well received at the court inasmuch as she was very far from having any intolerant

dogmas. The Emperor dined with her *tête-à-tête,* and was polite enough to forgo all embarrassing etiquette. She presented the phœnix to him; it perched on the Emperor's chair, and was much caressed by him. Towards the end of the meal, Formosante ingenuously confided to him the object of her journey, and begged him to have a search made in Cambalu for handsome Amazan, whose adventure she related without hiding anything of the fatal passion for this young hero with which her heart burned.

"But I know him," said the Emperor of China. "He gave me the pleasure of coming to my court; he enchanted me, did this lovable Amazan; it is true he is sore-stricken, but his charm is none the less charming; not one of my favourites has more wit than he; no mandarin legislator has greater knowledge; no mandarin knight has more martial or heroic an air; his extreme youth gives an added value to his talents. If I were unfortunate enough, abandoned by Tien and Changti to the extent of wanting to be a conqueror, I should ask Amazan to place himself at the head of my armies, and I should be sure of triumphing over the whole world. It is a great pity his grief should sometimes turn his head."

"Oh, sir!" said Formosante, her cheeks flaming, and in her voice a note of sorrow, shock and reproach, "why have you not let me dine with him? You are killing me; send for him now."

"Madam, he left this morning, and he did not say towards which country he was journeying."

Formosante turned to the phœnix. "Phœnix, phœnix," she cried, "have you ever seen a girl unhappier than I am? But tell me," she continued to the Emperor, "why did he leave so hastily a court as courteous as yours, where it seems to me one would wish to pass one's life?"

"This is what happened. A princess of the blood royal, one of the most lovable of girls, conceived a passion for him, and gave him an appointment at her house at noon. He departed at daybreak leaving behind him this note, which has cost my relative many tears.

" 'Beautiful Princess of the royal blood of China, you deserve a heart that has never belonged to anyone but yourself; I have sworn by the immortal gods never to love any woman but Formosante, Princess of Babylon, and to teach her how one may quench the desires one has when travelling: she has had the misfortune to succumb to an unworthy King of Egypt: I am the most wretched of men; I have lost my father and my phœnix and the hope of being

loved by Formosante; I have left a disconsolate mother and my fatherland as I could not live one moment in places where I learned Formosante had loved anyone else but me; I have sworn to traverse the globe and remain faithful. You would despise me, the gods would punish me, and I should be breaking my oath; take a lover, madam, and be as faithful as I am.' "

"Ah, let me have that amazing letter!" cried Formosante, "it will console me. I am happy in my misfortune. Amazan loves me. For me Amazan renounces possession of the princesses of China. There's no other man on earth capable of such a victory. He gives me a grand example. The phœnix knows I have no need of it. It is cruel to be robbed of one's lover because of the most innocent kiss given out of pure faithfulness. But where has he gone? Deign to tell me what road he took, and I will be off."

The Emperor of China answered that from the reports he had received he believed her lover had taken a road that led to Scythia. The unicorns were harnessed right away, and the princess after the most affectionate compliments took leave of the Emperor with her phœnix, her chambermaid Irla and the rest of her suite.

As soon as she was in Scythia she saw more than ever how men and governments differ, and will differ always until such time as some nation more enlightened than the rest shall gradually bring light after a thousand centuries of shadows, and until the day that in savage climes there shall be found heroic souls that will have the strength and perseverance to turn brutes into men. No towns in Scythia, consequently no pleasing arts. Nothing but vast prairies and whole nations in tents and chariots. This sight was frightening. Formosante asked in which tent or which chariot the king lodged. She was told that for the last week he had been on the march at the head of three hundred thousand horsemen to meet the King of Babylon whose niece the lovely Princess Aldée he had carried off.

"What!" cried Formosante, "he has carried off my cousin! I never expected this fresh adventure. What! my cousin, who was only too happy to pay court to me, has become a queen, and I am not yet even married!" She had herself taken at once to the queen's tents.

Their unexpected meeting in these distant climes, the strange things each had to tell the other, gave their interview a charm that made them forget they had never loved each other; they saw each

other again with delight; a sweet illusion took the place of real affection; they kissed with tears in their eyes and there was even a hearty frankness between them, seeing that the interview did not take place in a palace.

Aldée recognised the phœnix and Irla the confidential maid. She gave some sable furs to her cousin, who gave her some diamonds. They spoke of the war the two kings were undertaking; they deplored the state of men whom monarchs out of pure caprice send to cut each other's throats for differences that two honest people could settle in an hour: but they talked particularly of the handsome stranger, lion-conqueror, giver of the biggest diamonds in the world, writer of madrigals, owner of the phœnix, become the most unhappy of men, on the report of a blackbird.

"He is my dear brother," said Aldée.

"He is my lover," cried Formosante. "You have seen him doubtless. Maybe he is still here. He knows he is your brother, cousin. He won't have left you as abruptly as he left the Emperor of China."

"Have I seen him, great God!" answered Aldée. "Why, he passed four whole days with me. Oh, cousin! my brother is to be pitied! A false report has driven him completely mad. He is running all over the world without knowing where he is going. Think of it—he has pushed his mania to the point of refusing the favours of the most lovely Scythian girl in all Scythia. He left yesterday after writing her a letter that has made her despair. As for him he has gone to the land of the Cimmerians."

"God be praised!" cried Formosante. "Yet another refusal in my favour! my happiness surpasses my hope as my unhappiness has surpassed all my fears. Give me this charming letter that I may be away, that I may follow him, my hands filled with his sacrifices. Good-bye, cousin. Amazan is in the land of the Cimmerians; I fly there."

Aldée thought her cousin the princess still madder than her brother Amazan: but as she herself had experienced the beginnings of this epidemic, as she had left the delights and splendours of Babylon for the King of the Scythians, as women are always interested in madnesses of which love is the cause; she really felt quite tender towards Formosante, wished her a happy journey and promised to further the success of her cousin's passion if ever she should be fortunate enough to see her brother again.

Chapter 6

THE PRINCESS OF BABYLON AND THE PHŒNIX SOON REACHED THE empire of the Cimmerians, much less populated than China, it is true, but twice as large; similar to Scythia formerly, and become some time since as flourishing as the kingdoms that plume themselves on the instruction they give to other states.

After several days' march one came to a very big town which the reigning empress was having improved, but she was not there; she was journeying from the frontiers of Europe to the frontiers of Asia at the time, in order to see her states with her own eyes, to judge of the evils she found and bring remedies, to improve conditions and sow the seeds of learning.

One of the chief officers of this ancient capital, learning of the arrival of the Babylonian girl and the phœnix, hastened to render homage to the princess and do her the honours of the country, in the certainty that his mistress, who was the most courteous and magnificent of queens, would thank him for having received so great a lady with the same attentions she herself would have lavished on her.

Formosante was lodged in the palace from which a crowd of tiresome people who wanted to look at her were removed; ingenious fêtes were organised in her honour. The Cimmerian lord, who was a great naturalist, had long talks with the phœnix when the princess had retired to her apartment. The phœnix admitted he had travelled formerly to the land of the Cimmerians, but that he no longer recognised the country. "How have there been such prodigious changes in so short a time?" he asked. "It is not three hundred years ago that I saw savage nature here in all its horror; to-day I find arts, splendour, glory and courtesy."

"One man alone started this great work," answered the Cimmerian, "and a woman has perfected it. A woman has been a better legislatress than Isis of the Egyptians and Ceres of the Greeks. Most legislators have had a narrow despotic genius that has cramped their view to seeing nothing but the land they have governed. Each has looked on his people as being the only race on earth or necessarily as an enemy of the rest of the earth. They have

formed their institutions for a single people, introduced customs for that one people, established a religion for this one race alone. Thus it is that the Egyptians, so famous for their piles of precious stones, have become besotted and dishonoured by their barbarous superstitions. They consider other nations profane and will have no communication with them; and, with the exception of the court which sometimes does raise itself above vulgar prejudices, there is not an Egyptian who would eat of a dish from which a foreigner had been served. Their priests are cruel and ridiculous. It is better to have no laws and to listen to nothing but nature that has graved in our hearts the sense of justice and injustice, than to submit society to such unsocial laws.

"Our empress's ideas are entirely contrary. She considers her vast state, within which all the meridians meet, as all the peoples that live on these different meridians. Her first rule has been to tolerate all religions and to have compassion on all errors. Her powerful genius has perceived that though creeds vary, morals are everywhere the same. By this principle she has allied her people to all the other peoples of the world, and the Cimmerians are coming to regard the Scandinavians and the Chinese as their brothers. She has done more; she wished to see this precious tolerance, the chief bond of mankind, established among her neighbours. Thus has she merited the title of Mother of Her Country, and if she perseveres she will have that of Benefactor of Humanity.

"Before her, men who had unfortunately won power sent troops of murderers to ravage unknown tribes and water with their victims' blood these victims' patrimony; these assassins were called heroes, and their brigandage glory. Our sovereign has another sort of glory. She has sent her armies to bring peace, to stop men from harming each other, to force them to bear with each other; and her standards have been those of pubic concord."

The phœnix was enchanted with all this lord told him. "I have been in the world twenty-seven thousand nine hundred years and seven months," he said, "but I have never yet seen anything comparable to what you relate." He asked news of his friend Amazan. The Cimmerian told him the same things that had been told the princess in China and Scythia. Amazan fled from all courts as soon as a lady gave him an appointment at which he feared he might succumb. The phœnix soon informed Formosante of this fresh proof of fidelity that Amazan gave her, a fidelity all the more

astonishing in that he could never suspect his princess would ever learn of it.

He had departed for Scandinavia. It was in these climes that still more novel sights struck his eyes. Here royalty and liberty dwelled together in an accord that seemed impossible in other states: the agriculturists as well as the great lords of the kingdom had a voice in the government; and a young prince gave the greatest hope of being worthy to command a free nation. There it was something stranger; the only king who was lawfully despotic over the land by a contract with his people was at the same time the youngest and most just of kings.

In Sarmatia Amazan found a philosopher on the throne. He might have been called the king of anarchy, for he was chief of a hundred thousand little kings each of whom could by a single word annul the resolutions of all the others. Æolus had not more trouble in housing all the winds which fight with each other incessantly than this monarch had to gain people's good will. He was a pilot in an eternal storm; and yet the ship was not battered to pieces; for the prince was an excellent pilot.

While he traversed all these countries so different from his fatherland, Amazan constantly refused all the good luck that happened in his path; he was always in despair at the kiss Formosante had given the King of Egypt, and always firm in his inconceivable resolve to give Formosante an example of unique and unshakable fidelity.

The Princess of Babylon with the phœnix followed his tracks everywhere, and never missed him by more than a day or two, without either the one tiring of hastening or the other losing one moment in her pursuit.

In this way they went right across Germany. They admired the progress reason and philosophy were making in the north: all the princes there were learned men, all permitted a liberty of thought; their education had not been confided to men whose interest it was to deceive them, or who were themseleves deceived. They had been reared with a knowledge of universal ethics and a scorn of superstition: they had banished in all their states a senseless custom that enfeebled and depopulated many southern countries; this was the custom of burying alive in vast dungeons an infinite number of each sex separated eternally the one from the other, and of making them swear never to have any communication with each other.

This exceeding mania, that enjoyed a great influence for many centuries, had devastated the land as much as the most cruel wars.

The Scandinavian princes had understood at last that if one wants to have a stud-farm one must not separate the strongest horses from the mares. They destroyed also errors no less extravagant and pernicious. To finish with, men dared be reasonable in these vast countries, whereas elsewhere it was thought they could not be governed unless they were kept in a state of imbecility.

Chapter 7

AMAZAN REACHED THE LAND OF THE BATAVIANS. IN HIS GRIEF HIS heart felt a sweet satisfaction at finding there some faint resemblance to the Gangarides' happy country, liberty, equality, cleanliness, abundance, tolerance; but the ladies of the country were so cold that none of them made him advances as they had done everywhere else; he was not bothered with resisting them. If he had wanted to attack these ladies he would have subjugated them all one after the other, without being loved by any of them; but he was far from dreaming of making conquests.

Formosante nearly caught him up in the land of these insipid people: she fell short of him only by a moment. Amazan had heard speak in Batavia of a certain island, named Albion, with so much praise that he had determined to take ship with his unicorns by a vessel which with a favourable east wind had carried him in four hours to the shores of this land that was more famous than Tyre and the isle of Atlantis. Lovely Formosante, who had followed him to the banks of the Dwina, the Vistula, the Elbe and the Weser, arrived at last at the mouth of the Rhine, which then emptied its rapid waters into the German Sea.

She learned that her dear lover had sailed towards the coast of Albion; she thought she could see his ship; she uttered loud cries of joy that surprised all the Batavian ladies, who had no idea a young man could be the cause of so much delight. As regards the phœnix, they did not take much notice of it as they judged that its feathers would not probably fetch such a good price as those of the ducks and goslings in their fens. The Princess of Babylon hired, or chartered, two vessels to carry her and all her retinue to that

blessed isle which was about to possess the unique object of all her desires, the soul of her life, the god of her heart.

A fatal west wind sprang up suddenly just at the moment that the faithful and unfortunate Amazan was setting foot on Albion's shore; the Princess of Babylon's vessels could not leave their moorings. A tightening of the heart, a bitter grief, a profound melancholy took possession of Formosante: in her woe she took to her bed while waiting for the wind to change; but it blew a whole week with despairing violence. During this week-long century the princess had Irla read stories to her; it is not that the Batavians knew how to write them, but as they were the agents of the universe they sold the world's wit as well as the world's groceries. The princess bought from Marc-Michel Rey all the stories that had been written among the Ausonians and the ancient Gauls and of which the sale was wisely forbidden among these peoples in order to enrich the Batavians. She hoped she would find in these stories some adventures resembling her own which might charm away her sorrows. Irla read, the phœnix gave its opinion, and the princess found neither in *La Paysanne Parvenue,* nor in *Le Sofa,* nor in *Les Quatre Facardins* anything in the least like her adventures. At every other moment she interrupted the story to ask which way the wind blew.

Chapter 8

MEANWHILE, AMAZAN WAS ALREADY ON THE ROAD TO THE CAPital of Albion in his coach and six unicorns. He was dreaming of the princess. He noticed a carriage overturned in a ditch; the servants had gone to look for help; the owner of the carriage remained quietly within, without showing the least impatience, and passed the time smoking; for people smoked at that time. His name was My Lord What-then, which in the language into which I am translating this history signifies more or less "My Lord What-does-it-matter."

Amazan hastened to render him service; without any help he lifted the carriage up, so much greater was his strength than that of ordinary men. My Lord What-then contented himself with saying: "This is a very vigorous fellow."

Some clodhoppers of the neighbourhood ran up, were very wroth to have come on a waste journey, and blamed the foreigner; they called him "a dirty foreigner," threatened him and wanted to beat him.

Amazan seized two of them in each hand and hurled them twenty paces away; the others were more respectful, saluted him and asked for money to have a drink; he gave them more than they had ever seen before. My Lord What-then spoke to him. "You are a worthy fellow," he said. "Come and dine with me at my country house; it is only three miles away." He climbed into Amazan's coach because his own was out of adjustment owing to the shaking it had received.

After a quarter of an hour's silence he looked at Amazan a moment and said: "How d'ye do?" which means literally—how make you yourself?—and in the translator's language how do you carry yourself? which does not mean anything at all in any language. Then he added: "You have six fine unicorns there," and returned to his smoke.

The traveller told him that the unicorns were at his service, that he came with them from the land of the Gangarides, and he took the opportunity of speaking of the Princess of Babylon, and of the fatal kiss she had given the King of Egypt, to which the other made no answer at all, caring very little whether or not there was a King of Egypt or a Princess of Babylon. Another quarter of an hour passed in silence after which My Lord again asked his companion how he made himself, and if one ate good "roast-beef" in the land of the Gangarides. The traveller answered with his habitual courtesy that on the banks of the Ganges people did not eat their brothers. He explained the system that was many centuries later the system of Pythagoras, Porphyrius and Iamblichus. Whereupon My Lord went to sleep and did not wake until they reached his house.

He had a young and charming wife to whom nature had given a soul as live and sensitive as her husband's was indifferent. Several lords of Albion had come that day to dine with her. There were all sorts of types, for as the country had nearly always been governed by foreigners, the families that came with the princes each brought different customs with them. Among the company were some very amiable people, others of superior intelligence, a few of profound knowledge.

The mistress of the house had none of that awkward embarrassment, none of that stiffness and bashfulness that was a reproach against young women of the time in Albion; she did not hide by a disdainful demeanour and an affected silence the barrenness of her ideas and the humiliating confusion she felt at having nothing to say: never was a woman more attractive. She received Amazan with her natural courtesy and charm. The young foreigner's exceeding beauty, and the sudden comparison she drew between him and her husband, made a sensible impression on her.

Dinner was served. She sat Amazan beside her and made him eat all sorts of puddings, as she had learned from him that the Gangarides never ate anything that had received from the gods the divine gift of life. His beauty, his strength, the customs of the Gangarides, the progress of the arts, religion and government were matters for a conversation as agreeable as instructive during a meal that lasted until nightfall, and during the whole of which My Lord What-then drank much and said nothing.

After dinner, while My Lady poured out tea and devoured the young man with her eyes, he chatted with a member of Parliament, for everyone knows that at that time there was a parliament which was called the Witenagemot, which signifies "the assembly of wise men." Amazan inquired about the constitution, customs, laws, strength, manners and arts that made this country so commendable.

"For a long time," said the lord, "we walked naked, although our climate is not warm. We were long treated as slaves by the people who came from the ancient land of Saturn watered by the Tiber, but we did ourselves much greater harm than we suffered at the hands of our first conquerors. One of our kings pushed baseness so far as to declare himself subject of a priest who also dwelt on the banks of the Tiber, and who was known as 'The Old Man of the Seven Mountains': so long has it been the fate of these seven mountains to dominate a great part of Europe formerly inhabited by brutes.

"After this period of degradation came centuries of ferocity and anarchy. Our land, more stormy than the seas that surround it, was thrown into bloody confusion by our dissensions; many crowned heads died on the scaffold; more than a hundred princes of the blood royal ended their days beneath the headsman's hands; the hearts were torn out of their followers, whose faces were beaten

with them. It was a butcher's business to write the history of our island since he it was who had put 'finis' to all important matters.

"It is not long ago, as a crowning horror, that some persons who wore a black cloak, and others who put a white shirt over their coats, were bitten by some mad dogs, and infected the whole nation with hydrophobia. In the name of Heaven and to pacify the Almighty, every citizen was either murderer or murdered, butcher or butchered, slave-driver or slave.

"Who would believe that out of this appalling abyss, this chaos of dissension, atrocity, ignorance and fanaticism, there came at last the most perfect government maybe there is in the world to-day? A king who is honoured and rich, who is all-powerful for the doing of good and impotent to do evil, is at the head of a free, martial, commercial and enlightened people. The lords on one side, the representatives of the towns on the other, share with the monarch the government of the country.

"By a strange fatality one has seen disorder, civil war, anarchy and poverty ravage the land when kings have assumed arbitrary power. Peace, wealth and public happiness have reigned among us only when kings have recognised they were not absolute. When people quarrelled about unintelligible things everything was upset, and everything was in perfect order when they disregarded them. Our victorious fleets carry our glory over all the seas; and our laws make our fortunes safe. Never can a judge expound the law arbitrarily; never is an unjustified judgment pronounced. We should punish as assassins judges who dared send a citizen to death without making known the evidence that accused him and the law that condemned him.

"It is true that with us there are always two parties which fight each other with pen and intrigue, but they always clasp hands when there is a question of taking up arms to defend the fatherland and liberty. These two parties keep a watch on each other; they act as a mutual obstruction to the violation of the sacred trust of government; they hate each other, but they love the state; they are jealous lovers who vie with each other in the service they can render to the same mistress.

"With the same fundamental intelligence that has made us learn and maintain the rights of human nature, we have carried the sciences to the highest point that can be reached by man. Your

Egyptians who pass for such great mechanics, your Indians who are believed to be such great philosophers, your Babylonians who flatter themselves they have observed the stars for four-hundred-and-forty thousand years, the Greeks who have written so many phrases and so few facts, know precisely nothing compared with our youngest schoolboys who have studied the discoveries of our great masters. In the space of a hundred years we have torn more secrets from nature than the whole of mankind has discovered in the multitude of centuries.

"That, really, is our present state. I have hidden from you neither the good nor the bad, our shames nor our glories; and I have exaggerated nothing."

At this speech Amazan felt himself thrilled with a desire to be instructed in these sublime sciences of which the lord spoke, and if his passion for the Princess of Babylon, his filial respect for the mother he had left, and love of his country had not made forceful appeal to his bruised heart, he would have wanted to pass the rest of his life in the island of Albion. But the wretched kiss given by his princess to the King of Egypt did not leave him enough liberty of mind to study the advanced sciences.

"I admit," he said, "that having imposed on myself a command to travel all over the world and escape from myself I am very curious to see this ancient land of Saturn, this race by the Tiber and the seven mountains to which once upon a time you were subservient. It must without question be the country of the first nation in the world."

"I advise you to make this journey," said the man of Albion, "however little you like music and painting. We ourselves often carry our boredom in the direction of the seven mountains. But you will be very surprised when you see our conquerors' descendants."

This conversation lasted a long time. Although handsome Amazan's head was somewhat troubled, he spoke with so much charm, his voice was so impressive, his demeanour was so dignified and gentle, that the mistress of the house could not resist engaging him in private conversation in her turn. She tenderly clasped his hand as she spoke to him, and looked at him with bright, wet eyes that carried desire right into the springs of life. She made him stay to supper, and insisted he should stay the night. Each instant, each

word, each look kindled her passion. As soon as everyone had retired she wrote him a little note, not doubting for a moment that he would not come to pay court to her in her bed, while My Lord What-then was snoring in his. Amazan again had the courage to resist: such miraculous effect can a grain of madness have on a strong soul grievously wounded!

According to his custom, Amazan sent the lady a respectful reply in which he spoke of the sacredness of his oath and the strict obligation he was under to teach the Princess of Babylon how to tame her passions. After which he had his unicorns harnessed and left for Batavia again, leaving all the company in astonishment at him, and the mistress of the house in despair. In her exceeding grief she did not put Amazan's letter away; My Lord What-then read it the following morning. "What insipid triflings," he observed, shrugging his shoulders; and went off fox-hunting with some topers of the neighbourhood.

Amazan was already on the sea armed with a map given him by the learned Albionian who had conversed with him at My Lord What-then's house. With great surprise he saw a great part of the earth on a sheet of paper.

His eyes and fancy wandered over the small space. He looked at the Rhine, the Danube, the Tyrolean Alps and all the countries he must pass through before reaching the town of the seven mountains. His eyes rested particularly on the land of the Gangarides, on Babylon where he had seen his dear princess, and on the fatal port of Bassora near where she had given the King of Egypt a kiss. He sighed and wept. But he agreed that the Albionian who had given him the world in miniature made no mistake when he said that the people on the banks of the Thames were a thousand times better educated than those on the banks of the Nile, Euphrates and Ganges.

While he was returning to Batavia, Formosante was flying towards Albion with her two ships that scudded along under full sail. Amazan's ship and the princess's crossed each other's course, touched almost: the two lovers were close to each other, and had no means of suspecting it. Ah! if they had known! But Fate the despot did not permit.

Chapter 9

AS SOON AS AMAZAN HAD LANDED ON THE FLAT AND MUDDY shore of Batavia he set off like lightning for the city of the seven mountains. He had to cross the southern part of Germany. Every four miles he came across a prince and a princess, maids of honour and beggars. He was astonished at the coquetries these ladies and maids of honour threw at him with German frankness, and he gave no reply but that of modest refusals. After crossing the Alps, he set sail on the sea of Dalmatia and landed in a town that resembled nothing he had yet seen. The sea formed the streets, the houses were built in the water. The few public squares that adorned this town were covered with men and women who had two faces, one the gift of nature, the other of painted cardboard that they placed on top of the first; with result that the nation seemed composed of phantoms. The foreigners who came to this country started by buying a face, as elsewhere one buys hats and shoes. Amazan was scornful of this unnatural fashion, and showed himself as he was. In the town there were twelve thousand girls registered in the great book of the republic; girls useful to the state, charged with the most profitable and agreeable trade that has ever enriched a nation. The ordinary merchants sent stuffs at great risk and expense to the east; these lovely merchantesses did without any risk at all an ever live trade in their charms. They all came to show themselves to handsome Amazan, and gave him a selection from which to choose. He fled as fast as he could with the name of the incomparable Princess of Babylon on his lips, and swearing by the immortal gods that she was more lovely than all the twelve thousand Venetian girls. "Darling rogue," he cried in his delirium, "I will teach you to be faithful."

He came at last to the yellow waters of the Tiber, the plague-sodden swamps, the pale, emaciated, sparse population, covered with old cloaks in holes that showed their shrivelled brown skin through; signs which told him he was at the gate of the city of the seven mountains, this city of heroes and legislators who had subdued and policed a large part of the world.

He had fancied he would see at the triumphal gate five hundred

battalions commanded by heroes, and in the senate an assembly of demi-gods giving laws to the earth. He found for army about thirty scamps mounting guard with a sunshade, for fear of the sun. When he had penetrated to a temple that seemed to him very beautiful but less so than the one at Babylon, he was surprised to hear music sung by men with women's voices. "This aged land of Saturn is a nice place," he said. "I have seen one town where nobody had his own face, and now here's another where men have neither their own voices or beards."

He was told that these songsters were no longer men, that their virility had been filched from them in order that they might sing the more pleasantly the praises of a prodigious number of worthy persons. Amazan did not understand a word of this explanation. These gentlemen asked him to sing, and he sang a Gangaride air with his habitual charm. His voice was a very fine counter-tenor. "Ah! monsignor," they said to him, "what a charming soprano voice you would have, if . . . if . . ."

"What do you mean if . . . if what?"

"Ah, monsignor . . . !"

"Well . . . !"

"If . . . if . . . if . . . you had no beard!" They then explained to him very amusingly and with many comic gestures, as is their custom, the matter in question. Amazan was quite stupefied. "I have travelled far," he said, "I have never heard speak of such an odd fancy."

When these people had sung a great deal, the old man of the seven mountains went in great procession to the gate of the temple, cut the air in four with his raised thumb, two fingers open and two closed, while he said these words in a language that is no longer spoken—"To the town and the universe." The Gangaride could not understand how two fingers could reach so far.

He soon saw defile before him the whole court of the master of the world. It was composed of grave personages some clad in red robes, others in violet. Nearly all looked at handsome Amazan with melting eyes. They made him profound bows and said to each other— *San Martino, che bel ragazzo! San Pancratio, che bel fanciullo!*

The Zealots whose trade was to show strangers the curiosities of the town, hastened to let him see some tumble-down houses where a muleteer would not have wanted to pass the night, but which had

been once upon a time worthy monuments of a sovereign people. He saw also some pictures two hundred years old and some statues more than twenty centuries old that he thought masterpieces. "Do you still do work like this?"

"No, excellency," answered one of the Zealots, "but we despise the rest of the world because we own these rarities. We are a sort of old clo' merchant who gets glory from the aged coats that hang in his shop."

Amazan wanted to see the prince's palace, and was taken there. He saw men in violet who were counting out the revenues of the state. So much from a country on the Danube, so much from another on the Loire or on the Vistula.

"Oh!" said Amazan, after consulting his map, "your master possesses then the whole of Europe like the ancient heroes of the seven mountains?"

"He has to possess the whole world by divine right," answered one of the violets, "and there was even a time when his predecessors were nearly universal monarchs; but their successors are so kind as to content themselves to-day with the little money that the kings their subjects pay them as tribute."

"So your master is in effect the king of kings. Is that his title?" said Amazan.

"No, excellency, his title is 'Servant of the servants'; he was originally fishmonger and porter, and that is why the emblems of his dignity are keys and fillets; but he always gives orders to all the kings. Not so long ago he sent a hundred and one commandments to a king of the land of the Celt, and the king obeyed."

"Did your fishmonger send five or six hundred thousand men to enforce the execution of his hundred and one wishes, then?" asked Amazan.

"Oh, no, excellency. Our holy master is not rich enough to pay for the upkeep of ten thousand soldiers; but he has four or five hundred thousand divine prophets distributed in the other countries. These prophets of all colours are of course nourished at the people's expense; they announce on behalf of Heaven that my master can with his keys open and close all locks, and especially the locks of safes. A Norman priest, who was the confidant of the thoughts of the king I have mentioned, convinced him that he must obey my master's hundred and one thoughts unquestioningly; for you must know that one of the prerogatives of the old

man of the seven mountains is to be always in the right, whether he deigns to speak or whether he deigns to write."

"A very strange man, forsooth!" said Amazan. "I am very curious to dine with him."

"Excellency, even if you were king you could not eat at his table. All he would do for you would be to have you served at a smaller and lower table beside him. But if you wish to have the honour of speaking to him, I will ask audience for you, in consideration of the *buona manchia* you will be so kind as to give me."

"Very willingly," said the Gangaride.

The violet bowed. "I will introduce you to-morrow," he said. "You will make three genuflexions, and you will kiss the feet of the old man of the seven mountains."

At these words Amazan burst out laughing so loudly that he nearly suffocated: he went out holding his sides, and laughed till he cried all the way back to his hostelry, where he still laughed long and loud.

At his dinner twenty beardless men and twenty fiddlers were present; they gave him a concert. He was courted the rest of the day by the most important lords of the city; they made him suggestions even stranger than that of kissing the feet of the old man of the seven mountains. As he was exceedingly polite he thought at first that these gentlemen took him for a lady, and he warned them of their mistake with most discreet decorum. But as he was pressed somewhat sharply by two or three of the more determined violets, he threw them out of the window without thinking he was making a great sacrifice for lovely Formosante. He left this city of masters of the world as quickly as possible, where he had to kiss an old man's toe, as if his cheek were on his feet, and where young men were approached with no other object than to invite them to participate in still stranger ceremonies.

Chapter 10

FROM PROVINCE TO PROVINCE, ALWAYS REPULSING AMOROUS provocations of every kind, always faithful to the Princess of Babylon, always furious with the King of Egypt, this model of constancy reached the new capital of the Gauls. This town had

passed like so many others through all the degrees of barbarism, ignorance, foolishness and misery. Its first name had been "mud" and "mire"; then it had taken that of Isis, from the religion of Isis that had reached it. Its first senate was a company of watermen. It was long a slave of the predatory heroes of the seven mountains, and a few centuries later of other brigand heroes who came from the further bank of the Rhine and took possession of its small territory.

Time, which changes everything, had made of it a city of which one half was very splendid and agreeable, and the other somewhat coarse and ridiculous: that was the emblem of its inhabitants. There were within its walls about a hundred thousand persons at least who had nothing to do but enjoy themselves and be entertained. This nation of idlers criticised the arts the others cultivated. They knew nothing of what passed at court, although it was only four little miles away from them; it seemed it must be six hundred miles at least. The delights of society, gaiety and frivolity were the sole things that were important to them. They were governed like children to whom one gives toys to stop their crying. If one spoke to them of the horrors that had two centuries previously ravaged their country, and of the appalling times when one half of the nation had massacred the other half for pure sophistries, they said that that was certainly not good, and then set to laughing and singing comic songs.

The more polite, pleasant and amiable the idlers were, the more one observed a sad contrast between them and the societies of extraordinarily busy men.

There was among these extraordinarily busy men, or men who claimed to be extraordinarily busy, a troop of sombre fanatics, half ridiculous, half knaves, the sight of whom alone vexed the earth, and who would have overturned the whole world, if they had been able, in order to give themselves a little power. But the nation of idlers, dancing and singing, drove them back into their caves, as birds force screech-owls to dive back into their holes in tumble-down houses.

Other extraordinarily busy men, fewer in number, were the conservators of ancient barbarous customs against which frightened nature loudly protested; they did nothing but consult their worm-eaten books. If they found there a senseless and horrible habit, they regarded it as a sacred law. It is through this cowardly

habit of never daring to think for themselves, and of taking their ideas from the rubbish-heap of a time when people did not think, that there were in the city of pleasure so many atrocious usages. It is for this reason that there was never any proportion between crimes and punishments. An innocent man was sometimes made to suffer a thousand deaths in order that he might be forced to confess to a crime he had not committed.

A young man's blunder was punished as one would have punished a poisoning or the murder of a father by his son. The idlers uttered piercing cries when they heard of it, but on the morrow thought no more about it, and talked of nothing but the latest fashions.

This race had seen a whole century pass, during which the fine arts were elevated to a degree of perfection no one had ever dared anticipate. Foreigners came then, as to Babylon, to admire the great architectural monuments, the marvellous gardens, the sublime efforts of sculpture and painting. They were enchanted with a music that thrilled the soul without stunning the ear.

Only during this happy century was this nation acquainted with true poetry, poetry, that is to say, that is natural and harmonious, which speaks to the heart as much as to the mind. Sublime beauties were unveiled by new forms of eloquence. The theatres in particular re-echoed with works of art that no race had ever approached. Good taste, in short, showed itself in all professions, to the point that there were good writers even among the Druids.

So many laurels that had raised their heads to the clouds soon withered in an exhausted soil. Only a very small number remained, and their leaves were a pale, dead green. The decadence was produced by work being too facile, and people being too lazy to do good work, by a satiety of beauty, and by a taste for the strange and eccentric. Vanity protected artists who brought back barbarian times; and this same vanity persecuted real talent and forced it to leave its country. The wasps drove out the bees.

There was barely any real art left, and barely any genius. Merit consisted in making random criticisms of the merit of the past century. The daubers of tavern walls knowingly criticised the pictures of great painters: the daubers of paper disfigured the works of great writers. Ignorance and bad taste had other daubers in their pay. The same things were repeated in a hundred volumes with different titles. Everything was either dictionary or pamphlet.

A Druid journalist wrote twice a week the obscure records of fanatics unknown to the nation, and of celestial marvels performed in garrets by little beggar-boys and beggar-girls. Other ex-Druids, clad in black, nearly dead of hunger and wrath, complained in a hundred screeds that they were no longer allowed to deceive mankind, and that goats clad in grey were allowed to do so. Some arch-Druids published defamatory libels.

Amazan knew nothing of all this, and if he had known he would hardly have been embarrassed by his knowledge, as his head had no room for anything but the Princess of Babylon, the King of Egypt, and his inviolable oath to scorn the ladies' amorous advances in whatever country his grief might lead him.

The whole frivolous populace, ignorant and always pushing mankind's natural curiosity to excess, long flocked round his unicorns; the more intelligent among the women broke the doors of his hotel open in order to gaze in rapt contemplation at his person.

He showed his host first of all a desire to visit the court, but the well-bred idlers who happened to be present told him it was unfashionable, that the times were quite changed and that there was no amusement save in the town. He was invited that same evening to sup at the house of a lady whose wit and talents were known outside her own country, and who had travelled in some of the lands through which Amazan had passed. He approved highly of this lady and the company round her. The liberty there was decorous, the gaiety was not noisy, knowledge had nothing repulsive about it, and wit nothing of studied affectation. He saw that "well-bred" is not an empty expression, although it is often usurped. The following day he dined with people no less amiable but much more voluptuous. The more satisfied he was with the guests, the more satisfied they were with him. He felt his heart soften and melt as the aromatic spices of his country gently dissolve before a low fire and exhale delicious perfumes.

After the meal he was taken to an enchanting spectacle that had been condemned by the Druids because it drew from them the audience of which they were the most jealous. This spectacle was composed of agreeable verses, delightful songs, dances that expressed the soul's emotions, and scenes that charmed the eyes in deceiving them. This form of pleasure, which brought together so many other forms, was known only by a foreign name; it was called "opera," which signified formerly in the language of the

seven mountains—work, pains; employment, labour, undertaking, job, business. This business delighted him. One girl in particular charmed him with her voice and the gracefulness that went with it. After the performance this business-girl was introduced to him by his new friends. He made her a present of a handful of diamonds. She was so grateful she could not leave him for the rest of the day. He supped with her, during the meal forgot his sobriety, and after the meal forgot his vow to be always insensible to beauty and inexorable to amorous advances. What an example of human frailty!

The lovely Princess of Babylon was arriving at that time with the phœnix, Irla her chambermaid and her two hundred Gangarides mounted on their unicorns. They had to wait quite a long time for the gates to be opened. She asked first of all if the most handsome, most courageous, most intelligent and most faithful of men was still in the city. The officials saw clearly that she meant Amazan. She had herself taken to his hotel; her heart throbbed with joy as she entered; her whole soul was thrilled with the inexpressible delight of seeing once more her lover, model of fidelity. Nothing could stop her going to his room; the curtains were not drawn before the window; she saw handsome Amazan asleep in the arms of a pretty dark girl: both of them had a very great need of rest.

Formosante uttered a cry of anguish that re-echoed throughout the house, but which failed to wake either her cousin or the business-girl. She fell swooning into Irla's arms. As soon as she had recovered consciousness she left the fatal room with mingled rage and grief. Irla inquired who the young lady was who passed such sweet hours with handsome Amazan. She learned she was a very complaisant business-girl who added to her talents that of singing quite charmingly.

"O just heaven! O potent Ormuzd!" cried the lovely Princess of Babylon in tears. "By whom am I betrayed, and for whom? So the man who refused so many princesses for me abandons me for a Gaulish buffoon! No, I shall never survive the affront."

"Madam," said Irla, "all young men are like that from one end of the world to the other. Even if they were in love with a beauty come down from heaven they would still at certain moments commit infidelities with a serving-maid."

"I am finished with him," answered the princess. "I shall never

see him again all my life. Come, let us leave at once, have my unicorns harnessed."

The phœnix implored her to wait until Amazan was awake at least and it could speak to him.

"He doesn't deserve it," said the princess. "You would offend me cruelly; he would think I had asked you to reproach him for me, and that I wanted to make it up with him. If you love me don't add this insult to the insult he has already made me suffer."

The phœnix, who, after all owed his life to the princess, could not disobey her. She departed with all her retinue.

"Where are we going, madam?" asked Irla.

"I haven't the faintest idea," answered the princess. "We will take the first road we come to. Provided I escape Amazan for ever I am content."

The phœnix was wiser than the princess because it had no passions, and comforted her on the road. It pointed out to her gently that it was sad to punish oneself for the faults of another, that Amazan had given her sufficiently glorious and numerous examples of his fidelity for her to pardon him this momentary lapse; that he was an upright man who had lacked Ormuzd's grace, and that he would be only too constant henceforth in love and virtue; that the desire to expiate his fault would raise him above himself; that she would only be the happier thereby; that many great princesses before her had pardoned similar slips and derived benefit therefrom. It gave her examples, and as it possessed great arts of persuasion, Formosante's heart at last grew calmer and more peaceful. She wished she had not left so soon; she found the unicorns were travelling too quickly: but she dared not retrace her steps; torn between the desire to pardon and a longing to show her wrath, between love and vanity, she let her unicorns go on. In accordance with the prediction of her father's oracle she travelled all over the world.

When Amazan woke he learned of the arrival and departure of Formosante and the phœnix, of the princess's despair and anger. He was told she had sworn never to forgive him. "Nothing is left to me," he cried, "but to follow her and kill myself at her feet!"

His well-bred idler friends flocked in when they heard of this adventure. They all pointed out that it was infinitely better for him to stay with them, that nothing compared with the pleasant

life they led in the midst of the arts and peaceful, delicious, luxurious pleasure; that many foreigners and even kings had preferred this repose, with its agreeable and enchanting occupations, to their throne and country; that, further, his carriage was broken, and that a saddler would make one in the latest fashion; that the best tailor in town had already cut him a dozen coats in the latest style; that the wittiest and most lovable ladies of the town, in whose houses comedy was played to perfection, had each reserved a day to fête him. During this time the business-girl sipped her chocolate in her dressing-closet, laughed, sang, and ogled handsome Amazan, who saw at last that she had not the sense of a gosling.

As this great prince's character was made up of sincerity, cordiality, frankness, magnanimity and courage, he had related his travels and misfortunes to his friends. They knew he was the princess's first cousin. They had heard about the fatal kiss she had given the King of Egypt. "If these little pranks," they said, "were not forgiven between relations, life would be just one long squabble."

Nothing shook his determination to fly after Formosante; but his carriage was not ready, and he was forced to pass three days among the idlers in feasting and pleasure. At last he embraced them and took his leave, making them accept the best mounted diamonds in his country, and advising them to be always gay and frivolous, as it made them only the more likable and happy. "The Germans," he said, "are the old men of Europe; the people of Albion are the grown men; the inhabitants of Gaul are the children, and I like playing with them."

Chapter 11

HIS GUIDES HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN FOLLOWING THE PRINCESS'S route. People spoke of nothing but her and her big bird. Everywhere they were still in a state of enthusiastic admiration. The peoples of Dalmatia and the Ancona Marches experienced later a less delicious surprise when they saw a house flying through the air; the banks of the Loire, the Dordogne, the Garonne and the Gironde still re-echoed with the cheering.

When Amazan was at the foot of the Pyrenees the magistrates and Druids of the country made him dance a tambourine dance in spite of himself, but as soon as he had crossed the Pyrenees he saw

no more gaiety or joy. Such songs as he heard at great intervals were all of a mournful character. The people walked gravely wearing threaded berries and daggers in their belts. The nation clad in black seemed to be in mourning. If Amazan's servants asked questions of the passers-by, they received signs for answer; if one entered a hostelry the master of the house said in three words that he had nothing in the house and that one could seek for miles round the things of which one had urgent need. When one asked these mutes if they had seen the lovely Princess of Babylon pass, they answered less briefly: "We have seen her, she is not so lovely, there's no beauty in any but swarthy skins; she has an alabaster throat; that is the most disgusting thing in the world and almost unknown in our land."

Amazan went forward towards the province that is watered by the Boetis. Not more than twelve thousand years had passed since this country had been discovered by the Tyrians, about the same time they had discovered the great isle of Atlantis which was submerged some centuries later. The Tyrians cultivated Boetica which the natives of the country let lie fallow, claiming that they should not interfere with anything and that it was the duty of their neighbours the Gauls to come to cultivate their lands. The Tyrians had brought with them some men from Palestine who at that time would go to any climate for whatever small sum they could earn. These Palestinians by lending money on security at fifty per cent. had drawn to themselves nearly all the wealth of the country. This made the people of Boetica think the Palestinians were sorcerers, and all those who were accused of magic were burned without mercy by a band of Druids who were called scrutineers or anthropokaustes. These priests first of all dressed them up in a domino, took possession of their goods, and devoutly recited the Palestinians' own prayers while cooking them on a slow fire *por l'amor de Dios*.

The Princess of Babylon had set foot to ground in the town that has since been called Seville. Her plan was to embark on the Boetis in order to return via Tyre to Babylon to see Belus her father again, and to forget if she could her faithless lover, or ask for him in marriage. She sent for two Palestinians who did all the business of the court. They were to supply her with three ships. The phœnix arranged everything necessary with them, and after some dispute fixed a price.

The hostess was very pious, and her husband, no less pious, was

a familiar, that is to say, a spy of the Druids-Scrutineers-Anthropokaustes. He did not fail to warn them that he had in his house a sorceress and two Palestinians who had made a pact with the devil disguised as a big golden bird. The scrutineers, learning that the lady had a prodigious quantity of diamonds, judged at once she was a sorceress. They awaited nightfall in order to imprison her two hundred horsemen and the unicorns that slept in vast stables; for the scrutineers are cowards.

After barricading the doors thoroughly, they seized the princess and Irla; but they could not seize the phœnix which spread its wings and flew away: it had a good idea it would find Amazan on the Gaul-Seville road.

It met him on the frontier of Boetica and told him of the disaster that had befallen the princess. Amazan could not speak, he was too stunned, too furious. He armed himself with a gold-embossed steel breastplate, with a twelve-foot lance, two javelins and a sharp sword called *The Thunderer* that with one blow could split in two trees, rocks and Druids. He covered his handsome head with a golden casque shaded by heron and ostrich plumes. It was Magog's ancient armour given him by his sister Aldée during his journey in Scythia; the few followers with him were mounted, as he was, on unicorns.

Amazan embraced his dear phœnix, but could say nothing but these sad words: "It is my fault; if I had not slept with a business-girl in the city of idlers, the lovely Princess of Babylon would not be in this appalling state; let us run to the anthropokaustes."

He was soon in Seville. Fifteen hundred alguazils guarded the enclosure where the two hundred Gangarides and their unicorns were shut up without having anything to eat. All was ready for the sacrifice that was going to be made of the Princess of Babylon, Irla her chambermaid, and the two rich Palestinians.

The grand anthropokaustos, surrounded by his little anthropokaustes, was already on his sacred judgment-seat. A crowd of Seville people with threaded berries at their belts put their two hands together in silence, and the lovely princess, Irla and the two Palestinians were brought up, their hands bound behind their backs, and dressed in dominoes.

The phœnix entered by a skylight in the prison where the Gangarides were already starting to break open the doors. The unconquerable Amazan shattered them from the outside. They came

out armed, each mounted on his unicorn. Amazan put himself at their head. He had no difficulty in routing alguazils, familiars, priest-anthropokaustes; each unicorn stabbed dozens at a time. Amazan's Thunderer cut in two all he met. The people in black mantles and dirty ruffs took to flight, still holding in their hands their threaded berries blessed *por l'amor de Dios*.

Amazan seized the chief scrutineer, pulled him out of his judgment-seat and thrust him on the funeral pyre that had been prepared forty paces away; on it he thrust also the other little scrutineers one after the other. Then he threw himself at Formosante's feet.

"You are lovable," she said, "and I should just adore you if you had not been unfaithful with a business-girl."

While Amazan was making his peace with the princess, while the Gangarides were piling the bodies of all the little scrutineers on the flames which rose to the clouds, Amazan saw in the distance what looked like an army coming towards him. An aged monarch, his crown on his head, advanced in a chariot drawn by eight mules harnessed with cords, followed by a hundred other chariots. They were accompanied by grave personages in black cloak and ruff, mounted on very fine horses. A crowd of people followed on foot, their greasy hair uncovered, in silence.

Amazan first gathered his Gangarides round him and advanced with his lance at rest. As soon as the king saw him he took off his crown, descended from his chariot, kissed Amazan's stirrup and said to him: "Man sent by God, you are the avenger of mankind, the liberator of my country, my protector. These sacred monsters of which you have purged the earth were my masters in the name of the old man of the seven mountains. I was forced to endure their criminal power. My people would have abandoned me if I had even so much as wished to moderate their loathsome atrocities. To-day I breathe, I reign, and I owe it to you."

He then respectfully kissed Formosante's hand and begged her to enter his eight-mule coach with Amazan, Irla and the phœnix. The two Palestinians, court bankers, still on their faces in fear and gratitude, got up, and the troop of unicorns followed the King of Boetica to his palace.

As the dignity of the king of a grave people demanded that his mules should walk at funeral pace, Amazan and Formosante had time to tell him all their adventures. He chatted also with the

phœnix, which he admired and kissed a hundred times. He understood how many occidental nations, who ate animals and no longer comprehended their language, were ignorant, brutal and barbarous; that the Gangarides alone had preserved the primitive dignity and nature of man; but he agreed especially that the most barbarous of mortals were these scrutineers—of whom Amazan had just purged the world. He did not stop praising and thanking him. Lovely Formosante was already forgetting the adventure of the business-girl, and her soul was brimming over with the courage of the hero who had saved her life. Amazan, informed of the innocence of the kiss given to the King of Egypt, and of the resurrection of the phœnix, sipped the purest joy, and was stirred with the most violent love.

They dined at the palace, and badly enough. The Boetican cooks were the worst in Europe: Amazan advised sending for Gauls. During the meal the king's musicians played that celebrated air that in the course of centuries has been called "Spanish Madness." After dinner they talked business.

The king asked handsome Amazan, lovely Formosante and the beautiful phœnix what they intended to do in the future. "As far as I am concerned," said Amazan, "I intend to return to Babylon to which I am heir-apparent, and ask my uncle Belus for incomparable Formosante, my first cousin; unless she would prefer to come to live with me among the Gangarides."

"My plan," said the princess, "is certainly never to be separated from my first cousin, but I think he will agree I should return to my father, all the more that I was only given permission to go on a pilgrimage to Bassora, and that I have been all over the world."

"As for me," said the phœnix, "I shall go wherever these affectionate and generous lovers go."

"You are right," said the King of Boetica, "but your return to Babylon is not so easy as you think. I have news of that country every day from Tyrian ships and from my Palestinian bankers who are in communication with all the peoples of the world. The whole of the country between the Euphrates and the Nile is in arms. The King of Scythia is demanding his wife's inheritance at the head of three hundred thousand warriors all mounted. The King of Egypt and the King of the Indies are ravaging the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates also, each at the head of three hundred thousand men, to revenge themselves because they were laughed

at. While the King of of Egypt is away from his country, the King of Ethiopia is ravaging Egypt with three hundred thousand men, and the King of Babylon has only six hundred foot soldiers with which to defend himself.

"I confess to you," continued the king, "that when I hear speak of these prodigious armies that the East belches forth, of their splendour; when I compare them with our little corps of twenty to thirty thousand men who are so difficult to feed and clothe, I am tempted to think that the East was made long before the West. We seem to have come out of chaos the day before yesterday, and out of barbarism yesterday."

"Sire," answered Amazan, "the last comers often overtake those who entered the race first. In my country we think that man came originally from the Indies; but I have no definite knowledge on the point."

"And what is your opinion?" said the King of Boetica to the phœnix.

"Sire," answered the phœnix, "I am not old enough to have an opinion about antiquity. I have not lived more than about twenty-seven thousand years. But my father who was five times as old told me that he had heard from his father that oriental countries had always been better populated and richer than the others. He had it from his ancestors that the generations of all animals had started on the banks of the Ganges. For my part I am not conceited enough to hold this opinion; I cannot believe that the foxes of Albion, the marmots of the Alps and the wolves of Gaul come from my country; and I do not believe either that the firs and oaks of your countries are descended from the palms and cocos-palms of the Indies."

"But where do we come from, then?" continued the king.

"I know nothing about it," answered the phœnix: "all I want to know is where the lovely Princess of Babylon and my dear friend Amazan can go."

"I very much doubt," returned the king, "whether with his two hundred unicorns he will be in a position to drive through so many armies of three hundred thousand men each."

"Why not?" asked Amazan.

The King of Boetica felt the sublimity of that "why not," but he was of opinion that the sublime was not sufficient against countless armies. "I advise you," he said, "to find the King of

Ethiopia. I am in touch with this prince through the medium of my Palestinians; I will give you letters to him: seeing that he is the King of Egypt's enemy he will be only too glad to reinforce himself with your alliance. I can help you with two thousand very sober, very brave men; all you have to do is to engage that number from among the people who dwell, or rather jump, at the foot of the Pyrenees, and who are called Vasques or Vascons. Send one of your warriors on a unicorn with some diamonds; there is not a Vascon who will not leave his castle, his father's cottage, that is to say, in order to serve you. They are indefatigable, courageous and gay; you will be very satisfied with them. Until they arrive we will fête you and prepare your ships. I cannot be too grateful for the service you have rendered me."

Amazan rejoiced in his good fortune at having found Formosante again, and peacefully enjoyed in her conversation all the delights of appeased love which were nearly worth those of budding love.

A proud and happy troop of Vascons soon arrived dancing to the tambourine; the other troop of proud and serious Boeticans was ready. The swarthly old king tenderly embraced the lovers; he had their ship loaded with arms, beds, games of chess, black coats, Spanish ruffs, onions, sheep, chickens, flour and a vast quantity of garlic, while he wished them a good crossing, constant love and victories.

The fleet came alongside the shore where it is said that so many centuries later Dido the Phœnician, sister of one Pygmalion, wife of one Sichæus, having left this town of Tyre, came to found the superb town of Carthage by cutting an ox hide into thongs, according to the evidence of the gravest authors of antiquity, who have never recounted fables, and according to the professors who have written for little boys; although after all there was never anyone in Tyre who was called Pygmalion, or Dido, or Sichæus, which are entirely Greek names, and although finally there was no king of Tyre at all in those times.

Superb Carthage was not yet a seaport; there were there only a few Numidians who dried their fish in the sun.

The travellers coasted along Byzasceuum and the Syrtes, fertile shores where later were Cyrene and the great Chersonnesus. They reached at last the first mouth of the sacred river Nile. It was at the extremity of that fertile land that the port of Canopus was

already receiving vessels of all the trading nations, without anyone knowing if the god Canopus had founded the port or if the inhabitants had founded the god, or if the star Canopus had given its name to the town, or if the town had given its name to the star. All one knew was that the town and the star were very old, and that is all one can know of the origin of things, whatever their nature may be.

There it was that the King of Ethiopia, having ravaged all Egypt, saw invincible Amazan and adorable Formosante disembark. He took the one for the god of battles, and the other for the goddess of beauty. Amazan presented the King of Boetica's letter of recommendation. The King of Ethiopia first of all gave some wonderful fêtes, following the indispensable custom of heroic times. He then spoke of going to exterminate the three hundred thousand men of the King of Egypt, the three hundred thousand of the Emperor of the Indies and the three hundred thousand of the great Khan of the Scythians, who were besieging the immense, haughty, pleasure-loving city of Babylon.

Amazan's two thousand Boeticans told him they did not know what to do with the King of Ethiopia as regarded relieving Babylon; that it was sufficient that their king ordered them to go to deliver it, and that they could manage the job alone.

The Vascons said that they had delivered many other cities, that they would beat the Egyptians, the Indians and the Scythians alone, and that they would not march with the Boeticans unless these latter would be the rear-guard.

The two hundred Gangarides laughed at their allies' pretensions and maintained that with only a hundred unicorns they would put all the kings in the world to flight. Lovely Formosante pacified them with discreet and charming words. Amazan introduced his Gangarides, his unicorns, his Boeticans, his Vascons and his beautiful bird to the black monarch.

Everything was soon ready for the march via Memphis, Heliopolis, Arsinöe, Petra, Artemite, Sora, Apameia, to attack the three kings and to wage that memorable war, compared with which all other wars that men have since waged have been cat-and-dog fights.

Everyone knows how the King of Ethiopia fell in love with beautiful Formosante and how he surprised her in bed when a sweet sleep was closing her long lashes. It will be remembered that

Amazan, witness of this sight, thought he saw day and night sleeping together. It is a matter of common knowledge that Amazan, exasperated at the affront, suddenly drew his Thunderer, that he cut off the insolent negro's depraved head, and that he drove all the Ethiopians out of Egypt. Are not these marvels written in the book of the chronicles of Egypt? Fame has published with her hundred mouths the victories he won over the three kings with his Boetican warriors, his Vascons and his unicorns. He returned lovely Formosante to her father; he freed all his mistress's suite whom the King of Egypt had reduced to slavery. The grand Khan of the Scythians declared himself his vassal, and the marriage with Princess Aldée was sanctioned. Invincible and generous Amazan, recognised as heir to the throne of Babylon, made a triumphal entry into the city with the phœnix in the presence of a hundred subject kings. The festival at his marriage surpassed in every way that which Belus had given. The bull Apis was served up at table roasted. The King of Egypt and the King of the Indies handed the drinking-cup to the husband and wife, and the nuptials were celebrated by five hundred Babylonian poets.

O Muses, whom one invokes always at the beginning of a work, it is only at the end I call upon you. It is in vain that I am reproached with saying grace without a *benedicite*. Muses! you will not be my guardians any the less. Stop rash sequel-mongers from spoiling with their fables the truths I have taught mortals in this faithful history, as they have falsified *Candide*, *The Simple Soul*, and the chaste adventures of chaste Jeanne which an ex-Capuchin has disfigured with verses worthy of a Capuchin, in Batavian editions. May they not commit this crime against my printer, who is burdened with a numerous family and who barely possesses the wherewithal to buy type, paper and ink.

O Muses! impose silence on the detestable Cogé, professor of verbosity in the Mazarin College, who has not been satisfied with the moral speeches of Belisarius and the Emperor Justinian, and who has written villainous defamatory libels against these two great men.

Put a muzzle on that pedant Larcher who without knowing one word of ancient Babylonian, without having travelled as I have on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, has had the impudence to maintain that lovely Formosante, daughter of the greatest king in the world, Princess Aldée, and all the women of that respectable

court, go to sleep with all the ostlers of Asia for money in the great temple of Babylon, for religious reasons. This college libertine, your enemy and the enemy of modesty, accuses the lovely Egyptian women of Mendez of never loving anything but goats, secretly suggesting by this example that he is going to make a tour in Egypt so that he may at last have some pleasant adventures.

As he knows no more about modern times than ancient, he insinuates, in the hope of making some old lady's intimate acquaintance, that the incomparable Ninon slept at the age of eighty with Father Gédoin of the French Academy and the Academy of Inscriptions and Letters. He has never heard speak of Father Châteauneuf, whom he takes for Father Gédoin. He knows no more about Ninon than he does about the girls of Babylon.

Muses, daughters of Heaven, Larcher your enemy goes further, he indulges in eulogies of pederasty; he dares say that all the little boys of my country are subject to this infamy. He thinks he is saving himself by increasing the number of the guilty.

Noble and chaste Muses who have an equal hatred of pedantry and pederasty, protect me against master Larcher!

And you, master Aliboron, called Fréron, former self-styled Jesuit, you whose Parnassus is sometimes in the Bicêtre and sometimes in the corner tavern; you who have received such justice in all the theatres of Europe in that honest comedy *The Scotch Girl;* you worthy son of priest Desfontaines, who were born of his love affairs with one of those pretty boys, who carry a rod and a fillet like the son of Venus, and who like him take flight into the air, although they never go as high as the chimney-pots; my dear Aliboron, for whom I have always had so much affection, and who made me laugh for a month on end at the time of *The Scotch Girl,* to you I recommend my Princess Babylon. Say good or bad of it, so that people may read it.

I shall not forget you here, clerical pamphleteer, illustrious Jansenist orator, father of the Church founded by Abbé Bécheraud and by Abraham Chaumeix; do not fail to say in your pages, as pious as they are eloquent and sensible, that the Princess of Babylon was a heretic, deist and atheist. Above all try to engage Mister Riballier to have the Princess of Babylon condemned by the Sorbonne. You will give great pleasure to my bookseller to whom I have given this little story for his New Year gift.

THE CHILD OF NATURE

A TRUE STORY, AS FOUND AMONG THE MANUSCRIPTS OF FATHER QUESNEL

Chapter 1

DESCRIBES HOW THE PRIOR OF OUR LADY OF THE MOUNTAIN AND HIS SISTER FELL IN WITH A HURON

ONE DAY SAINT DUNSTAN, AN IRISHMAN BY NATIONALITY AND a saint by profession, left Ireland on a small mountain, which was wafted towards the French coast, and arrived by that mode of conveyance in the Bay of St. Malo. As soon as he had landed, he bestowed his benediction upon the mountain, which made a profound courtesy, and then returned to Ireland by the same way as it had come.

Dunstan founded a little priory in that neighbourhood, and gave it the name of the Priory of the Mountain, which it still bears, as everybody knows.

On the evening of the fifteenth day of July, in the year 1689, the Abbé de Kerkabon, Prior of Our Lady of the Mountain, was walking on the sea-shore with Mademoiselle de Kerkabon, his sister, to take the air. The Prior, already a little advanced in years, was a very good clergyman, beloved by his neighbours as he had formerly been by their wives. What had established his high reputation more than anything else was the fact that he was the only beneficed divine of that part of the country who did not require to be carried to bed, after supping with his brethren of the cloth. He had a very decent knowledge of theology; and, when he was tired of reading St. Augustine, he entertained himself with Rabelais; moreover, nobody had an ill word to say of him.

Mademoiselle de Kerkabon, who had never been married, though that was not for want of wishing it, had preserved the freshness of her complexion to the age of five-and-forty years. Her character

was benevolent and sympathetic; she was fond of pleasure, no less than of devotion.

The Prior, as he cast his eyes over the sea, said to his sister: "Alas, it was here that our poor brother embarked with our dear sister-in-law, Madame de Kerkabon his wife, on board the 'Swallow' frigate in 1669, to go and serve in Canada. If he had not been killed, we might be hoping to see him again."

"Do you believe," said Mademoiselle de Kerkabon, "that our sister-in-law was devoured by Iroquois Indians, as we have heard?"

"It is quite certain that if she had not been eaten up, she would have returned home. I shall mourn for her all my life—she was a charming woman; and our brother, who was remarkably clever, would assuredly have risen to a high position."

As both of them were melted to tears at these recollections, they saw a small vessel enter the mouth of the Rance with the tide; it contained some Englishmen who had come to sell certain produce of their country. They leapt ashore, without taking any notice of the Prior or his sister, who was much shocked at this want of attention to herself.

This was not the case, however, with a very young man, who sprang forward ahead of his companions, and found himself face to face with the lady. He saluted her with an inclination of the head, not being accustomed to making a bow. His figure and clothing attracted the notice of the brother and sister. His head and his legs were bare, his feet were shod with low sandals, and down his neck hung plaits of long hair; a tight-fitting jerkin showed off to advantage his slim and lithe figure. He had a martial mien, but not without a touch of mildness. He held in one hand a small flask of Barbadoes water, and in the other a sort of bag in which he carried a goblet and some excellent sea biscuit. He spoke French very intelligibly, and offered his Barbadoes water to Mademoiselle de Kerkabon and her brother; he drank some of it with them, he invited them to drink again, and all with an air so simple and natural, that both brother and sister were delighted with him.

They asked how they could serve him, who he was, and where he was going. The young man answered them that he had no idea, that he was inquisitive and wished to see what the shores of France were like, so he had come and was going to return.

His Reverence the Prior, judging from his accent that he was

not an Englishman, took the liberty of inquiring to what country he belonged.

"I am a Huron," replied the young man.

Mademoiselle de Kerkabon, surprised and enchanted to see a Huron with such polite manners, invited the young fellow to supper; he did not require to be asked twice, and all three went together to the Priory of Our Lady of the Mountain.

The plump little woman gazed at the stranger with all her eyes, which were not very large even when wide open, and whispered to the Prior every now and again: "This tall lad beside us has a colour like that of the lily and the rose!—What a fair skin he has for a Huron!"

"Very true, sister," said the Prior.

She showered a hundred questions upon the traveller in quick succession, and he always answered her with great good sense.

The rumour soon spread that there was a Huron staying at the Priory. Those who belonged to the best society in the neighbourhood were eager to go and sup there. The Abbé de Saint-Yves came with his sister, a beauty of Lower Brittany, young and very well educated. The magistrate of the district, the receiver of taxes, and their wives were also at supper. The stranger was placed between Madmoiselle de Kerkabon and Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves. Everybody looked at him with admiration, everybody spoke to him and questioned him at once; but the Huron was not in the least disconcerted, it seemed as if he had taken for his motto that of Lord Bolingbroke: *Nil admirari.*

But at that, unable to stand so much noise, he said with a good-natured smile, but also with some decision: "Gentlemen, in my country we are in the habit of speaking one after another; how do you expect me to answer you, when you prevent me from hearing what you say?" The voice of reason always brings people to their senses at least for some moments, and a dead silence ensued. The Magistrate, who always regarded strangers as his peculiar property, in whatever house he happened to find himself, and who was famous as an interrogator all over the province, opened his mouth about half a foot wide and said: "What is your name, sir?"

"I have always been called 'the Unsophisticated Child of Nature,' " answered the Huron, "and this name of mine was ratified in England, because I always say what I think in the most artless manner, and do whatever I like."

"Being born a Huron, how, sir, did you manage to get to England?"

"Because I was taken there; I was made prisoner by the English in a battle, after having defended myself pretty stoutly; and the English, who love bravery, because they are brave themselves and as honourable as we are, having proposed to restore me to my kinsfold or to take me with them to England, I accepted the latter offer, because from my natural disposition I am passionately fond of seeing new countries."

"But, sir," said the Magistrate, in his most imposing tone, "how could you desert your father and mother in that way?"

"Because neither father nor mother were ever known to me," said the stranger.

The company were moved with compassion, and everybody repeated: "Neither father nor mother!"

"We will supply their place," said the mistress of the house to her brother the Prior. "How interesting this Huron gentleman is, to be sure!"

The Unsophisticated thanked her with generous cordiality, and gave her to understand that he needed nothing.

"I perceive, Mr. Unsophisticated," said the grave Magistrate, "that your French is better than could be expected from a Huron."

"A Frenchman," he replied, "whom we had captured, and with whom I formed a warm friendship, taught me his language when I was very young, in my own country; I learn very quickly what I wish to learn. On arriving at Plymouth, I met with one of your French refugees, whom you call Huguenots, why I know not. Under his instruction I made further progress in the knowledge of your tongue; and, now that I can express myself intelligibly, I am come to see your country, for I like French people very much —when they don't ask too many questions."

The Abbé de Saint-Yves, in spite of this little hint, inquired which of the three languages he liked best, his own native tongue, English, or French.

"My own, undoubtedly," answered the Child of Nature.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Kerkabon. "I always thought that French was the most beautiful of all languages, next to that of Lower Brittany."

Then a rivalry arose as to who should ask the Unsophisticated how the Hurons called different things, such as what name they

gave to "tobacco," to which he answered *taya;* how they expressed "to eat," and he answered *essenten.* Mademoiselle de Kerkabon insisted upon knowing what they said for "to make love;" he replied *trovander,* and maintained, not without some show of reason, that those words were quite as good as their French and English equivalents. *Trovander* especially seemed to all the company a very pretty expression.

The Prior, who had in his library a Huron grammar, which had been given him by the Reverend Father Sagar Théodat of the Reformed Franciscans, the famous missionary, left the table for a moment in order to go and consult it. He returned quite out of breath with tender and joyful emotion; he acknowledged the Unsophisticated as a genuine Huron. A short discussion next arose on the multiplicity of languages, and there was a general agreement that, had it not been for what happened at the Tower of Babel, all the world would have spoken French.

The question-loving Magistrate, who had hitherto shown some distrust of the stranger, now began to feel towards him a profound respect, and addressed him more politely than he had done before, upon what ground the Child of Nature could not comprehend.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves evinced great curiosity to know how the Hurons made love in their own country.

"By doing noble deeds," replied the youth, "to please persons like yourself."

All the guests were astonished, and applauded so apt an answer. Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves blushed, and was very pleased. Mademoiselle de Kerkabon also blushed, but was not quite so well pleased; she was a little piqued that the compliment had not been addressed to her, but she was so good-natured that her liking for the Huron underwent no alteration. She asked him, with kindly interest, how many sweethearts he had had in his own land.

"I have never had more than one," said the Unsophisticated; "it was Miss Abacaba, my dear nurse's great friend; the reeds were not more straight, the ermine was not whiter, lambs were not so mild, eagles not so proud, and the deer were less fleet of foot than Miss Abacaba. One day she was chasing a hare in our neighbourhood, about fifty leagues from our settlement, when an Algonquin, an ill-bred fellow who lived a hundred leagues farther from us, came up and took the hare away from her. I heard of it, ran to

the place, knocked down the Algonquin with a blow of my club, and brought him to the feet of my mistress, bound hand and foot. Abacaba's relations wanted to eat him, but I never had much taste for such kinds of feasts. I gave him back his liberty and made him my friend. Abacaba was so touched by my conduct, that she preferred me to all her other suitors. She would have loved me still, if she had not had the misfortunte to be devoured by a bear. I had my revenge on the bear and wore its skin for a long time, but somehow that did not seem to give me much consolation."

Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, on hearing this narration, felt a secret pleasure at learning that the Child of Nature had never had more than one sweetheart, and that Abacaba was no longer alive; but she did not know the cause of her pleasure. All the company fixed their eyes on the Unsophisticated, and he was highly commended for having prevented his comrades from eating up an Algonquin.

The inexorable Magistrate, whose rage for asking questions was irrepressible, pushed his curiosity so far as to inquire to what religion the Huron gentleman belonged; whether he had chosen the Anglican, the Gallican, or the Huguenot church.

"I am of my own religion, as you are of yours," said he.

"Alas!" said the Prior's sister, "I see plainly that those wretched English people have not even thought of baptizing him."

"Good Heavens!" said Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves; "how comes it that the Hurons are not Catholics? Have not the Reverend Jesuit Fathers converted them all?"

The Unsophisticated assured her that in his country no one was ever converted, that a true Huron had never changed his opinion, and that there was not even a term in their language to signify "inconstancy." These last words pleased Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves exceedingly.

"We'll baptize him! Yes, we'll baptize him!" said Mademoiselle de Kerkabon to the Prior; "you shall have the honour of administering the rite, my dear brother, and I am determined to be his godmother; the Abbé de Saint-Yves shall present him at the font; it will be a most brilliant ceremony, and talked of all over Lower Brittany, moreover it will be an infinite honour to us."

All the company supported the mistress of the house, exclaiming: "We'll have him baptized!"

The Unsophisticated replied that in England people were allowed to live according to their fancy; he intimated that the proposal did not please him at all, and that the laws of the Hurons were at least as good as those of the people of Lower Brittany; he ended by saying that he was going to take his departure on the morrow. When his bottle of Barbadoes water was quite finished, all the company retired to bed.

After the Child of Nature had been conducted to his chamber, Mademoiselle de Kerkabon and her friend Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves could not help looking through the key hole, to see how a Huron slept; they saw that he had spread the bed-clothes on the floor and was reposing in the most graceful attitude imaginable.

Chapter 2

THE HURON, KNOWN AS THE UNSOPHISTICATED, IS RECOGNISED BY HIS RELATIONS

THE UNSOPHISTICATED AWOKE, AS HE WAS ACCUSTOMED TO DO, at cock-crow, which the English and the Hurons call, "the bugle of the morn." He was not like those people of fashion who lounge in a bed of idleness till the sun has passed the middle of his course, who can neither sleep nor get up, who lose so many precious hours in a state between life and death, and who yet complain that life is too short.

He had already traversed two or three leagues, and had killed some thirty head of game, with bullets only, when on his return he found the Prior of our Lady of the Mountain and his discreet sister walking in their little garden, with nightcaps on their heads. He presented them with all his spoils, and, drawing from his bosom a sort of little talisman which he always wore around his neck, begged them to accept it as some acknowledgment of their kind hospitality.

"It is the most precious possession that I have," said he. "I have been assured that I should be always happy so long as I wore this little trinket; and I give it to you in order that you may always be happy."

The Prior and his sister smiled feelingly at the simplicity of this Child of Nature; the present consisted of two little portraits,

badly executed, and fastened together with a very greasy string.

Mademoiselle de Kerkabon asked him if there were artists among the Hurons.

"No," said the Unsophisticated; "this curiosity was given me by my nurse. Her husband had obtained possession of it by conquest, when stripping some Frenchmen from Canada who had made war upon us. That is all I know about it."

The Prior gazed attentively at the portraits; he changed colour, he was strongly moved, and his hands trembled.

"By our Lady of the Mountain," he exclaimed, "I believe that these are the faces of my brother, the Captain, and his wife!"

His sister, after regarding them with no less emotion, came to the same conclusion. Both of them were seized with astonishment and joy, not unmixed with pain; both were overcome, both shed tears, their hearts beat fast, they gave vent to little cries, and snatched the pictures out of each other's hands, taking them and giving them back twenty times in a second; they devoured with their eyes alike the pictures and the Huron; they asked one after the other, and both together, where, when, and how these miniatures had fallen into his nurse's hands; they entered into comparisons, and calculated the time since the Captain's departure; they remembered having heard tidings that he had advanced as far as the country of the Hurons, and since that time they had never heard anything more of him.

The Unsophisticated had told them that he had known neither father nor mother. The Prior, who was a man of intelligence, noticed that the young man had a little beard, though he knew very well that the Hurons have none.

"His chin is covered with down, he is doubtless the son of some European. My brother and sister-in-law disappeared altogether after the expedition against the Hurons in 1669—my nephew must have been an infant in arms—the Huron nurse saved his life, and supplied the place of a mother."

Finally, after a hundred questions and answers, the Prior and his sister came to the conclusion that the Huron was their own nephew. They embraced him with tears, and the Unsophisticated laughed, for how could he suppose that a Huron was the nephew of a prior of Lower Brittany?

All the company now came downstairs, and the Abbé de Saint-

Yves, who was a great physiognomist, compared the two portraits with the countenance of the youth before him. He very cleverly remarked that he had his mother's eyes, while his forehead and nose were those of the late Captain de Kerkabon, and his cheeks bore some likeness to both.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, who had never seen either the father or the mother, was positive that the Unsophisticated resembled them exactly. They all admired the ways of Providence and the concatenation of events in this world. At last everybody seemed so firmly persuaded and convinced of the young man's origin, that the Child of Nature was himself content to be the Prior's nephew, saying that he would as soon have him for an uncle as anyone else.

All the party went to return thanks to God in the church of Our Lady of the Mountain, except the Huron, who, meanwhile, with an air of perfect indifference, amused himself in the house drinking.

The Englishmen, who had brought him over and were now ready to set sail, came to tell him that it was time to start.

"Apparently," said he, "you have not discovered any uncles and aunts. I shall remain here, while you return to Plymouth; I give you all my wearing apparel, for I no longer need anything at all, since I am the nephew of a prior."

The Englishmen accordingly sailed away, caring very little whether the Unsophisticated had or had not found relations in Lower Brittany.

After the uncle and aunt with their guests had sung a *Te Deum*, after the Magistrate had again overwhelmed the Child of Nature with questions, and after they had exhausted all the language that astonishment, joy, and tenderness could prompt, the Prior of the Mountain and the Abbé de Saint-Yves determined to have the Unsophisticated baptized as soon as possible. But a tall Huron, twenty-two years of age, was not to be treated in the same way as an infant which is regenerated without knowing anything about it. He would have to undergo a course of instruction, and that seemed difficult, for the Abbé de Saint-Yves supposed that a man who was not born in France must be devoid of ordinary sense.

The Prior remarked to the company that even though his nephew, the Unsophisticated, had not had the happiness of being born in Lower Brittany, his intelligence was none the less on that

account, as could be perceived from all his answers, and that Nature had certainly favoured him highly as well on his father's as on his mother's side.

They asked him first if he had ever read any book. He said that he had read Rabelais translated in English, and some extracts from Shakespeare which he knew by heart, that he had met with these books in the Captain's cabin, on board the vessel which had brought him from America to Plymouth, and that he had been very pleased with them. The Magistrate did not fail to examine him upon these books.

"I confess," said the Unsophisticated, "that though I thought I could fathom the meaning of some parts, others were unintelligible to me."

The Abbé de Saint-Yves, on hearing this speech, reflected that it was thus he himself had always read, and that most people read in much the same way.

"You have no doubt read the Bible?" said he to the Huron.

"Not at all, reverend sir; it was not among the Captain's books —I have never even heard it mentioned."

"See what sort of people those execrable English are!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Kerkabon; "they will care more for a play of Shakespeare, a plum pudding, and a bottle of rum than for the five books of Moses! They have never converted a single soul in America. Assuredly they are under the curse of heaven, and we shall take from them Jamaica and Virginia before very long."

However that might be, the cleverest tailor in St. Malo was sent for to fit out the Child of Nature from top to toe. The party then broke up, and the Magistrate went off to ply his questions elsewhere. Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, as she was going away, turned back several times to take another look at the Unsophisticated; and each time he made her lower bows than he had ever made to anyone in all his life.

The Magistrate, before taking his leave, introduced to Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves his great booby of a son who had just come from college, but she scarcely noticed him, so much was her mind occupied with the Huron's polite behaviour.

Chapter 3

THE HURON, CALLED THE UNSOPHISTICATED, IS CONVERTED TO CHRISTIANITY

THE GOOD PRIOR, SEEING THAT HE WAS A LITTLE ADVANCED IN years, and that Heaven had sent him a nephew for his comfort and consolation, took it into his head that he might resign his benefice in that nephew's favour, if he could only succeed in baptising him and getting him to take holy orders.

The Unsophisticated had an excellent memory: the sound constitution inherited from his ancestors of Lower Brittany, fortified by the climate of Canada, had rendered his head so strong that when it was struck on the top he hardly felt it, and when anything was once imprinted within nothing could efface it—he had never forgotten anything. His receptive powers were all the more lively and clear from the fact that his childhood had not been burdened with such a load of futile and senseless learning as oppresses and overwhelms our own, so that new ideas could enter his brain unclouded. The Prior resolved that he should read the New Testament. The Unsophisticated devoured it with great delight, but knowing neither at what time nor in what country the events related in the book took place, he never doubted that they had all happened in Lower Brittany, and he swore that he would cut off the rascals' noses and ears, if he ever met Caiaphas or Pontius Pilate.

His uncle, charmed at finding him so well disposed, hastened to acquaint him with the true state of the case; he commended his zeal, but informed him that it was futile, inasmuch as those persons had been dead for about sixteen hundred and ninety years. The Unsophisticated soon knew almost all the book by heart. He sometimes propounded difficulties which gave the Prior a great deal of trouble, and he was often obliged to consult the Abbé de Saint-Yves, who, knowing not what to answer, sent for a Breton Jesuit to complete the Huron's conversion.

At last the work of grace was accomplished, and the Child of Nature promised to become a Christian. He never doubted that

the first thing to be done was to be circumcised: "For," said he, "I do not find in this book which has been given me to read a single instance of a person exempted; it is evident then that this is a sacrifice required of me, and the sooner it is offered the better. Without a moment's hesitation he sent to fetch the village surgeon, and requested him to perform the operation, thinking that Mademoiselle de Kerkabon and all his new friends would be extremely pleased when once the deed was done. The sawbones, who had never yet performed this operation, informed the family of what he had been asked to do, and they received the intelligence with cries of horror and alarm. The kind-hearted little lady trembled lest her nephew, who appeared to be as hasty as he was determined, should attempt to operate upon himself, and that so unskilfully as to bring about deplorable results.

The Prior set himself to correct the Huron's ideas on this subject, telling him that circumcision had gone quite out of fashion, that baptism was a far more agreeable and wholesome rite, and that the law of grace was very different from the old law of severity. The Unsophisticated, who had plenty of good sense and straightforward frankness, after a little dispute, admitted his mistake (which is rarely done in Europe by people who argue), and at last promised to have himself baptised whenever they liked.

Before his baptism, he would have to go to confession,—and that presented the greatest difficulty of all. The Unsophisticated always kept in his pocket the book which his uncle had given him, and he could not find therein that a single apostle had set such an example, and this rendered him very stubborn. The Prior shut his mouth by pointing out to him, in the epistle of St. James the Less, these words: "*confess your sins one to another.*" The Huron was silent, and consented to make his confession to a Reformed Franciscan friar. When he had finished, he caught hold of the friar with a strong arm, dragged him out of the Confessional box, and taking his seat himself, made the other kneel before him.

"Come, my friend, it is written: '*confess one to another*'; I have told you my sins, and you shall not leave this place till you have told me yours."

So saying, he kept his great knee pressed against his opponent's

chest, while the friar made the church resound with his yells. Those who ran to his help saw the catechumen pommelling the friar in the name of St. James the Less. The pleasure of baptising a Huron-English Breton was so great, that these singularities on his part were easily passed over. There were even a considerable number of theologians who held that confession was unnecessary, since baptism supplied the lack of everything else.

A day was appointed with the Bishop of Saint-Malo, who, gratified as may well be believed at the prospect of baptising a Huron, arrived in a grand carriage attended by his clergy. Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves had put on her prettiest frock, and sent for a hairdresser from Saint-Malo, in order that she might shine at the ceremony. The Magistrate who was so fond of asking questions, with people from all the country round, hastened to the church, which was magnificently decorated. But, when the time came for conducting the Huron to the baptismal font, he was nowhere to be found.

The uncle and aunt searched for him in all directions; they thought that he might be following the chase, as he was so fond of doing. All who had been invited to the ceremony scoured the woods and neighbouring villages, but could hear no news of the Huron.

They began to fear that he had returned to England, for they remembered hearing him say that he liked that country very much indeed. The Prior and his sister were positive that no one was ever baptised there, and trembled for their nephew's soul. The Bishop was perplexed, and prepared to return home; the Prior and the Abbé were in despair; the Magistrate asked questions with his customary gravity of all who passed by; Mademoiselle de Kerkabon wept; Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, though she shed no tears, ever and anon gave a deep sigh, which clearly showed her interest in the sacraments. The two ladies were walking together sadly enough beside the willows and flags which fringed the bank of the little river Rance, when they perceived, in mid-stream, a tall white figure, with hands crossed upon its breast. They uttered a loud scream, and turned to run away. But curiosity soon overcoming every other consideration, they crept gently through the reeds, and, when they were quite sure of not being seen themselves, they determined to watch what was going on.

Chapter 4

THE UNSOPHISTICATED IS BAPTIZED

THE PRIOR AND THE ABBÉ, HURRYING TO THE SPOT, ASKED THE Unsophisticated what he was doing there.

"Upon my word, gentlemen, this is too bad; I am waiting to be baptised. I have been standing up to my neck in water for the last hour, and it is not fair to let me catch my death of cold."

"My dear nephew," said the Prior tenderly, "we do not baptise people in this way here in Lower Brittany. Put on your clothes again, and come with us."

Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, hearing these words, whispered to her companion: "Do you think, Mademoiselle, that he will be so ready to leave the water?"

The Huron, meanwhile, answered the Prior: "You will not get me to believe you this time as you did before—I have studied the subject well since then, and I am quite certain that people are not baptised in any other way; the eunuch of Queen Candace was baptised in a stream—I defy you to show me in the book which you gave me that the rite was ever administered otherwise—I will not be baptised at all unless it be in the river."

It was all in vain that they pointed out to him that customs had changed; the Child of Nature was obstinate, for he was both a Breton and a Huron. He always returned to the eunuch of Queen Candace; and, although his aunt and Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, who had been watching him from the willows, would have been fully justified in telling him that it had no bearing upon his own case to quote the example of a man like that, they nevertheless abstained, so great was their discretion. The Bishop himself came to speak to him, which was great condescension on his part; but he gained nothing by it, for the Huron dared even to dispute with the Bishop.

"Show me," said he, "in the book which my uncle gave me a single man who was not baptised in a river, and I will do all that you wish."

His aunt had remarked that the first time her nephew had made a bow, he had made a more profound one to Mademoiselle de Saint-

Yves than to any other person in the company, and that he had not even saluted the Bishop with the same cordial respect which he had shown towards that beautiful young lady. In her despair she took the course of applying to Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves in this moment of extreme embarrassment; she begged her to use her influence to prevail upon the Huron to let himself be baptized in the same manner as the Bretons, believing that her nephew could never be made a Christian, if he persisted in wishing to be baptised in running water.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves blushed with a sense of secret pleasure at being charged with such an important commission; she modestly approached the Child of Nature and, squeezing his hand in a way that was quite magnanimous, asked him this question:

"Will you do nothing for my sake?"

As she uttered these words, she cast down her eyes, and then gracefully raised them again with a tender glance.

"I will do whatever you wish, Mademoiselle, whatever you shall command me,—to be baptised in water, to be baptised in fire, to be baptised in blood; there is nothing that I can refuse you."

So Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves had the glory of achieving with two words what the earnest entreaties of the Prior, the repeated interrogations of the Magistrate, and even the arguments of the Bishop had been unable to effect. She was sensible of her triumph, but she did not realise its whole extent.

The sacrament of baptism was administered and received with all possible dignity and magnificence, and amid tokens of general interest. The uncle and aunt resigned to the Abbé de Saint-Yves and his sister the privilege of standing sponsors to the Unsophisticated. Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves was radiant with joy at finding herself the godmother. She knew not to what hard conditions this important title bound her; she accepted the honour without knowing its fatal consequences.

As there never was an important ceremony which was not followed by a grand dinner, they had no sooner come from the christening than they sat down to table. The wags of Lower Brittany observed that there was no occasion to baptise the wine. His Reverence the Prior remarked that wine, according to Solomon, "maketh glad the heart of man." My lord Bishop added, that the patriarch Judah was to "tie his ass's colt to the vine, and wash his garments in the blood of grapes"; and expressed his regret that this

could not be done in Lower Brittany, to which vines had not been vouchsafed by the Almighty. Each of the guests tried to say something clever about the christening, and to pay gallant compliments to the godmother. The Magistrate, who must needs be still putting questions, asked the Huron if he would be faithful to his promises.

"How can you suppose that I should fail to keep them," answered the Huron, "since I have committed my pledges into the hands of Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves?"

The Child of Nature grew warm; he drank much and often to the health of his godmother.

"If I had been baptised by your hand," said he, "I feel sure that the cold water which was poured over the back of my head would have scalded me."

The Magistrate considered this speech too poetical, not knowing how familiar allegorical modes of expression are in Canada. But the godmother was extremely pleased with it.

The name of Hercules had been given to the Huron at his baptism. The Bishop of St. Malo asked repeatedly who that patron-saint might be, for he had never heard of him. The Jesuit, who was extremely learned, told him that he was a saint who had wrought twelve miracles; there was indeed a thirteenth which was as great as all the others put together, but of that it did not become a Jesuit to speak;—it was changing fifty girls into women in a single night. A lively fellow who was one of the party highly extolled this miracle. All the ladies cast down their eyes, and judged from the young Huron's appearance that he was worthy of the saint whose name he bore.

Chapter 5

THE CHILD OF NATURE IN LOVE

IT MUST BE CONFESSED THAT SINCE THE CHRISTENING AND THE dinner that followed, Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves passionately wished that the Bishop would make her again a partner in some imposing ceremony with Monsieur Hercules, the Child of Nature. However, as she was well brought up and extremely modest, she did not quite dare to own those tender sentiments even to herself; but if a look, a word, a gesture, or a thought of the kind escaped

her, she wrapped it all in a veil of bashfulness that was infinitely becoming, for she was as discreet as she was tender and impassioned.

As soon as the Bishop had taken his departure, the Unsophisticated and Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves found themselves together without being aware that they had been looking for each other. They talked together without having imagined what they were going to say. The Child of Nature told her forthwith that he loved her with all his heart, and that the beautiful Abacaba, of whom he had been so enamoured in his own land, could not be compared with her. The young lady answered him with her usual modesty, that he had better take the earliest opportunity of speaking to his uncle the Prior, and to his aunt, and that she on her side would say a few words about his proposal to her dear brother the Abbé de Saint-Yves, and that she was pleased to think that there was every prospect of a general consent.

The Unsophisticated replied that he had no need of anyone's consent, that it seemed to him exceedingly ridiculous to go and ask other people what they should do, that, when two parties were agreed, there was no occasion for a third to bring them together.

"I consult nobody," said he, "when I wish to take breakfast, to go hunting, or to sleep. I know perfectly well that in love affairs it is not a bad thing to win the consent of the person immediately concerned; but, as it is neither my uncle nor my aunt with whom I am in love, it is not to them that I have to address myself in the present case; and, if you will be guided by me, you will likewise dispense with the opinion of your respected brother, the Abbé de Saint-Yves."

It may be imagined that the fair maid of Brittany used her most delicate powers of persuasion to induce the Huron to conform to the usages of polite society; she even showed a little displeasure, but soon relented. It is doubtful how this conversation might have ended, had not the Abbé, as the sun was setting, taken his sister home. The Unsophisticated saw his uncle and aunt retire to rest, a little fatigued with the ceremony of the day and their long dinner party, and spent a good deal of the night composing verses in the Huron language addressed to the idol of his heart; for you must know that there is no country under heaven where love has not turned lovers into poets.

On the morrow his uncle, after breakfast, addressed him thus,

in the presence of Mademoiselle de Kerkabon, who was much affected: "Heaven be praised that you now, my dear nephew, enjoy the double privilege of being a Christian and a Breton! But you will need something more; I am not so young as I was; my poor brother left nothing behind him but a small patch of ground which is not enough to support you,—I have a good living in my Priory; if you will only take orders and become a sub-deacon, as I hope you will, I am ready to resign my benefice to you, and you will have quite an easy life of it, after being the comfort of my old age."

The Unsophisticated replied: "May great good betide you, uncle!—live as long as you can! I do not know what it is to become a sub-deacon, nor what you mean by resigning; but all shall be agreeable to me, provided that I have Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves at my disposal."

"Good gracious, nephew! what is that you say? Are you then so desperately in love with that handsome young lady?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Alas! nephew, it is impossible that you can ever marry her."

"It is perfectly possible, uncle; for not only did she squeeze my hand, when she left me, but she has promised to ask her brother's consent to our marriage. Yes, I certainly will make her my wife."

"That is impossible, I tell you; she is your godmother, and it is a dreadful sin for a godmother to squeeze the hand of her godson—still less may he marry her, the laws of God and man are against it."

"Deuce take it all! Uncle, you must be mocking me. Why should it be forbidden to marry one's godmother, when she is young and pretty? I have never read in the book you gave me that there is any harm in marrying the fair assistants at the rite of baptism. I perceive every day that there are an infinite number of things done here which are not in your book, and that nothing is done which it enjoins. I freely confess that I am astonished and displeased at this. If I am to be deprived of the lovely Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves on account of our baptismal relationship, I give you fair warning that I will carry her off, and unbaptise myself."

The Prior was confounded, his sister wept.

"My dear brother," said she, "our nephew must not bring about his own damnation; our Holy Father the Pope can grant him a dispensation, and then he may be happy in a Christian manner with the object of his affection."

The Unsophisticated kissed his aunt, and inquired: "Pray, who

is that delightful man, who so kindly interests himself in the love affairs of youths and maidens?—I will go and speak to him at once."

They explained to him who and what the Pope was, and the Unsophisticated was even more astonished than before.

"There is not a word of all this in your book, my dear uncle! —I have travelled, and know something of the sea.—We are here on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean; and shall I quit Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves to ask leave to love her of a man who lives at the other end of the Mediterranean, four hundred leagues off, and whose language I do not understand! Such a proceeding is incomprehensible and absurd.—I am going straight to the Abbé de Saint-Yves, whose house is not more than a league from yours; and I warrant you I'll marry my sweetheart before the day is done."

Whilst he was still speaking the Magistrate entered, and, according to his usual custom, asked where he was going.

"I am going to get married," said the Unsophisticated in passing; and before another quarter of an hour he had already reached the home of his beautiful and beloved maid of Brittany, who was still asleep.

"Ah! brother," said Mademoiselle de Kerkabon; "you will never make a sub-deacon of our nephew."

The Magistrate was not at all pleased at this step, for he intended his son to wed Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves—a son who was, if possible, even more insufferably foolish than his father.

Chapter 6

THE CHILD OF NATURE FLIES TO HIS MISTRESS, AND BECOMES FURIOUSLY ENRAGED

NO SOONER HAD OUR UNSOPHISTICATED FRIEND ARRIVED THAN he asked an old servant which was his sweetheart's chamber, and with a strong push burst open the door, which was badly secured, and rushed towards the bed. Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves awoke with a start, exclaiming: "Oh! what's the matter? It can't be you? Yes, it is! Stop! what are you about?"

He answered, "I am going to marry you"; and he would have

been as good as his word, if she had not resisted with all the modesty of a young person of good breeding.

The Child of Nature did not understand being baffled in this way; he thought all this fuss quite out of place.

"Abacaba, my first sweetheart, behaved very differently. You want common honesty. You promised to be my wife, and yet you will not complete our marriage; that is failing in the first law of honour. I will teach you to keep your word, and bring you back to the path of virtue."

The Child of Nature possessed a masculine and intrepid virtue, worthy of his patron Hercules, whose name had been given him at baptism, and he was about to exert it to its fullest extent when the piercing cries of the young lady, whose virtue was of a more discreet character, brought the good Abbé quickly upon the scene, together with his housekeeper, an old man-servant devoted to the family, and a parish priest. The sight of these spectators cooled the courage of the assailant.

"Gracious heavens! my dear neighbour," said the Abbé, "what are you doing there?"

"My duty," replied the young man. "I am fulfilling my promises, which are sacred."

Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves re-arranged her disordered attire with a blush, and the Unsophisticated was led into another room. The Abbé pointed out to him the enormity of his conduct. The Unsophisticated relied for his defence on the privileges of the laws of Nature, with which he was perfectly well acquainted. The Abbé tried to make him understand that the positive laws of Society ought to have superior weight, and that without the mutual concessions agreed upon by mankind, natural law would be little better than natural license and robbery.

"There must needs be lawyers," said he, "priests, witnesses, contracts, and dispensations."

The Child of Nature answered with the observation which savages have always made: "You must be very dishonest people, then, since you require to take so many precautions against each other!"

The Abbé had some trouble in settling this difficulty.

"There are," said he, "in our midst many who have no fixed principles, as well as deliberate rogues; and there would be as many among the Hurons if they were gathered into large towns. But

we have also wise, upright, and enlightened souls; these are the men who have made the laws; and the better a man is the more willing he ought to be to submit to them. Such a one sets an example to the vicious, who learn to respect a curb which even virtue does not disdain to accept."

The Child of Nature was struck with this reply. It has been remarked already that he had a fair and honest judgment. He was soothed with flattering words and buoyed up with hope (these are the two traps in which men of both hemispheres are taken); he was even allowed to see Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves when she had made her toilette. All went on now with the greatest propriety, but in spite of this decorum the sparkling eyes with which the Unsophisticated Hercules regarded his mistress made her cast down her own, and caused the company to tremble.

They had the utmost difficulty in getting him to return to his relations. It was found necessary to have recourse once more to the influence of the fair Mademoiselle. The more she felt her power over him the more she loved him. She persuaded him to go, and then was much distressed at his departure. At last, when he was really gone, the Abbé, who was not only the young lady's brother and much older than herself, but also her legal guardian, determined to remove his ward out of all danger from the importunity of this terrible lover. He went to consult the Magistrate, who, still setting his heart upon a match between his son and the Abbé's sister, advised him to place the poor girl in a convent. This was a dreadful blow to her. A maiden whose heart was untouched might have filled the air with loud lamentations, but being as she was in love (and, with all her discretion, passionately in love), this was a step to throw her into despair.

The Unsophisticated, on his return to the Prior's house, related all that had happened, with his usual frankness. He was met with the same remonstrances, which had some effect indeed upon his judgment but none upon his feelings; and when on the morrow he was minded to go back to his dear mistress, to reason with her upon the law of Nature and social conventions, the Magistrate informed him, with an air of insolent triumph, that she was in a convent.

"Very well," said he; "then I will go and reason with her in this convent."

"That cannot be," said the Magistrate; and he explained at

considerable length what a convent was, how the word was derived from the Latin *Conventus,* which signifies "an assembly"; but the Huron could not comprehend why he might not be admitted into the assembly. As soon as he understood that this assembly was a kind of prison in which young girls were shut up (a horrible thing, unknown among the Hurons and the English), he became as furiously enraged as his patron Hercules had been when Eurytus, King of Œchalia, with a cruelty equal to that of the Abbé de Saint-Yves, had refused to give him his lovely daughter Iole, who was no less beautiful than the Abbé's sister. He wanted to go and set fire to the convent and carry off his mistress or die in the flames with her. Mademoiselle de Kerkabon was horrified, and, more than ever renouncing all hope of seeing her nephew a sub-deacon, declared, with a burst of tears, that he had been possessed with the devil ever since his baptism.

Chapter 7

THE UNSOPHISTICATED PUTS THE ENGLISH TO ROUT

THE CHILD OF NATURE, PLUNGED IN DEEP AND GLOOMY melancholy, walked towards the sea-shore, his double-barrelled gun upon his shoulder, his big cutlass by his side, firing now and then at some birds, and often tempted to shoot himself; but he still clung to life for the sake of Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves. Sometimes he fell to cursing his uncle, his aunt, all Lower Brittany, and his baptism, and sometimes he blessed them, since it was through their instrumentality that he had come to know the object of his affection. He resolved to go and burn down the convent, but stopped short for fear his mistress might perish in the flames. The waves of the Channel are not more agitated by the winds from east and west than was his heart by so many conflicting emotions.

He was walking with long strides, he knew not whither, when he heard the sound of a drum. He saw, some distance off, a large crowd of people, some of whom were hastening to the shore and others betaking themselves to flight.

A thousand cries arose on all sides; curiosity and courage instantly prompted him to rush towards the place where the noise

was loudest, and he was there in four or five bounds. The officer in command of the militia, whom he had met at supper at the Prior's house, recognised him immediately, and ran to welcome him with open arms.

"Ah! It is the Child of Nature! He will fight for us!"

And his men, who were half dead with fear, took courage, and shouted also: "It is the Child of Nature! It is Hercules!"

"Gentlemen," he said, "what is the matter? Why are you so scared? Have your sweethearts been shut up in convents?"

Thereupon a hundred confused voices cried out: "Don't you see that the English are landing?"

"Well," answered the Huron, "they are brave people—they have not stolen my mistress from me."

The commanding officer gave him to understand that the English were coming to plunder the Abbey of the Mountain, drink his uncle's wine, and perhaps carry off Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, that the little vessel which brought him to Brittany had come with no other object than to reconnoitre the coast; that they were committing acts of hostility without having first declared war against the King of France, and that the province was unprotected.

"Oh! If that is the case they are violating the law of Nature,—leave the matter in my hands. I have lived among them a long time—I know their language, I will speak to them—I cannot believe that they entertain such an atrocious design."

During this conversation, the English squadron came nearer; whereupon the Huron ran down to the water's edge, jumped into a little boat, reached the flag-ship, climbed up, and inquired whether it was true that they were come to ravage the country without having openly declared war. The Admiral and all on board burst into loud fits of laughter, made him drink punch, and sent him back.

The Child of Nature, nettled at this treatment, thought of nothing now but how he might best fight against his former friends, on behalf of his fellow countrymen and his uncle's household. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood flocked to the spot from all directions, and he joined their party. They had some pieces of cannon; he loads them, takes aim, and fires them one after another. The English land; he runs to meet them, kills three of them with his own hand, and even wounds the Admiral who had laughed at him. His valour restores the fainting spirits of the soldiers; the

English re-embark, and all the shore resounds with shouts of—"Victory! Long live the King! Long live the Child of Nature!"

Everyone was eager to embrace him, and to staunch the blood which was flowing from several wounds which he had received.

"Ah!" said he, "if Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves were here, she would apply a bandage."

The Magistrate, who had hidden himself in his cellar during the fight, came to compliment him on his valour, like the others. But he was much surprised when he heard the Unsophisticated Hercules say to a group of about a dozen young men, by whom he was surrounded, and who were ready to follow him anywhere: "My friends, it is nothing to have saved the Abbey of the Mountain, there is a young lady who must be rescued."

All the impetuosity of youth took fire at the mere mention of such an exploit. They followed him in a body, and made for the convent. If the Magistrate had not instantly informed the Commandant, and a detachment been dispatched after the jubilant party, the plan would have been carried out. The Child of Nature was brought back to the house of his uncle and aunt, who bathed him with tears of tender affection.

"I see plainly," said his uncle, "that you will never be a sub-deacon nor a prior; you will be an officer even braver than my brother the Captain, and probably quite as poor."

And Mademoiselle de Kerkabon wept, as she kissed him again and again, saying: "He will get himself killed like my brother; it would be far better if he were to become a sub-deacon."

During the conflict the Unsophisticated had picked up a big purse crammed with guineas, which the Admiral had probably dropped. He never doubted that with this purse he could buy the whole of Lower Brittany, and, what was a matter of more importance, make Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves a grand lady. Everybody advised him to take a journey to Versailles, in order to receive the reward of his services. The Commandant and the other principal officers supplied him with heaps of testimonials. The uncle and aunt quite approved of their nephew's journey; there would be no difficulty in obtaining a presentation at Court, and that alone would confer upon him prodigious distinction in the province. These two kind souls added to the purse of English money a considerable present out of their own savings.

The Child of Nature said to himself: "When I see the King, I

will beg him to give me Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves in marriage, and assuredly he will not refuse me."

Then he took his departure amidst the acclamations of all the country side, half smothered with embraces, bathed with his aunt's tears, blessed by his uncle, and leaving tender messages for his lovely mistress.

Chapter 8

THE UNSOPHISTICATED GOES TO COURT. HE SUPS ON THE ROAD WITH SOME HUGUENOTS

THE UNSOPHISTICATED TOOK THE ROAD TO SAUMUR BY PUBLIC coach, because there was at that time no other means of conveyance. When he arrived at Saumur, he was surprised to find the town almost deserted, and to see a number of families in the act of removing. He was told that six years before, Saumur contained more than fifteen thousand inhabitants, and that at the present time there were not six thousand. He did not fail to mention this during supper at the inn. Several Protestants were at table; some complained bitterly, others trembled with rage, and others again said with tears: "*Nos dulcia linquimus arva, Nos patriam fugimus.*"

The Child of Nature, who did not understand Latin, had the words translated for him, and found that they meant: "We are forsaking the fields we love, we are flying from our native land."

"And why are you flying from your native land, gentlemen?"

"Because we are required to acknowledge the Pope."

"And why should you not acknowledge him? You have no godmothers, I presume, whom you wished to marry; for I am told that it is he who gives permission for that to be done."

"Ah! sir, this Pope claims possession over the dominions of kings."

"But, gentlemen, may I ask what is your calling?"

"Sir, we are for the most part clothiers and manufacturers."

"If this Pope of yours claims possession of your cloth and of your mills, you are quite right not to acknowledge him; but as for kings, it is their own business, with which you have nothing to do."

Thereupon a little man in black interposed, and set forth in a very able manner the grievances of the company. He spoke with such energy of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he deplored so pathetically the fate of fifty thousand families driven into exile, and fifty thousand others dragooned into conversion, that the Child of Nature shed tears in his turn.

"How comes it to pass," said he, "that so great a king, whose fame extends even to the land of the Hurons, should thus deprive himself of so many hearts which might have loved him, and of so many arms which might have served him?"

"Because he has been deceived, like other great kings," answered the man in black. "He has been made to believe that as soon as he says a word, all men will think as he does, and that he can make us change our religion as easily as his musician Lulli can change in a moment the scenery of his operas. He has not only already lost five or six hundred thousand very useful subjects, but he has made enemies of them as well; and King William, who is at the present moment master of England, has formed several regiments of these same Frenchmen, who would otherwise have fought for their own monarch.

"Such a disaster is all the more astonishing, that the reigning Pope, to whom Louis XIV. sacrifices a part of his people, is his declared enemy. There has even been for the last nine years a violent quarrel between them, which has been carried so far that France at last had hopes of seeing that yoke broken which has subjected her for so many centuries to this foreigner, and, above all, of giving him no more money,—which is the main motive power in all the business of this world. It is evident, then, that this great King has been imposed upon, alike with regard to his own interests and to the extent of his power, and that injury has been done to the magnanimity of his heart."

The Unsophisticated, more and more concerned, inquired who and what those Frenchmen were who could thus deceive a monarch so beloved by the Hurons.

"They are the Jesuits," was the reply, "especially Father de La Chaise, His Majesty's Confessor. It is to be hoped that God will one day punish them for this, and that they will be banished even as they are now banishing us. Where is there misfortune to equal ours? Monsieur de Louvois sends Jesuits and dragoons upon us from all directions."

"Well, gentlemen," replied the Child of Nature, who could no longer restrain himself, "I am on my way to Versailles to receive the reward due to my services; I will speak to this Monsieur de Louvois, I am told that it is he who makes war while seated in his closet. I shall see the King, and will acquaint him with the truth; it is impossible for anyone to resist that truth when he knows it. I shall soon return to marry Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, and I invite you to the wedding."

Those good people thereupon took him for some great nobleman, who was travelling *incognito* by the public coach. Some took him for the King's fool.

There happened to be seated at table a Jesuit in disguise, who served the Reverend Father de La Chaise in the capacity of a spy. He sent the latter a report of all that had taken place, and Father de La Chaise informed Monsieur de Louvois. The spy's letter to his employer arrived at Versailles almost at the same time as the Unsophisticated.

Chapter 9

ARRIVAL OF THE UNSOPHISTICATED AT VERSAILLES, AND HIS RECEPTION AT COURT

THE UNSOPHISTICATED ALIGHTED FROM THE POT-DE-CHAMBRE [coach] in the Court of the Kitchens, and asked the sedan-chair men at what hour the King was to be seen. The porters laughed in his face, just as the English Admiral had done. He treated them in much the same way, for he beat them; they wanted to give him back as good as he gave, and blood would have been spilt, if one of the King's bodyguard, a gentleman of Brittany, had not happened to pass by, who soon scattered the rabble.

"Sir," said the traveller, "you seem to me a worthy man; I am nephew of the Prior of Our Lady of the Mountain; I have killed Englishmen, and am come hither to speak to the King. Pray, conduct me to his chamber."

The Gentleman of the Guard, delighted at finding a hero from his own province, who appeared to have no experience in the ways of the Court, informed him that the King was not to be spoken with so easily, and that it was necessary to be introduced by Monsieur de Louvois.

"Very well! Take me then to Monsieur de Louvois, who will doubtless conduct me to His Majesty."

"It is more difficult to obtain an interview with Monsieur de Louvois than with His Majesty himself," answered the Guardsman; "but I will bring you to Monsieur Alexandre, who is head clerk of the War Office—that will be all the same thing as speaking to the minister."

So they went together to the residence of Monsieur Alexandre, head clerk of the War Office, but they were unable to gain admittance; he had an appointment with a lady of the Court, and orders had been given that he was not be disturbed.

"Ah, well!" said the Gentleman of the Guard, "it is of no consequence; we will go and see Monsieur Alexandre's head clerk, it is just the same thing as speaking to Monsieur Alexandre himself."

The Huron, considerably astonished, followed his companion; they waited together for half an hour in a small ante-chamber.

"What does all this mean?" asked the Unsophisticated; "is everybody invisible in this part of the country? It is much easier to fight against Englishmen in Lower Brittany than it is to meet those with whom we have business at Versailles!"

He relieved the monotony of waiting by relating his love affair to his fellow countryman. But the hour struck which summoned the Guardsman back to his post. They promised to meet again on the morrow, and the Unsophisticated remained yet another half hour in the ante-chamber, dreaming of Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, and meditating on the difficulty there was in obtaining access to kings and head clerks.

At last the Jack-in-office appeared.

"Sir," said the Child of Nature, "if I had waited to drive back the English as long as you have made me wait for an audience, they would now be laying waste Lower Brittany, quite at their ease."

These words seemed to make some impression on the clerk; and he said at last to the Breton: "What is it you want?"

"Due recognition of my services," said the other; "these papers will show my title to it"—and he spread out all his testimonials before him. The clerk read them, and told him that permission would probably be granted him to purchase a lieutenancy.

"What! You surely do not mean that I am to give money for driving off the English! That I should pay for the privilege of

getting myself killed in your defence, while you sit calmly here, granting an audience when it pleases you. I think you must intend it for a joke. What I want is a squadron of cavalry for nothing; I want the King to release Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves from the convent in which she is immured, and to give her to me in marriage; I want to speak to the King on behalf of fifty thousand families whom I propose to restore to him; in a word I want to be useful, let me be employed and promoted."

"What may be your name, sir, that you talk in such a lofty tone?"

"My name!" said the Unsophisticated; "pray, have you not read my testimonials? Is that the way, then, in which they are treated? My name is Hercules de Kerkabon, I have been baptised, I am lodging at the Blue Dial, and I shall complain of you to the King."

The clerk came to the same conclusion as the people of Saumur, that his head was not quite right, and paid very little attention to what he said.

That same day the Reverend Father de La Chaise, Confessor to Louis XIV., had received his spy's letter accusing the Breton Kerkabon of secretly favouring the Huguenots, and of condemning the conduct of the Jesuits. Monsieur de Louvois, on his side, had received a letter from the question-loving Magistrate, which represented the Child of Nature as a scapegrace, bent upon burning down convents and carrying off young girls.

The Unsophisticated, after strolling about the gardens of Versailles, of which he soon grew weary, and after suffering like a Huron and a Breton, had retired to rest in pleasing hopes of seeing the King next day, of obtaining Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves in marriage, of gaining the command of a least a squadron of cavalry, and of bringing to an end the persecutions against the Huguenots. He was lulling himself to sleep with these flattering fancies, when the police entered his bedchamber. The first thing they did was to seize his double-barrelled gun and big cutlass. They took an inventory of his ready money and escorted him to the castle which King Charles V., son of John II., caused to be constructed near the street of St. Antony, at the Gate of the Turrets.

I leave the reader to imagine how astonished the Child of Nature must have been, while on the way! He thought at first that it was a dream. He remained stupefied awhile with amazement, then sud-

denly transported with rage, which gave him twice his usual strength, he seized by the throat two of his conductors, who were with him in the carriage, flung them out through the door, sprang after them, and was in the act of carrying off the third, who tried to hold him back. But, failing in the effort, he was bound hand and foot, and placed once more in the conveyance.

"See there," he said, "that is what one gets for driving the English out of Lower Brittany! What would you say, my fair mistress, if you were to see me in this plight?"

At length he arrived at his destination. He was borne in silence to the cell in which he was to be imprisoned, like a corpse that is carried into a graveyard. That chamber was already occupied by an aged recluse of Port Royal, named Gordon, who had been languishing there for the last two years.

"Look," said the chief turnkey to the old man, "here is company I am bringing you"; and in another instant the huge bolts of the strongly barred and massive door were driven home again, and the two captives were shut off from all the world.

Chapter 10

THE CHILD OF NATURE IS SHUT UP IN THE BASTILLE WITH A JANSENIST

GORDON WAS A HALE AND CHEERFUL OLD MAN, WHO KNEW TWO important things—how to bear adversity, and how to comfort the wretched. He advanced towards his companion with a frank and sympathising air, and said, as he embraced him: 'Whoever you may be, who are come to share this tomb of mine, rest assured that I will always forget myself, if I can do anything to soften your torments in this infernal pit into which we have been cast. Let us adore the Providence which has brought us hither, suffer in peace, and live in hope."

These words produced upon the Child of Nature the same effect as a few drops of English cordial, which can recall a dying man to life, and make him half open his astonished eyes.

After their first greetings were over, Gordon, without pressing him to tell the cause of his misfortune, inspired his companion, by the charm of his conversation and by that mutual interest which

two unfortunate creatures take in each other, with a desire to unbosom himself and get rid of the burden which was crushing him; but he had no idea of the origin of his misfortune, which seemed to him to be an effect without a cause; and the good-natured Gordon was as much astonished as himself.

"It must needs be," said the Jansenist to the Huron, "that God has some great and wise purpose in all that has befallen you, since He has led your steps from Lake Ontario to England and to France, has caused you to be christened in Lower Brittany, and has placed you here for your salvation."

"Upon my word," replied the Child of Nature, "I believe that the devil, and the devil only, has had anything to do with my destiny. My fellow countrymen in America would never have treated me with the barbarity which I now experience; it could not enter into their imagination. They are called *savages;* they are uncivilised, but they are honest people whereas the inhabitants of this country are refined scoundrels. I am, indeed, very much surprised to find that I have come from the other side of the world to be shut up on this side behind four bolts in the company of a priest; but when I reflect upon the prodigious number of persons who leave one hemisphere to go and get killed in the other, or suffer shipwreck on the voyage and become food for fishes, I confess that I see still less the gracious purposes of God as displayed on their behalf."

Their dinner was hereupon brought and passed in to them through a grating. The conversation turned upon Divine Providence, upon arbitrary warrants of imprisonment, and upon the art of rising superior to those reverses of fortune to which every man is exposed in this world.

"I have been here for two years," said the old man, "without other consolation than what I could derive from myself and my books; yet I have not had a fretful moment."

"Ah, Monsieur Gordon," exclaimed the Child of Nature, "then you are not in love with your godmother? If you knew Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves as I do, you would be in despair."

As he uttered these words, he could not restrain his tears, and he felt a little less oppressed in consequence.

"Why, now," said he, "should tears give us relief? It seems to me that they ought to have an opposite effect."

"My son," replied the good old man, "everything about us is

connected with our physical nature; every secretion benefits the body; and everything which relieves the body relieves the soul; we are machines in the hand of Providence."

The Unsophisticated, who, as we have already remarked several times, had a great stock of good sense, reflected deeply on this idea, the germ of which, as it seemed to him, existed in his own mind. After which, he asked his companion why that machine of his had been for two years imprisoned behind four bolts.

"By effectual grace," answered Gordon, "I am known to be a Jansenist, I have been on intimate terms with Arnauld and Nicole, and the Jesuits have persecuted us. We believe that the Pope is no more than any other bishop; and it was for this that Father de La Chaise obtained from the King, whose Confessor he is, an order to rob me, without even the forms of justice, of that most precious of human possessions—liberty."

"Why, this is very strange," said the Unsophisticated; "all the unfortunate people I have met owe their misery to nothing and nobody but the Pope.

"As to that effectual grace of which you speak, I confess that I know nothing about it; but I regard it as a grace of no little magnitude that God has allowed me to find in my misfortune a man like yourself, who can pour into my heart consolation, of which I thought myself incapable."

Every day their converse became more interesting and instructive. The souls of the two prisoners became linked together. The old man was well informed, and the young one was very willing to learn. At the end of a month he began to study geometry, and eagerly devoured it. Gordon made him read Rohault's *Natural Philosophy*, a book which was still in vogue, and he had the good sense to find there nothing but uncertainties.

Then he read the first volume of the "Search after Truth." That threw a new light upon his mind.

"What!" said he, "do our imagination and senses deceive us to such an extent? Our ideas, then, are not derived from sensible objects, nor have we any power to originate them of ourselves!"

By the time he had read the second volume, he was not quite so well satisfied, and came to the conclusion that it is easier to destroy than to build.

His fellow prisoner, surprised that a young fellow, so ignorant as he was, should make this reflection, which could only be ex-

pected of a well-trained mind, formed a high opinion of his judgment, and felt more strongly attached to him than ever.

"Your Malebranche," said the Unsophisticated, one day, "appears to me to have drawn upon his reason for one half of his book, and upon his imagination and prejudices for the other half."

A few days afterwards Gordon asked him: "What do you think now of the soul, of the way in which we receive our ideas, of volition, of grace, and free will?"

"Nothing," answered the Child of Nature; "if I think anything, it is that we are under the power of the Almighty, like the stars and the elements; that it is He who does everything in us, and that we are like little wheels in the immense machine of which He is the soul; that He acts according to general laws, and not with particular views. This alone appears to me intelligible, all else, as far as I am concerned, is an abyss of darkness."

"But, my son, that would be making God the author of sin."

"But, father, your doctrine of effectual grace would make God the author of sin quite as much; for it is certain that all those to whom that grace were denied would sin; and he who gives us up to the power of evil is surely the author of the evil."

This artless simplicity much embarrassed the good man; he felt as if he were making vain efforts to extricate himself from a quagmire, and he heaped so many words together which seemed to have some sense, but which really had none (in discussing "physical premotion") that the Unsophisticated could not help pitying him. That question inevitably led to the origin of good and evil; and then poor Gordon must needs pass in review Pandora's box, the egg of Ormuzd pierced by Ahriman, the enmity between Typhon and Osiris, and lastly the doctrine of original sin; and they both wandered about in that deep darkness without once meeting each other. But as the result of it all, this romance of the soul diverted their attention from the contemplation of their own misery, and, as though by some strange charm, the crowd of calamities spread over the universe diminished the sense of their own troubles; they dared not complain when all were sufferers.

But during the slumbers of the night the image of the beautiful Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves effaced all metaphysical and ethical theories from the lover's mind. His eyes were often wet with tears when he awoke; and the old Jansenist would forget all about his effectual grace, and the Abbé de Saint-Cyran, and Jansenius, in

order to minister consolation to a young man whom he believed to be in deadly sin.

After reading and reasoning together, they used to talk again of their adventures; and after discussing them to no purpose, they would resume their reading, either together or alone. The young man's understanding gained more and more strength; and he would in particular have made very considerable progress in mathematics, if it had not been for distracting thoughts of Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves.

He read histories, but they only made him sad. The world appeared to him overflowing with wickedness and misery. In fact History is nothing but a picture of crimes and calamities; the great crowd of harmless and peaceable men are never visible on its vast stage; and there are no characters but the ambitious and the obstinately perverse. History seems to give pleasure in much the same way as Tragedy, which languishes if it is not animated by violent passions, guilt, and great misfortunes. Clio must be armed with the dagger like Melpomene.

Although the history of France is as full of horrors as any other, nevertheless it appeared to him so repulsive at its commencement, so dry midway, so trivial in later times, even in those of Henry IV., always so destitute of monuments of greatness, so alien to those brilliant discoveries which have made other nations illustrious, that he was forced to struggle hard against weariness in order to read all those details of obscure calamities concentrated in one corner of the world.

Gordon thought as he did. It was with a smile of pity that both of them regarded the matter when the question was what sovereign reigned over Fezensac, Fesansaguet, and Astarac. Such researches, indeed, would be of no good to anyone but their heirs, if they had any. The grand ages of the Roman Republic rendered him for a time indifferent to all the rest of the earth. The spectacle of victorious Rome, giving laws to the nations, engrossed his whole soul. He felt a glow of admiration in contemplating this people, who were governed for seven hundred years by the enthusiasm of liberty and glory.

Thus passed by days, weeks, and months; and he might have counted himself happy in the very haunt of despair, if he had loved no one.

His kind disposition was stirred to tender disquietude when

he remembered the Prior of Our Lady of the Mountain, and the affectionate Mademoiselle Kerkabon.

"What will they think?" he often repeated, "when they get no tidings from me? They will deem me an ungrateful wretch."

This idea tormented him, and he pitied those who loved him much more than he pitied himself.

Chapter 11

DESCRIBES HOW THE CHILD OF NATURE'S GENIUS WAS DEVELOPED

READING ENLARGES THE MIND, AND AN ENLIGHTENED FRIEND can give it comfort. Our prisoner enjoyed both these advantages, of which he had no suspicion before.

"I am almost tempted to believe in transformations; for I have been changed from a brute into a man."

He formed for himself a choice library, with a part of his money, over which he was allowed control. His friend encouraged him to put down his reflections in writing; and this is what he wrote on the subject of ancient history: "I imagine that the nations of the world were for long like myself, that their progress in knowledge was very slow, that for many ages their thoughts were so much taken up by the present moment as to leave very little room for the past, and none at all for the future. I have traversed five or six hundred leagues in Canada without finding a single memorial of bygone times; no one there knows anything of the doings of his great-grandfather. May we not see in that the primitive condition of mankind? The variety which inhabits this continent seems to me superior to that of the other. They have widened the scope of existence for some centuries past by means of arts and sciences. Is that because they have a beard on the chin, whereas the Creator has denied one to American Indians? I cannot believe it, for I find that the Chinese have scarcely any beard, and yet they have cultivated the arts for more than five thousand years. For, indeed, if they have annals extending over four thousand years, it is certain that the nation must have been consolidated and flourishing for at least fifty centuries.

"One feature strikes me particularly in the ancient history of

China,—it is that almost everything there is probable and natural. I marvel at it for the mere fact of its containing nothing marvellous.

"Why have all other nations assigned to themselves fabulous origins? The ancient chroniclers of the history of France, who are not so very ancient after all, make the French come from a certain Francus, son of Hector; the Romans said that they were the offspring of a Phrygian, although there was not a single word in their language which had the least connection with that of Phrygia. The gods were said to have lived for ten thousand years in Egypt, and the devils in Scythia, where they engendered the Huns. Before Thucydides I find nothing in the way of history but romances like those of Amadis and his descendants, and far less entertaining. There are everywhere apparitions, oracles, prodigies, witchcraft, transformations, and dreams interpreted so as to involve the destinies of the greatest empires or the smallest states. Here are brutes which speak, there are others which are objects of worship; on one side are gods turned into men, on the other, are men changed into gods. Ah! If we must have fables let them be at least emblematic of truth! I like the fables of philosophers, I smile at those of children, but I hate those of impostors."

One day he fell in with a history of the Emperor Justinian, and read therein that some "Apædeutes" of Constantinople delivered a decree in very bad Greek against the greatest captain of the age, because that hero had uttered these words in the heat of conversation: "Truth shines by its own light, and human minds gain no illumination from the fires of the stake."

The "Apædeutes" were confident that this proposition was heretical, or savouring of heresy, and that the contrary axiom was Catholic, of universal application, and good Greek: "Human minds gain illumination only from the fires of the stake, and truth could not shine by its own light." So those "Linostoles" condemned several of the Captain's speeches, and published the condemnation in a decree.

"What!" cried the Unsophisticated, "decrees published by those people!"

"They were not decrees at all," replied Gordon; "they were counter-edicts, at which everybody in Constantinople laughed, and the Emperor louder than any. He was a wise prince who had

known how to reduce the Apædeutic Linostoles to a state of impotence for anything but what was good. He knew that those gentlemen and many other 'Pastophores' had worn out the patience of the emperors who had preceded him with their counter-edicts in matters of greater importance."

"He did well," said the Unsophisticated; "the Pastophores ought to be upheld, and kept within bounds."

He committed to pen and paper many other reflections, which amazed old Gordon.

"How is this?" he said to himself. "Here have I spent fifty years in self-instruction, and I fear I shall never acquire the natural good sense of this lad, who is almost a savage! I shudder to think how hard I have laboured in bolstering up prejudices; he listens to no other voice than the simple one of Nature."

The good man had several of those little books of criticism, those periodical pamphlets in which men, incapable of producing anything themselves, disparage the productions of others—in which a Visé insults a Racine, and a Faydit a Fénelon. The Child of Nature hastily skimmed a few of them.

"I think," said he, "that such authors resemble certain gnats, which like to lay their eggs in the posteriors of the finest horses; it does not prevent them from running."

Our pair of philosophers scarcely deigned to cast their eyes upon these offscourings of literature.

Soon afterwards they read together the elements of Astronomy, and the Unsophisticated sent for a celestial globe; that grand spectacle filled him with admiration.

"What a hard fate it is," said he, "to begin to know something of the heavens only after having been robbed of the privilege of beholding them! Jupiter and Saturn revolve in their vast orbits; millions of suns light thousands of millions of worlds, and in this corner of the earth in which I have been cast there are found beings who deprive me—me, a being who can see and think—of all those worlds to which my view might have extended, and even of that one on which it has pleased God to place me! The light, created for the whole universe, is lost to me. No one ever deprived me of it in that northern clime where I passed my childhood and my youth. Had it not been for you, my dear Gordon, I should be here now in a state no better than annihilation."

Chapter 12

RELATES WHAT THE CHILD OF NATURE THOUGHT OF THE DRAMA

THE CHILD OF NATURE RESEMBLED ONE OF THOSE HARDY TREES which, having sprung up on unpromising ground, quickly spread abroad their roots and branches when transplated to a more favourable soil; it was very extraordinary that this soil was in his case a prison.

Among the books which engaged the ample leisure of the two prisoners were to be found some volumes of poetry, translations of Greek tragedies, and several French plays. The verses which spoke of love brought at once pleasure and pain to the soul of the Unsophisticated; they all reminded him of his beloved mistress. The fable of "The Two Pigeons" pierced his heart; so far was he from all power of returning to his own dove-cote!

Molière enchanted him, making him understand the manners not only of Paris but of the human race.

"To which of his comedies do you give the preference?"

"To 'Tartufe,' without a doubt."

"I agree with you," said Gordon; "it is a Tartufe who has cast me into this dungeon, and perhaps they are Tartufes who have brought about your misfortune."

"What do you think of these Greek tragedies?"

"That they are good,—for a Greek audience," said the Unsophisticated.

But when he came to read the modern versions of "Iphigenia," "Phædra," "Andromache," and "Athaliah," he was enraptured; he sighed, he shed tears; he soon knew them by heart, without intending to learn them.

"Read 'Rodogune,'" said Gordon. "People say that it is the masterpiece of the modern drama; the other plays, which have given you so much pleasure, are of little value in comparison."

The young man, before he had finished the first page, exclaimed:

"This is not by the same author."

"How do you know that?"

"I cannot tell, but these verses delight neither my ear nor my heart."

"Oh, the versification is of no consequence," said Gordon.

The Child of Nature replied: "Why, then, is it written in verse?"

After having read the play very attentively, with no other purpose than that of getting as much pleasure as possible out of it, he looked at his friend without a tear, but with an air of surprise, and did not know what to say.

At last, when urged to describe what he had felt, he answered as follows: "I hardly understood the beginning; I was disgusted with the middle; the last scene I found very affecting, though it seems to me rather improbable. None of the characters interest me, and I do not remember twenty lines—I, who remember them all when they give me pleasure."

"And yet that play is reckoned the best we have."

"If that is so," replied he, "it may be like a good many people who occupy places to which they have no right. After all, it is a matter of taste; mine can hardly yet be properly formed. I may be mistaken, but you know that I am in the habit of saying what I think, or, rather, what I feel. I suspect that the judgment of society is often influenced by illusion, fashion, and caprice. I have spoken as Nature prompted; it may be that in my case Nature is very imperfect; but it is also possible that her dictates may sometime be too much neglected by the majority of mankind."

Then he recited some lines from "Iphigenia," with which his memory was well stored, and though his elocution was poor, he put so much truth and expression into his voice that he made the old Jansenist weep. After that he read "Cinna"; he shed no tears, but his admiration was excited to a high pitch.

Chapter 13

THE FAIR MADEMOISELLE DE SAINT-YVES GOES TO VERSAILLES

WHILST OUR UNFORTUNATE YOUNG FRIEND WAS GAINING MORE culture than consolation, whilst his genius, so long stifled, was unfolding itself with such rapidity and vigour, and whilst Nature, gradually growing to perfection within him, was making him some amends for the buffets of Fortune,—what had become of the Prior

and his kind sister, and of the beautiful Mademoiselle Saint-Yves, now in the seclusion of the cloister?

During the first month they were uneasy, and ere they had completed the third they were overwhelmed with anxiety; false surmises and ill-founded reports kept them in constant alarm. At the end of six months they believed him to be dead. At last the Prior and Mademoiselle de Kerkabon learned by a letter dated some time back, which a gentleman of the King's body-guard had written to his family in Brittany, that a young man, who, as described, resembled the Unsophisticated, had arrived one evening at Versailles, but that he had been taken away in the course of the night, and, since that time, nothing more had ever been heard of him by anyone.

"Alas!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Kerkabon, "our nephew must have committed some indiscretion, and got himself into a troublesome scrape. He is young, he is a Breton, he cannot know how one ought to behave at Court. My dear brother, I have never seen either Versailles or Paris! this is a good opportunity. We shall perhaps recover our poor nephew; he is our brother's son, and it is our duty to succour him. Who knows if we may not succeed at last in making a sub-deacon of him, when the fire of youth has died down? He had a great thirst for all branches of knowledge. Do you remember how he used to argue over the Old and New Testaments? We are responsible for his soul; we it was who had him christened. His beloved mistress, Mademoiselle Saint-Yves, weeps all day long. Indeed we must go to Paris. If he is hidden in one of those haunts of vicious pleasure of which I have heard so many strange stories, we will rescue him."

The Prior was touched with his sister's words! he went to see the Bishop of Saint-Malo, who had baptised the Huron, and sought his countenance and advice. The Prelate quite approved of the expedition; he gave the Prior letters of recommendation to Father de La Chaise, the King's Confessor, who occupied the first position in the realm, to Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, and to Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux.

At length the brother and sister took their departure. But, on their arrival in Paris, they found themselves lost and bewildered in a vast labyrinth, without a clue to lead them in and out. Their means were slender, and they were forced to hire conveyances

every day to make what discoveries they could—and they discovered nothing.

The Prior presented himself at the house of the Reverend Father de La Chaise; he was engaged with Mademoiselle de Tron, and could not give audiences to priors. He called at the gate of the Archbishop's palace; that Prelate was in close conference with the beautiful Mademoiselle de Lesdiguières touching the interests of the Church. He hastened to the country house of the Bishop of Meaux; he was engaged in examining, with Mademoiselle de Mauléon, the mystical love of Madame Guyon. However, he succeeded at last in getting those two Prelates to grant him an audience; but both of them declared that they could not interfere in his nephew's case, inasmuch as he was not a sub-deacon.

Last of all he saw the Jesuit, who received him with open arms, and protested that he had always had a particular regard for him, though they had never met before; he assured him that his Society had always been strongly attached to the people of Lower Brittany.

"But," continued he, "has not your nephew the misfortune to be a Huguenot?"

"Certainly not, Reverend Father."

"Is he not a Jansenist, then?"

"I can assure your Reverence that he is scarcely a Christian; it is only about eleven months since we had him baptised."

"That is well! That is well! He shall have our best attention.—Is your benefice one of much value?"

"Oh, no! A very small affair—and my nephew costs us a good deal."

"Are there any Jansenists in your neighbourhood?— Be well on your guard against them, my dear Prior, they are more dangerous than Huguenots and Atheists."

"Reverend Father, we have none at all; at Our Lady of the Mountain they do not even know what Jansenism means."

"So much the better. Go, and rest assured that I will do my best for you."

He took a cordial leave of the Prior, and thought no more about the matter.

Time flowed on. The Prior and his good sister began to be in despair.

Meanwhile the abominable Magistrate was pressing forward the

marriage of his simpleton of a son with the beautiful Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, who had been brought out of the convent for that very purpose. She still loved her dear godson as much as she detested the husband assigned to her. The insult of being put into a convent increased her passion; the command to marry the Magistrate's son brought her feelings to a height. Regret, tenderness, and horror agitated her soul. The love of a young girl, as everyone knows, is far more ingenious and far bolder than the family affection of an old prior and an aunt of five-and-forty summers. Moreover she had imbibed many romantic ideas in the convent from the novels which she had read on the sly.

The fair Mademoiselle bethought herself of the letter which had been sent to Lower Brittany by one of the King's body-guard, and which had been so much talked of in the province. She determined to go herself to get information at Versailles, to throw herself at the feet of the King's Ministers, if her affianced husband should be in prison, as was reported, and to obtain justice on his behalf. Something or other secretly told her that nothing is refused at Court to a pretty damsel; but she little knew at what cost.

Having taken her resolution, she experienced a sense of peace and consolation. She no longer flouted her silly suitor; she smiled upon the detestable father-in-law, fondled her brother, and diffused a spirit of cheerfulness through the house. Then, on the day appointed for the ceremony, she secretly took her departure, at four o'clock in the morning, carrying with her all her little wedding presents and whatever else she could gather together. Her scheme had been so well executed, that she was already more than ten leagues away, when, about noon, her chamber was entered and found empty. Great was the surprise and great the consternation!

The Magistrate, who was a mere mark of interrogation, put more questions that day than he had asked the whole week before; the bridegroom seemed more stupid than ever. The Abbé de Saint-Yves, in his anger, resolved to go after his sister post haste; the Magistrate and his son volunteered to accompany him, and so Destiny drove almost all that district of Lower Brittany to Paris.

The beautiful Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves was quite prepared for pursuit. She was on horseback, and shrewdly inquired of all the post-boys if they had seen anything of a fat abbé, a ponderous magistrate, and a young booby hurrying along the road to Paris.

Finding on the third day that they were not far off she took a different road, and was clever and fortunate enough to arrive at Versailles, while a vain search was being instituted for her in Paris.

But how was she now to behave at Versailles?—young and beautiful, without counsel or support, a stranger, and exposed to perils on every hand, how could she dare to go in search of one of the King's body-guard? She bethought herself of applying to some Jesuit of inferior grade, for there were some of them to be found for all conditions of life. As the Creator, said they, had assigned various sorts of food to different kinds of animals, so He had given the King his own private Confessor, whom all such as were soliciting good appointments were accustomed to call "the Head of the Gallican Church."

Then came the Confessors of the Princesses; the King's Ministers had none at all,—they were not such fools. There were Jesuits for the general public, and, what was of more importance, there were Jesuits for ladies' maids, from whom they learned their mistresses' secrets, and that was no small service to the Society. The fair Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves addressed herself to one of these last, whose name was Father Tout-à-tous (All-things-to-all-men). To him she made her confession, related her adventures, her present situation, and the dangers to which she was exposed, and entreated him to find her a lodging with some pious female who might shelter her from temptation.

Father Tout-à-tous committed her to the care of one of his most trustworthy penitents, the wife of an officer of the Buttery. No sooner was she established there than she exerted herself to win the confidence and friendship of her hostess. She gained intelligence of the Breton Guardsman, and got him to come to the house. On learning from him that her lover had been carried off after having had an interview with a certain head clerk, she lost no time in paying the latter a visit. The sight of a fair female made him milder, for it must be admitted that women have been created for no other purpose than to tame the ruder sex.

So the quill-driver, moved to compassion, told her everything.

"Your lover has been in the Bastille for nearly a year, and without your help he may, perhaps, remain there all his life."

Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves was so affected that she fainted. When she recovered her senses, the knight of the pen addressed her thus: "I have not nough influence to do any good; all my power is

limited to doing some harm occasionally. Take my advice and call upon Monsieur de Saint-Pouange, who does both good and evil, cousin and favourite of Monseigneur de Louvois. That Minister has two souls: Monsieur de Saint-Pouange is one of them, and Madame Dufresnoy is the other, but she is not at Versailles just now. You have nothing to do but to secure the goodwill of the patron I have mentioned."

The lovely Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, divided between a little joy and a great deal of sorrow, between faint hopes and disheartening fears, pursued by her brother, idolising her lover, drying her tears and then weeping again, feeble and trembling, yet taking fresh courage, hastened to the house of Monsieur de Saint-Pouange.

Chapter 14

MENTAL PROGRESS OF THE CHILD OF NATURE

THE UNSOPHISTICATED MADE RAPID ADVANCEMENT IN THE VARIous branches of knowledge, and, above all, in the knowledge of man. The cause of this rapid development of his mind was due almost as much to his savage training as to his intellectual capacity; for, having learned nothing in his childhood, he had imbibed no prejudices; his understanding not having been warped by error had remained perfectly straightforward. He saw things as they actually were, whereas the ideas communicated to us in childhood make us see things as they are not all our life long.

"Your persecutors are detestable," said he to his friend Gordon. "I pity you for being the victim of oppression, but I pity you also for being a Jansenist. Every sect appears to me to be a rallying point of error. Tell me if there are any sects in Geometry?"

"No, my dear child," said the good Gordon, with a sigh; "all men are of one mind on truth, when it is proved, but they are sadly divided about truths that are obscure."

"Say, rather, about obscure falsehoods. If there were a single truth hidden under your heap of arguments, so often sifted through so many ages, it could not fail to have been brought to light, and the whole world would have been agreed, at any rate, on that point. If this truth was as necessary to us as the sun is to the

earth, it would be equally luminous. It is an absurdity; it is an insult to human nature; it is an outrage against the Infinite and Supreme Being to say that there is any truth of essential importance to mankind which God has chosen to keep secret."

All that was said by this ignorant young fellow, taught only by Nature, made a deep impression upon the mind of the unfortunate old scholar.

"Can it really be true," he exclaimed, "that I have made myself miserable for extravagant fancies? I am, indeed, far surer of my unhappy situation than I am of effectual grace. I have spent my life in reasoning upon divine and human freedom, but I have lost my own. Neither St. Augustine nor St. Prosper will ever draw me out of the pit into which I have fallen."

The Unsophisticated was silent, and then said with characteristic frankness: "Would you have me speak to you boldly and without reserve? Those who incur persecution for such vain scholastic disputes seem to me to have little wisdom; those who persecute appear to me to be monsters."

The two captives were of one mind about the injustice of their captivity.

"I am a hundred times more to be pitied than you are," said the Child of Nature. "I was born free as the air; I had two lives—liberty and the object of my love, and I am deprived of both. Here we are both of us in chains, without knowing the reason why, and unable to ask it. I have lived twenty years among the Hurons; they are called savages because they revenge themselves upon their enemies, but they never oppress their friends. Scarcely had I set foot in France ere I shed my blood on her behalf; it may be that I saved a province, and for reward I find myself plunged into this living tomb, where I should have died of rage if it had not been for you. Are there no laws, then, in this country, that men are condemned unheard? It is not so in England. Ah! it was not against the English that I should have fought!"

Thus was his budding philosophy unable to control nature, outraged in the first of her rights, and giving free course to her just indignation.

His companion did not contradict him. Absence always increases ungratified love, and philosophy is unable to diminish it. Hercules spoke as often of his dear mistress as of morals and metaphysics. The more his feelings became refined, the greater grew his love. He

read some of the latest novels, but found few of them that expressed the emotions of his soul. He felt that his heart always went beyond what he read.

"Ah!" said he, "in almost all these authors wit and art supply the place of nature."

At last, almost unconsciously, the good Jansenist priest became the confidant of his tenderest feelings. Formerly he had known nothing of love except as a sin of which to accuse oneself in confession; he learned to know it now as a sentiment no less noble than tender, which can elevate the soul as well as soften it, and sometimes may even become the parent of virtues. Thus it came to pass, for a final miracle, that a North American Indian converted a Jansenist.

Chapter 15

THE BEAUTIFUL MADEMOISELLE DE SAINT-YVES REJECTS CERTAIN DELICATE PROPOSALS

THE BEAUTIFUL MADEMOISELLE DE SAINT-YVES, MORE DEVOTED even than her lover, went then to the house of Monsieur de Saint-Pouange, accompanied by the female friend with whom she was lodging, both of them having their faces concealed by their hoods. The first object she saw at the door was her brother, the Abbé de Saint-Yves, leaving the house. She was alarmed, but her pious friend re-assured her.

"It is precisely because he has been speaking against you that you have the more need to speak for yourself. Believe me, in this country accusations are always held to be just unless they are speedily confuted. Besides, your presence, unless I am much mistaken, will prove more efficacious than your brother's words."

However little encouragement a heart that is passionately in love receives, it is daunted by nothing.

When the young lady presented herself in the audience chamber, her youthful charms, and sweet eyes wet with tears, attracted the looks of all who were there. Each fawning sycophant of the Under-Secretary forgot for a moment the idol of power, to gaze upon the idol of beauty. Saint-Pouange invited her into a private room; she

spoke with grateful emotion, and Saint-Pouange felt touched; she trembled, and he relieved her fears.

"Return this evening," said he; "your business requires consideration, and we must talk over it at leisure. There are too many people here, and each interview has to be brief; I must discuss with you, in all its bearings, a matter that so nearly concerns you."

Thereupon, after complimenting her on her beauty and good feeling, he bade her come again at seven oclock that evening.

She did not fail to keep the appointment; her pious friend accompanied her as before, but she remained in the waiting-room, and read the "Christian Pedagogue," while Saint-Pouange and the lovely Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves were in the inner chamber.

He began by saying: "Would you believe, Mademoiselle, that your brother came to ask me for a warrant of imprisonment against you? But, indeed, I would rather draw up an order for him to be sent back to Lower Brittany."

"Alas, sir, warrants of imprisonment must be very liberally dispensed in government offices, when people come from the most remote corners of the kingdom to beg for them as if they were pensions. I am very far from wishing to ask for one against my brother; he has given me great reason to complain of him, but I respect human liberty, and I am come to claim it on behalf of a man whom I wish to marry, a man to whom the King owes the preservation of a province, and one who can be of further use to him, the son of an officer killed in his service. Of what crime is he accused? How can he have been treated so cruelly as to be condemned unheard?"

Then the Under-Secretary showed her the letter of the Jesuit spy and that of the perfidious Magistrate.

"What! Are there such monsters upon earth? Is that the way they would force me to marry the ridiculous son of a father not only ridiculous but wicked? And is it on such information as that that the fate of citizens is here decided?"

She threw herself on her knees, she entreated with sobs the liberation of the worthy man who adored her. Her charms in that state of agitation showed themselves to the greatest advantage. She was so lovely, that Saint-Pouange, losing all shame, insinuated that she might gain her object if she began by giving him the first fruits of what she reserved for her lover. The young lady, shocked and confused, pretended for a long time not to understand him,

and he was obliged to explain his meaning more clearly. A mode of expression at first somewhat guarded gave rise to one more bold, to be followed in its turn by another even more significant. Not only did he offer to recall the order of imprisonment, but he held out hopes of rewards, money, honours, and high appointments; and the more he promised, the more anxious he became not to be refused.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves was in tears; she felt suffocated, as she half reclined upon a sofa, hardly believing what she saw and heard. Saint-Pouange, in his turn, threw himself upon his knees. He was not without personal attractions, nor was it possible for him to have so scared a heart less fully occupied; but Mademoiselle was devoted to her lover, and she thought it would be a dreadful crime to be unfaithful to him in order to serve him. Saint-Pouange redoubled his prayers and promises; at last his head was so far turned that he assured her such was the only way of delivering out of prison the man in whom she took so strong and tender an interest.

This strange interview lasted so long that the pious female in the ante-chamber, as she read her "Christian Pedagogue," said to herself: "Good gracious! What can they be doing there all these two hours! Monseigneur de Saint-Pouange never admitted anyone to so long an audience before; perhaps he has refused to do anything for the poor girl, since she is still entreating him to help her."

At last her companion came out of the private apartment in a state of great discomposure, unable to speak a word, and absorbed in reflections upon the character of those who have neither wholly or half achieved greatness; who sacrifice so lightly the liberty of men and the chastity of women.

She said not a word all the way back, but when she had reached her friend's house, she burst out all at once, and told her everything. The pious female made the sign of the cross again and again.

"My dear friend," said she, "you must consult our director, Father Tout-à-tous, to-morrow. He has great influence with Monsieur de Saint-Pouange; he confesses several of the maid-servants belonging to his house; he is a devout man of an accommodating turn, who also acts as spiritual guide to ladies of rank and fashion. Give yourself up entirely to him, that is what I am in the habit of doing myself, and I have always found the benefit of it. We poor women need a man to direct us.—Well then, my dear, I'll go to-morrow, and bring Father Tout-à-tous."

Chapter 16

SHE ASKS THE ADVICE OF A JESUIT

WHEN THE LOVELY AND DISCONSOLATE MADEMOISELLE DE SAINT-Yves found herself alone with her good Confessor, she told him in confidence that a statesman as passionate as he was powerful had proposed to set at liberty him to whom she was to join in lawful matrimony, but that he claimed a high price for his service. She declared that the idea of such infidelity filled her with horrible repugnance, and that if it were only her own life that was concerned, she would rather sacrifice it than submit.

"What an abominable sinner!" said Father Tout-à-tous. "It is your duty to tell me the name of this rascally fellow; he must be surely some Jansenist; I will denounce him to His Reverence Father de La Chaise, who will have him put into the lodging where the dear one whom you are engaged to marry now resides."

The poor girl, after much embarrassment and irresolution, at last mentioned the name of Saint-Pouange.

"Monseigneur de Saint-Pouange!" exclaimed the Jesuit; "ah, my daughter, that quite alters the case; he is a cousin of the greatest Minister we have ever had, a man of honour, a protector of the good cause, and a good Christian; he cannot have entertained such a thought, you must have misunderstood him."

"No, father, I understood him only too well; I am distracted, and cannot tell what to do; I have no choice except between misery and shame; either my lover must remain buried alive, or I must render myself unworthy to live. I cannot leave him to perish, and I cannot save him."

Father Tout-à-tous tried to calm her with these soothing words: "In the first place, my daughter, never use that expression 'my lover'; it savours somewhat of the world, and might displease God; say 'my husband,' for though he may not be so yet, you regard him as such, and there is no more honourable title.

"Secondly, although he may be married to you in imagination and in hope, he is not so in reality; so you would not be committing adultery,—a very great sin, which should always be avoided as much as possible.

"Thirdly, actions are not malignantly culpable when the intention is pure, and nothing is more meritorious than to deliver your husband.

"Fourthly, you have examples in sacred antiquity which can afford you signal service in regulating your own conduct. St. Augustine relates that under the Proconsul Septimus Acindynus, in the year of our salvation 340, a poor man, being unable to render to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, was condemned to death, as was only just, in spite of the maxim: *Where there is nothing the King loses his rights.* The sum in question amounted to a pound of gold. Now the condemned man had a wife, upon whom God had bestowed both beauty and prudence. A rich old man promised to give this lady a pound of gold and even more, on the condition of committing with her the loathsome sin. The lady believed that she did nothing wrong in thus saving her husband, and St. Augustine highly approves of her generous self-devotion. It is true that the rich old sinner cheated her, and her husband was perhaps hanged all the same; but she had done all that was in her power to save his life.

"You may be quite sure, my child, when a Jesuit quotes St. Augustine, that that Saint must be undoubtedly in the right. I do not wish to advise you in this case; you are wise and discreet, and it may be presumed that you will prove yourself of service to your husband. Monseigneur de Saint-Pouange is an honourable man, he will not cheat you; that is all I can say. I will pray to God for you, and I trust that all will happen as shall be most to His glory."

The beautiful Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, no less dismayed by the Jesuit's remarks than by the Under-Secretary's proposals, returned to her friend's house in extreme perplexity. She was tempted to seek a refuge in death, either, on the one hand, from the horror of leaving her adorable lover in dreadful captivity, or, on the other, from the shame of restoring him to liberty at the cost of that which she held most precious, and which ought to be the exclusive possession of that unfortunate lover.

Chapter 17

HER VIRTUE CAUSES HER SURRENDER

SHE ENTREATED HER FRIEND TO KILL HER, BUT THE GOOD WOMAN, who was no less indulgent than the Jesuit, spoke to her still more plainly.

"Alas," said she, "matters are hardly ever arranged upon any other terms in this Court, so renowned for its politeness and gallantry. The most paltry as well as the most important posts are seldom awarded except at the price now required of you. Listen—you have inspired me with feelings of friendship and confidence; I am free to confess that, if I had been as strict as you are, my husband would not be enjoying the little berth on which he depends for a livelihood; he knows it, and, so far from being displeased by it, he sees in me his benefactress to whom he is under an obligation. Do you suppose that all who have been set over provinces, or even over armies, have owed their honours and good fortune solely to their own merits? There are those who have to thank their wives for their advancement. Military commands are solicited by love, and high dignities have been given ere now to the husband of the fairest of the fair.

"You are in a position in which far more is at stake; the question before you is that of restoring your lover to the light of day, and of giving him your hand in marriage; that is a sacred duty which you must fulfil. No blame was ever attached to the beautiful and distinguished ladies I speak of; you will be even applauded, it will be said that it was the strength of your virtue that permitted this frailty."

"Alas! what sort of virtue!" exclaimed the fair girl. "What a labyrinth of iniquity! What a strange country! What a way to gain experience of life! A Father de La Chaise and a ridiculous Magistrate get my lover put into prison; my relations persecute me; no hand is stretched out to me in my distress except to dishonour me. One Jesuit has ruined a worthy man, another Jesuit wishes to ruin me. I am hemmed in on all sides by pitfalls, and the moment is fast approaching when I shall fall into deepest misery. I

must either kill myself or speak to the King. I will throw myself at his feet when he passes on his way to church or to the theatre."

"You will not be allowed to approach," said her good friend; "and even if you were so unfortunate as to succeed in making your voice heard, Monsieur de Louvois and the Reverend Father de La Chaise might bury you in the depths of a convent for the remainder of your life."

While this worthy female was thus increasing the perplexity of a soul already in despair, and was plunging a dagger into her heart, a special messenger from Monsieur de Saint-Pouange arrived with a letter and a pair of lovely earrings. Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves rejected both with tears of indignation; but her friend took charge of them for her.

As soon as the messenger was gone, the confidante read the letter, in which the two friends were invited to a quiet supper that evening. Mademoiselle vowed she would not go. Her pious friend wished to make her try on the diamond earrings. Mademoiselle would not allow it, and kept up the contest all day. At last, having only her lover's interest in view, vanquished and almost dragged along without knowing whither she was being led, she suffered herself to be taken to the fatal supper party. No amount of persuasion had been able to induce her to wear the earrings; her friend however brought them with her, and fastened them in her ears, against her will, just before they sat down to table. Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves was troubled and confused that she let herself be tormented in this way, and her patron drew therefrom a very favourable omen. Towards the end of the repast the chaperon discreetly retired. The master of the house then showed her an order revoking the warrant of imprisonment, letters patent conferring a handsome pension, and a captain's commission, nor was he sparing of his promises of further favours.

"Ah!" said Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, "how I should love you, if you did not wish to be loved so much!"

At last, after prolonged resistance, sobs, cries, and tears, worn out with the useless struggle, distracted, and almost fainting, she was obliged to give way; and the only consolation she had left was her determination to think only of the Unsophisticated whilst the cruel seducer pitilessly reaped the advantage of the necessity to which she was reduced.

Chapter 18

SHE LIBERATES HER LOVER AND A JANSENIST

AT DAYBREAK SHE FLEW TO PARIS, FURNISHED WITH AN ORDER from the Minister. It is not easy to picture what passed through her mind during this journey. Let the reader imagine the feelings of a virtuous and noble soul, humiliated by its own reproaches, intoxicated with tenderness, torn by remorse at having been false to her lover, yet enraptured with delight at the prospect of delivering the object of her warmest affection! Her grief, her conflict, and her success divided all her thoughts between them. She was no longer the simple maiden whose ideas had been confined within narrow bounds by a provincial education. Love and adversity had formed her character. Sensibility had made as much progress in her as reason had made in the mind of her unfortunate lover. Girls learn to feel more readily than men learn to think. Her adventure had taught her more than four years in a convent would have done.

Her dress was one of extreme simplicity. She saw with horror the trappings in which she had been arrayed to appear before her cruel benefactor; she had left her diamond earrings for her companion, without another look at them. Abashed, and, as it were, spellbound, idolising the Child of Nature, and abhorring herself, she came at last to the gate of

> *That frowning fortress, where grim Vengeance reigns,*
> *Which crime and innocence alike contains.*

When it was necessary for her to leave the carriage her strength failed her, and she had to be assisted out of it; with a throbbing heart, tearful eyes, and a look of dismay she entered the prison. On being introduced to the Governor, she tried to speak to him, but her voice died away into silence; she showed her order, and managed with difficulty to utter a few articulate words. The Governor liked his prisoner, and was very glad that he was to be set free. His heart had not been rendered callous like those of some of his honourable fellow gaolers, who, thinking only of the gains to be derived from the custody of their captives, founding their fortunes

upon their victims, and living by the misery of others, secretly gloat with hideous joy over the tears of the distressed.

He invited the prisoner to come and see him in his own quarters. There the two lovers met each other, and both fainted from the violence of their emotions. The lovely Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves long remained motionless and inanimate; her lover's spirit soon revived.

"This lady here is apparently your wife," said the Governor; "you did not tell me that you were married. I am informed that it is to her generous efforts that you owe your restoration to liberty."

"Ah! I am unworthy to be his wife," said the beautiful girl, with a faltering voice; and she fell back once more in a swoon.

As soon as she recovered her senses, she held out the patent for a pension, and the captain's commission. The Unsophisticated, as much astonished as he was touched, awoke from one dream only to fall into another.

"Why have I been shut up here? How is it you have been able to deliver me? Where are the monsters who plunged me into this dungeon? You are a divinity who has come down from heaven to succour me."

The lovely Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves hung down her head, looked at her lover, blushed, and the moment afterwards turned away her eyes, which were suffused with tears. At last she told him all she knew, and all she had undergone, except what she would fain have hidden for ever even from herself, and what any other man than the Unsophisticated, more used to the ways of the world, and better versed in the customs of the Court, would have had no difficulty in divining.

"Is it possible that such a miserable wretch as this Magistrate can have had power to rob me of my liberty? Ah! I see plainly that there are some men like the vilest vermin, all of which can do some harm. But is it possible that a monk, a Jesuit, the King's Confessor, can have contributed to my ruin as much as this Magistrate, without my being able to imagine under what pretext this execrable villain has made me the object of his persecution? Has he represented me to be a Jansenist? Lastly, how was it that you remembered me? I did not deserve it, for when you knew me I was nothing better than a savage. What! Did you venture without counsel, and without aid, to undertake the journey to Versailles?

You showed yourself there, and my chains were broken! There must then be in beauty and virtue an invincible charm that can pull down gates of brass and soften hearts of iron!"

At the word "virtue" the beautiful girl could not restrain her sobs. She had no idea how far her virtue had been concerned in the crime with which she reproached herself.

Her lover continued thus: "Angel, who hast burst my bonds, if thou hast had (though I cannot yet comprehend it) enough influence to procure me justice, cause the same justice to be rendered to an old man who first taught me to think, as thou hast taught me to love. Common misfortune has united us; I love him like a father, and I cannot live without him any more than I can without thee."

"I! Shall I beg a favour of the same man who . . . ?"

"Yes, I would fain owe you everything, and owe nothing to anyone else; write to this man who is so powerful, overwhelm me with your acts of kindness, finish what you have begun, and work another miracle."

She felt that she ought to do all that her lover required; she tried to write, but her hand refused to obey her will. Thrice she began a letter, and thrice she tore it up; at last she got it written, and the two lovers left the prison, after having taken a warm farewell of the aged martyr to effectual grace.

Desolate in the midst of her happiness, Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, knowing in what house her brother was lodging, directed her steps thither; her lover engaged rooms in the same house.

They had hardly arrived before her protector sent her an order for the release of the good old Gordon, and requested a meeting the next day. Thus her dishonour was counted on as the price of every noble and generous action which she achieved. She regarded with abhorrence that custom of selling the happiness and misery of men. She gave the order of release to her lover, and declined the appointment made by her benefactor, whom she could not see without dying of shame and sorrow. The Unsophisticated would have been unable to tear himself from her side for anything less than going to give freedom to a friend, an errand which he flew to execute. As he discharged that duty he reflected on the strange events which happen in this world, and admired the courageous virtue of so young a girl, to whom two unfortunate prisoners owed more than life itself.

Chapter 19

THE CHILD OF NATURE, THE FAIR MADEMOISELLE DE SAINT-YVES, AND THEIR RELATIONS ARE ALL REUNITED

MADEMOISELLE DE SAINT-YVES, GENEROUS AND ESTIMABLE IN spite of her fall, met once more her brother the Abbé, the excellent Prior of Our Lady of the Mountain, and Madame de Kerkabon. All were alike astonished, but their situation and feelings were very different. The Abbé de Saint-Yves asked pardon at his sister's feet, and that with tears, for the wrong he had done her, and she forgave him; the Prior and his gentle sister wept also, but it was for joy. The rascally Magistrate and his insufferable son did not disturb by their presence this touching scene; they had taken their departure at the first rumour of their enemy's release, and hastened to bury in the obscurity of their native province their folly and their fear.

The four, agitated by a hundred varied emotions, awaited the return of the young man with the friend whom he had gone to release. The Abbé de Saint-Yves did not dare to lift his eyes to his sister's face. The kind Madame Kerkabon said more than once: "Shall I then see my dear nephew again?"

"Yes, you will see him again," said the charming Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves; "but he is no longer the same man that he was; his demeanour, his tone, his ideas, his mind, all are changed. He is now as much entitled to respect as he was formerly artless and inexperienced. He will be the honour and comfort of your family—would that I could also be the happiness of mine!"

"You are no longer the same either," said the Prior; "what can have happened to you to cause so great a change?"

In the midst of this conversation the Unsophisticated arrived, holding his friend the Jansenist by the hand. The scene then became more novel and interesting. It began with fond embraces on the part of the uncle and aunt. The Abbé de Saint-Yves almost fell on his knees before the Unsophisticated, who no longer deserved that name. The two lovers conversed with each other in looks that expressed all the tender feelings which penetrated their hearts. Satisfaction and gratitude beamed on the countenance of the one, embarrassment was manifest in the melting and somewhat bewildered

eyes of the other. There was general surprise that she should mingle any grief with so much joy.

Old Gordon in a few moments endeared himself to all the family. He had shared the misfortune of the young prisoner, and that was a great claim upon their regard. He owed his deliverance to the lovers, and that alone was enough to reconcile him to the tender passion; the harshness of his former opinions vanished from his heart; he was transformed into a man no less than the Huron. Each of them related his adventures before supper. The two abbés and the aunt listened as children might do to ghost-stories, and like persons who were all intimately concerned in the disasters of which they heard so much.

"Alas!" said Gordon, "there are, perhaps, more than five hundred virtuous souls at the present moment held fast by the same chains which Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves has shattered for us, and the world knows nothing about their misfortunes. Plenty of hands are found to strike the multitude of the unhappy, and rarely is one stretched out to help."

This just reflection increased his emotion and gratitude. Everything tended to enhance the triumph of the fair Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves; all admired the firmness and fortitude of her soul. With admiration was mingled that respect which is involuntarily felt for a person who is believed to have influence in high quarters.

But the Abbé de Saint-Yves said sometimes to himself: "How has my sister been able to obtain this influence so quickly?"

All in good time they were about to sit down to table, when, lo and behold, the worthy woman who had befriended her at Versailles drove up, knowing nothing of all that had taken place since she saw her last. She was in a carriage drawn by six horses, and it was easy to see to whom it belonged. She entered with the imposing air of a lady of the Court who had important business, and, saluting the company with scant ceremony, drew the beautiful Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves apart, and whispered: "Why do you make people wait so long? Follow me; there are your diamonds which you forgot to take with you."

Though she uttered these words in so low a tone, they did not escape the ears of the Unsophisticated; nor did he fail to catch sight of the diamonds. The brother was confounded; the uncle and aunt only manifested the surprise of simple folk who had

never before seen such magnificence. The young man, whose character had been formed by a year's reflections, made some now in spite of himself, and appeared troubled for a moment. His mistress perceived it; a mortal pallor spread itself over her lovely face, a shuddering fit seized her, and she could scarcely prevent herself from falling.

"Ah, madam," said she to the friend who had been so fatal to her peace, "you have destroyed me, you have given me a mortal wound!"

These words pierced the heart of the Unsophisticated; but, having now learned to control himself, he took no notice of them, for fear of making his mistress uneasy before her brother, but he turned as pale as herself.

She then, perceiving with dismay the change upon her lover's countenance, led the woman out of the room into a little passage, and, throwing the diamonds down on the ground before her, exclaimed: "Ah! it was not these jewels which seduced me, as you very well know; but the man who gave them shall never see me again."

Her friend was in the act of picking them up, when the young lady added: "Let him take them back, or let him give them to you. Go, do not make me more ashamed of myself than I am already."

The ambassadress at last withdrew, unable to comprehend the remorse of which she was a witness.

The beautiful Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, oppressed with a feeling of suffocation which betokened serious bodily disorder, was obliged to retire to her bed; but, in order not to alarm anyone, she said nothing of what she suffered, and alleging merely that she felt tired, asked permission to seek repose. This was only after having relieved the anxiety of the company by reassuring and delusive words, and after casting a look upon her lover which sent fire into his inmost soul.

The supper, which lacked the animation of her presence, began gravely enough, but the gravity was of that interesting kind which furnishes attractive and useful conversation, vastly superior to the frivolous mirth so much sought after, and which is generally nothing better than a wearisome babble.

Gordon, in a few words, gave an account of Jansenism and Molinism; of the persecutions with which one party overwhelmed the other, and of the obstinacy of both. The Child of Nature criti-

cised their conduct, and pitied the men who, not content with the numerous sparks of discord kindled by their conflicting interests, bring fresh calamities upon themselves for imaginary ones and unintelligible absurdities. Gordon related the facts, the other pronounced judgment; the rest of the company listened with emotion, and new light dawned upon them. They then spoke of the long duration of our misfortunes, and the shortness of life. It was remarked that each profession had some peculiar vice and danger attached to it, and that all men, from the prince upon his throne to the lowest beggar, seemed to throw all the blame upon Nature. How is it that so many men are found ready to play the part of persecutors for so little profit, as the agents and executioners of others? With what inhuman indifference does a man in high place sign an order for the destruction of a whole family, and with what still more barbarous delight do his hirelings carry it out!

"In my young days," said the good old Gordon, "I saw a kinsman of the Marshal de Marilli, who, being persecuted on account of that illustrious and unfortunate gentleman, concealed himself in Paris under an assumed name. He was an old man seventy-two years of age. His wife, who accompanied him, was nearly as old. They had a wild rake of a son, who, when he was fourteen, had run away from his father's house, turned soldier, deserted, and passed through all the various stages of vice and misery; at last, having taken a false name, he became one of the guards of Cardinal Richelieu (for that prelate, like Mazarin, had a body-guard), and he had obtained a constable's staff in that company of the Cardinal's satellites. This adventurer was charged with the arrest of the old man and his wife, and acquitted himself with all the rigour of one who was anxious to please his master. As he was leading them along, he heard these two victims deploring the long train of misfortunes which had followed them from the very cradle. The father and mother counted among their greatest calamities the misconduct and loss of their son. He recognised them as his parents, but none the less for that conducted them to prison, assuring them that His Eminence must be obeyed in preference to any other consideration. And His Eminence duly rewarded his zeal.

"I have seen a spy of Father de La Chaise betray his own brother, in the hope of a small benefice, which he did not obtain after all; and I saw him die, not of remorse, but of disappointment at having been deceived by the Jesuit.

"The office of confessor, which I have long exercised, has made me intimately acquainted with family secrets. There is scarcely a single household which I have not found plunged into bitter mortifications, whilst, all the time, each member of the family, wearing an outside mask of happiness, seemed floating on a sunny sea; and I have always observed that the worst vexations are the fruit of our own inordinate desires."

"For my part," said the Child of Nature, "I think that a noble soul, capable of gratitude and affection, may pass a happy life; and I anticipate the enjoyment of felicity without alloy in union with the lovely and generous Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves; for I flatter myself," added he, addressing himself to her brother with a friendly smile, "that you will not refuse me, as you did last year, and that I shall conduct myself in a manner more accordant with modesty."

The Abbé apologised in confusion for his past behaviour, and assured him of his unalterable attachment.

His uncle declared that that would be the happiest day of his life. His kind aunt, enraptured and weeping for joy, exclaimed: "Did I not tell you rightly that you would never be a sub-deacon! This sacrament surpasses the other in value. Would to God that I had been honoured by participating in it myself! However, I will fulfil a mother's part towards you."

Then they all vied with each other in praising Mademoiselle's tender devotion.

Her lover's heart was too full of what she had done for him, and he loved her too much, for the incident of the diamonds to have made any deep impression upon him. But those words, which he had heard only too well,—"You have given me a mortal wound,"—still terrified him in secret, and spoiled all his joy; while the commendations that were bestowed upon his charming mistress yet further inflamed his love. Indeed everyone was occupied with thinking of her and her only; nothing was spoken of but the felicity which those two lovers deserved. They arranged to live all together in Paris; they laid schemes of wealth and prosperity, and gave themselves up to all those hopes to which the least glimmer of happiness so easily gives birth. But the Child of Nature, in the inmost recesses of his heart, felt a secret suspicion which dispelled these illusions. He read over again those promises signed Saint-Pouange, and the commission signed Louvois; those two men were described to him in their true characters, or as they were believed

to be. Everyone spoke of the Ministers and of their functions with that freedom of social intercourse which is regarded in France as the most precious fruit of liberty which can be tasted upon earth.

"If I were King of France," said the Child of Nature, "this is the sort of Minister of War that I would choose. I would have a man of the highest birth, inasmuch as he has to give orders to the nobility. I would require him to have been himself an officer, to have been promoted step by step, till he had reached at least the rank of Lieutenant-General, and was worthy of being Field-Marshal. For is it not indispensable for him to have served in person if he is to understand properly the details of the service? And will not the officers obey a hundred times more cheerfully a warrior, who has given proof of courage like themselves, than a mere statesman, who at the best can only conjecture the operations of a campaign, however intelligent he may be? I should not be sorry to have my Minister generously disposed, though he might thereby cause a little embarrassment at times to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I should like him to have an aptitude for work, and yet withal to be distinguished by that sprightliness of mind, the mark of a man superior to mere business routine, which so delights the populace, and renders all duties less irksome." He desired his ideal Minister to have this character, since he had constantly observed that good humour is incompatible with cruelty.

Monsieur de Louvois would not perhaps have satisfied the wishes of the Unsophisticated; his merits were of another order.

But whilst they were at table, the illness of the unfortunate girl took a fatal turn; it seemed as if fire were in her veins; she was seized with a devouring fever, she suffered torture, but never complained, in her care not to disturb the cheerfulness of the company.

Her brother, knowing that she was not asleep, went to the side of the bed, and was surprised at the state in which he found her. Everyone hurried into her chamber; her lover followed closely upon the brother's footsteps. He was undoubtedly the most alarmed and distressed of them all; but he had learned to join discretion to the many happy gifts which had been lavishly bestowed upon him by Nature, and a ready sense of what was becoming began to assert itself within him.

The nearest physician was immediately fetched. He was one of those practitioners who pay flying visits, who confound the disease of the patient they have seen last with that of the one they see

next, and who blindly play experiments in a science from which the highest maturity of sound discernment and thoughtful reflection cannot altogether remove uncertainty and danger. He often made the evil twice as great as it was before by his haste in prescribing some remedy which happened then to be in fashion. Fashion even in Medicine! That folly was only too common in Paris.

The young lady's grief contributed even more than her physician to render her malady dangerous. Her soul was preying upon her body. The swarm of thoughts which agitated her carried into her veins a poison more virulent than that of the most malignant fever.

Chapter 20

DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL MADEMOISELLE DE SAINT-YVES, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

ANOTHER PHYSICIAN WAS CALLED IN; BUT HE, INSTEAD OF HELPing Nature, and leaving her to act freely in a young constitution in which all the organs were loath to part with life, directed all his efforts towards thwarting his rival's treatment. Recovery was hopeless after two days. The brain, which is considered to be the seat of the understanding, was attacked as violently as the heart, which, as we are told, is the seat of the passions.

What incomprehensible mechanism has subjected the bodily organs to the influence of thought and feeling? How is it that a single painful idea deranges the whole current of the blood? And how is it that the blood, in its turn, carries its disorders into the human understanding? What is that unknown fluid, the existence of which is certain, and which, with greater rapidity and more active power than light, flies, in less than the twinkling of an eye, into all the channels of life, producing feelings, memories, sadness or joy, sound judgment or infatuation, calling back, to our horror, what we would fain forget, and making of a rational animal an object of admiration, or a subject for tears and pity?

Such were the questions that the good Gordon asked himself; but this natural reflection, which men so seldom make, had no power to impair his sympathy, for he was not one of those miserable philosophers who force themselves to suppress all emotion. He was touched by the fate of this young girl, as a father might be

who sees his beloved child dying by inches. The Abbé de Saint-Yves was in despair, the Prior and his sister shed torrents of tears. But who could picture the condition of her lover? No tongue has power to express such a load of agony; human language is too imperfect.

The aunt, herself scarcely alive, was holding the head of the dying girl in her feeble arms; her brother was kneeling at the foot of the bed; her lover squeezed her hand, and bathed it with tears, as he broke into sobs. He called her his good providence, his hope, his life, the half of himself, his sweetheart, and his wife.

At the word "wife" she sighed, gazed at him with ineffable tenderness, and suddenly uttered a cry of horror; then in one of those intervals, wherein the heavy slumber of the senses and the suspension of suffering leave the soul a little space to recover freedom and strength, she exclaimed:

"I your wife! Ah, my dear lover, that name, that happiness, that prize were never destined for me! I am dying, and I deserve my fate. O object of my heart's devotion, whom I have sacrificed to infernal demons, it is all over with me, I have received my punishment, and you—may you live and be happy!"

This touching and terrible language was incomprehensible, but it pierced their hearts with alarm and tender concern. She had the courage to explain herself. Each word made all who heard her shudder with astonishment, pain, and pity. They were unanimous in detesting the man in power who had redressed a horrible act of injustice only by a crime, and who had forced the innocence that was most worthy of respect to be his accomplice.

"Who? Is it yourself whom you call guilty?" said her lover. "No, that indeed you are not. Crime can only exist in the heart. What you suffered was for virtue and for me."

He supported this opinion by language which seemed to bring back life to the beautiful Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves. She felt comforted, and was astonished to find herself still beloved. Old Gordon would have condemned her in the days when he was a Jansenist and nothing more; but, having become wise, he esteemed her, and wept.

In the midst of all these tears and terrors, while the danger that threatened a damsel so beloved filled all their hearts with consternation, a messenger from the Court was announced. A messenger! From whom, and why? He brought a letter from the King's Confessor to the Prior of Our Lady of the Mountain. It was not Father

de La Chaise who wrote, but Brother Vadbled, his valet and steward, a personage of great influence at that time, for it was he who communicated to the Archbishops the wishes of the Reverend Father, gave audience to suitors, and promised them fat livings, and he it was who sometimes secured the execution of secret warrants of imprisonment. He wrote to the Abbé of Our Lady of the Mountain that His Reverence had been informed of his nephew's adventures; that his incarceration was due to a mistake; that such little accidents frequently occurred, and should not be regarded as anything extraordinary; and lastly, that it would be desirable for the Prior to come and present his nephew to him on the morrow, bringing with him the good old Gordon, and Brother Vadbled engaged to introduce them to His Reverence and to Monsieur de Louvois, who would have a word or two to say to them in his ante-chamber.

He added that the King had been told all about the Unsophisticated, and about his fight with the English; that His Majesty would certainly deign to notice him in passing along the gallery, and might, perhaps, even honour him with a nod. The letter concluded by holding out flattering hopes that all the ladies of the Court would be anxious to admit his nephew to their early receptions, that many amongst them would address him by name and bid him good morning, and that without a doubt he would form a prominent topic of conversation at the royal supper table. The letter was signed "Your affectionate Vadbled, Jesuit Brother."

The Prior having read the letter aloud, his nephew, enraged though he was, curbed his anger for a moment and said nothing to the bearer, but, turning towards the companion of his misfortunes, asked him what he thought of that style.

Gordon replied: "That is just their way; they treat men like monkeys, beating them and making them dance!"

The Child of Nature, recovering his true character, which always comes back when the soul is strongly moved, tore the letter to pieces and flung them in the messenger's face, saying: "There! That is my answer."

The uncle, frightened out of his wits, thought he saw a thunderbolt and twenty secret warrants of imprisonment falling on his nephew's head. He hastened to write and excuse, as well as he could, what he took for the ungovernable fury of a young man, but what was in reality the outburst of a generous soul.

But more painful anxieties soon took possession of all hearts. The beautiful and unfortunate Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves already began to feel her end approaching. She was calm, but it was with that terrible calmness of exhausted nature which has no longer the strength to struggle.

"O, my dear lover!" said she, in faltering tones, "death comes to punish me for my frailty; but I die with the consolation of knowing that you are free. It was through my devotion to you that I betrayed you, and in bidding you farewell for ever my heart is still yours."

She did not affect any vain fortitude; she had none of that miserable ambition which would fain give occasion to friends and neighbours to say, "She died with courage." Who, at twenty years of age, could lose her lover, her life, and what the world calls *honour*, without heart-rending regrets? She felt all the horror of her situation, and showed that she felt it by those words and dying looks which speak with such commanding force. To be brief, she wept like those around her, whenever she had strength enough to do so.

Let others seek to praise the disdainful deaths of those who face dissolution with indifference; this is the way with all the lower animals. Such apathy is only natural with us when age or disease renders us like them by stupefying our intellectual organs. Whoever experiences a great loss is conscious of great regret, and if he stifles it, it is only because he carries vanity even into the arms of Death.

When the fatal moment arrived, all who looked on shed tears and cried aloud. The Unsophisticated lost the use of his senses. Strong souls have far more violent feelings than others, when they are tender as well. The good Gordon knew him well enough to dread that, when he came to himself, he might rush upon self-destruction.

All weapons were removed out of his reach; the unhappy young man perceived what was being done, and said to his relations and to Gordon, without a sigh, without a groan, or any other sign of emotion: "Do you think now that there is anyone on earth who has either the right or the power to prevent me from putting an end to my life?"

Gordon wisely refrained from parading before him those tedious commonplaces by which men have attempted to prove that we are

forbidden to use our liberty in ceasing to exist when things are at their worst, that it is unlawful to leave one's house when it is no longer possible to remain there, that man is placed upon this earth like a sentinel on duty; as if it mattered a whit to the Supreme Being whether the conjunction of some particles of matter were in one place or another! Feeble reasons, to which a resolute and profound despair disdains to listen, and to which Cato gave no other answer than the dagger's thrust.

The gloomy and terrible silence of the Unsophisticated, his melancholy eyes, his quivering lips, and shaking limbs, moved the hearts of all those who looked upon him with that mixture of fear and compassion which enchains all the powers of the soul, which excludes all connected discourse, and displays itself only in broken accents. The lady of the house and her family had hastened to join the others; they trembled at his despair, keeping him in sight and watching all his movements. The ice-cold corpse of the beautiful Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves had already been carried into a hall below, far from her lover's sight; he seemed to be searching for her still, although he was no longer in a condition to see anything.

In the midst of this scene of death, while the body lay displayed at the open door of the house, while two priests, one on either side of a vessel of holy water, were repeating prayers in an absent sort of way, the passers-by mechanically sprinkling a few drops of holy water upon the bier, or else pursuing their way with indifference, while relatives and friends were weeping, and her lover was on the point of taking his own life, Saint-Pouange arrived with the lady from Versailles.

His passing taste, having been only once gratified, had changed into amorous ardour. The refusal of his presents had piqued his pride. Father de La Chaise would never have dreamed of visiting that house; but Saint-Pouange, having ever before his mind's eye the picture of the beautiful Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, and eager to assuage a passion which a single indulgence had seemed only to intensify with a sharper goad of desire, felt no hesitation in going himself in search of one whom he would not perhaps have cared to see again a third time, if she had come to him of her own accord.

He stepped down from his carriage; the first object which met his sight was a bier, and he turned away his eyes with the mere disgust of a man devoted to pleasure, who thinks he ought to be spared every spectacle which recalls to him the consideration of

human misery. He was about to walk upstairs, when the lady of Versailles inquired, out of curiosity, who was going to be buried. The name of Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves was mentioned, and at that name she turned pale and gave a dreadful scream. Saint-Pouange turned back, pierced to the soul with painful surprise. The good old Gordon stood there, his eyes filled with tears; he interrupted his mournful prayers to tell the courtier all about the horrible catastrophe, and he spoke to him with all the authority which virtuous indignation can confer. Saint-Pouange was not naturally wicked; his soul had been swept away in the torrent of business and pleasures, and had not yet learned to examine itself. He had not reached the threshold of age, which generally hardens the hearts of statesmen. He listened to Gordon with downcast looks, and wiped away a few tears which he was astonished to find start to his eyes: he felt the stings of remorse.

"I have a strong wish to see this extraordinary man," said he, "of whom you speak; he has moved my compassion almost as much as this innocent victim of whose death I am guilty."

Gordon brought him into the chamber where the Prior and his sister, the Abbé de Saint-Yves, and some neighbours were recalling to life the young man, who had fallen into another swoon.

"I have been the cause of your unhappiness," said the Under-Secretary; "I will devote my life to making reparation."

The first idea that occurred to the Child of Nature was to kill him, and afterwards to kill himself. Nothing could be more just and proper, but he was without arms and closely watched. Saint-Pouange was not discouraged by refusals, accompanied by the reproaches, scorn, and horror which he had so richly deserved, and which were showered upon him without stint. But time tempers all things. Monsieur de Louvois succeeded ere long in making an excellent officer of the Unsophisticated, who entered the army and appeared in Paris under another name; he gained the esteem of all good people, and distinguished himself for courage at once as a soldier and as a philosopher.

He could never allude to his loss without emotion, and yet he found some consolation in speaking of it. He cherished the memory of his tenderly devoted mistress to the last moment of his life. The Abbé de Saint-Yves and the Prior obtained each a good living; the latter's excellent sister liked better to see her nephew decorated with military honours than his being even a sub-deacon. The pious

lady of Versailles kept the diamond earrings, and received another handsome present besides. Father Tout-à-tous had packets of chocolate, coffee, sugar candy, and crystallised fruits, together with the *Meditations of the Reverend Father Croiset* and *The Flower of Sanctity*, both bound in morocco. The good Gordon lived with the Child of Nature, until his death, in the closest friendship; he too was promoted to a benefice, and forgot all about effectual grace and concomitant concurrence. He took for his motto: *Misfortune is of some use.* How many honest folk in this world have been able to say: *Misfortune is good for nothing!*

MICROMEGAS

MICROMEGAS

A PHILOSOPHICAL TALE

Chapter I

JOURNEY OF AN INHABITANT OF THE WORLD OF THE STAR SIRIUS TO THE PLANET SATURN

IN ONE OF THOSE PLANETS WHICH REVOLVE ROUND THE STAR named Sirius there lived a young man of great intelligence, whose acquaintance I had the honour of making on the occasion of his last journey to our little ant-hill. He was called Micromegas, a name which is extremely appropriate to all great people. He had a stature of eight leagues, and by eight leagues I mean twenty-four thousand geometrical paces of five feet each.

Here some mathematicians, a class of persons who are always useful to the public, will immediately take up the pen, and find out by calculation that since Mr. Micromegas, inhabitant of the country of Sirius, is twenty-four thousand paces in height from head to foot, which makes one hundred and twenty thousand statute feet, whereas we denizens of the earth have an average stature of hardly more than five feet, and, since our globe is nine thousand leagues in circumference, they will find, I say, that the world which produced him must have a circumference precisely twenty-one millions six hundred thousand times greater than our little earth. Nothing in nature is simpler, more a matter of course. The dominions of certain potentates in Germany or Italy, round which you can walk in half an hour, as compared with the empire of Turkey, of Russia, or of China, can give but a very faint idea of the prodigious interval which nature has set between different orders of being throughout the universe.

His Excellency's height being what I have said, all our sculptors and painters will readily agree that his waist may be about fifty thousand feet round, which would constitute a symmetrical pro-

portion. His nose being one third of the length of his handsome face, and his handsome face being the seventh part of the height of his handsome body, it will indisputably follow that the Sirian's nose is six thousand three hundred and thirty-three statute feet in length, and a fraction more; which was the proposition to be proved.

As to his mind, it is worthy to rank with the most cultivated among us; he knows many things, some of which are of his own invention. He had not yet reached his two hundred and fiftieth year, and was studying, as was customary at his age, at the most famous school in the planet, when he solved, by the strength of his own intellect, more than fifty propositions of Euclid, that is eighteen more than Blaise Pascal, who, after having, according to his sister's account, solved thirty-two for his own amusement, afterwards became a pretty fair geometer, and a very poor metaphysician. When he was about four hundred and fifty years of age, and already passing out of childhood, he dissected a great many little insects less than a hundred feet in diameter, such as are invisible under ordinary microscopes; he composed a very curious book about them, but one which brought him into some trouble.

The mufti of that country, much given to hair-splitting and very ignorant, found in his work statements which he deemed suspicious, offensive, rash, heretical or savouring of heresy, and he prosecuted him for it with the bitterest animosity. The question in dispute was whether the substantial form of which the fleas of Sirius consisted was of the same nature as that of the snails. Micromegas defended himself with spirit, and had all the ladies on his side; the trial lasted two hundred and twenty years. At last the mufti had the book condemned by judges who had never read it, and the author was forbidden to appear at court for eight hundred years.

He was only moderately afflicted at being banished from a court which was full of nothing but trickery and meanness. He composed a very funny song in ridicule of the mufti, which in its turn failed to give the latter much annoyance; and he himself set forth on his travels from planet to planet, with a view to improving his mind and soul, as the saying is.

Those who travel only in post-chaises or family coaches, will doubtless be astonished at the sort of conveyance adopted up there;

for we, on our little mound of mud, can imagine nothing that surpasses our own experience. Our traveller had such a marvellous acquaintance with the laws of gravitation, and with all the forces of attraction and repulsion, and made such good use of his knowledge, that, sometimes by means of a sunbeam, and sometimes by the help of a comet, he and his companions went from one world to another as a bird hops from bough to bough. He traversed the Milky Way in a very short time; and I am obliged to confess that he never saw, beyond the stars with which it is thickly sown, that beautiful celestial empyrean which the illustrious parson, Derham, boasts of having discovered at the end of his telescope. Not that I would for a moment suggest that Mr. Derham mistook what he saw; Heaven forbid! But Micromegas was on the spot, he is an accurate observer, and I have no wish to contradict anybody.

Micromegas, after plenty of turns and twists, arrived at the planet Saturn. Accustomed though he was to the sight of novelties, when he saw the insignificant size of the globe and its inhabitants, he could not at first refrain from that smile of superiority which sometimes escapes even the wisest; for in truth Saturn is scarcely nine hundred times greater than the earth, and the citizens of that country are mere dwarfs, only a thousand fathoms high, or thereabout. He laughed a little at first at these people, in much the same way as an Italian musician, when he comes to France, is wont to deride Lulli's performances. But, as the Sirian was a sensible fellow, he was very soon convinced that a thinking being need not be altogether ridiculous because he is no more than six thousand feet high. He was soon on familiar terms with the Saturnians after their astonishment had somewhat subsided. He formed an intimate friendship with the secretary of the Academy of Saturn, a man of great intelligence, who had not indeed invented anything himself, but was a capital hand at describing the inventions of others, and one who could turn a little verse neatly enough or perform an elaborate calculation.

I will here introduce, for the gratification of my readers, a singular conversation that Micromegas one day held with Mr. Secretary.

Chapter 2

CONVERSATION BETWEEN AN INHABITANT OF SIRIUS AND A NATIVE OF SATURN

AFTER HIS EXCELLENCY HAD LAID HIMSELF DOWN, AND THE secretary had approached his face, Micromegas said: "I must needs confess that nature is full of variety."

"Yes," said the Saturnian; "nature is like a flower-bed, the blossoms of which . . ."

"Oh," said the other, "have done with your flower-bed!"

"She is," resumed the secretary, "like an assembly of blondes and brunettes, whose attire . . ."

"Pooh! What have I to do with your brunettes?" said the other.

"She is like a gallery of pictures, then, the outlines of which . . ."

"No, no," said the traveller; "once more, nature is like nature. Why do you search for comparisons?"

"To please you," answered the secretary.

"I do not want to be pleased," rejoined the traveller; "I want to be instructed; begin by telling me how many senses the men in your world possess?"

"We have seventy-two," said the academician; "and we are always complaining that they are so few. Our imagination goes beyond our needs; we find that with our seventy-two senses, our ring, and our five moons, our range is too restricted, and, in spite of all our curiosity and the tolerably large number of passions which spring out of our seventy-two senses, we have plenty of time to feel bored."

"I can well believe it," said Micromegas; "for in our globe, although we have nearly a thousand senses, there lingers even in us a certain vague desire, an unaccountable restlessness, which warns us unceasingly that we are of little account in the universe, and that there are beings much more perfect than ourselves. I have travelled a little; I have seen mortals far below us, and others as greatly superior; but I have seen none who have not more desires than real wants, and more wants than they can satisfy. I shall some day, perhaps, reach the country where there is lack of nothing, but

hitherto no one has been able to give me any positive information about it." The Saturnian and the Sirian thereupon exhausted themselves in conjectures on the subject; but after a great deal of argumentative discussion, as ingenious as it was futile, they were obliged to return to facts.

"How long do you people live?" asked the Sirian.

"Ah! a very short time," replied the little man of Saturn.

"That is just the way with us," said the Sirian; "we are always complaining of the shortness of life. This must be a universal law of nature."

"Alas!" quoth the Saturnian, "none of us live for more than five hundred annual revolutions of the sun";—that amounts to about fifteen thousand years, according to our manner of counting —"you see how it is our fate to die almost as soon as we are born; our existence is a point, our duration an instant, our globe an atom. Scarcely have we begun to acquire a little information when death arrives before we can put it to use. For my part, I do not venture to lay any schemes; I feel myself like a drop of water in a boundless ocean. I am ashamed, especially before you, of the absurd figure I make in this universe."

Micromegas answered: "If you were not a philosopher, I should fear to distress you by telling you that our lives are seven hundred times as long as yours; but you know too well that when the time comes to give back one's body to the elements, and to reanimate nature under another form, which process is called death,—when that moment of metamorphosis comes, it is precisely the same thing whether we have lived an eternity or only a day. I have been in countries where life is a thousand times longer than with us, and yet have heard murmurs at its brevity even there. But people of good sense are to be found everywhere, who know how to make the most of what they have, and to thank the Author of nature. He has spread over this universe abundant variety, together with a kind of admirable uniformity. For example, all thinking beings are different, yet they all resemble each other essentially in the common endowment of thought and will. Matter is infinitely extended, but it has different properties in different worlds. How many of these various properties do you reckon in the matter with which you are acquainted?"

"If you speak," replied the Saturnian, "of those properties without which we believe that this globe could not subsist as it is, we

reckon three hundred of them, such as extension, impenetrability, mobility, gravitation, divisibility, and so on."

"Apparently," rejoined the traveller, "this small number is sufficient for the purpose which the Creator had in view in constructing this little habitation. I admire His wisdom throughout; I see differences everywhere, but everywhere also a due proportion. Your globe is small, you who inhabit it are small likewise; you have few senses, the matter of which your world consists has few properties; all this is the work of Providence. Of what colour is your sun when carefully examined?"

"White deeply tinged with yellow," said the Saturnian; "and when we split up one of its rays, we find that it consists of seven colours."

"Our sun has a reddish light," said the Sirian, "and we have thirty-nine primary colours. There is not a single sun, among all those that I have approached, which resembles any other, just as among yourselves there is not a single face which is not different from all the rest."

After several other questions of this kind, he inquired how many modes of existence essentially different were enumerated in Saturn. He was told that not more than thirty were distinguished, as God, space, matter, beings occupying space which feel and think, thinking beings which do not occupy space, those which possess penetrability, others which do not do so, etc. The Sirian, in whose world they count three hundred of them, and who had discovered three thousand more in the course of his travels, astonished the philosopher of Saturn immensely. At length, after having communicated to each other a little of what they knew, and a great deal of that about which they knew nothing, and after having exercised their reasoning powers during a complete revolution of the sun, they resolved to make a little philosophical tour together.

Chapter 3

THE SIRIAN AND THE SATURNIAN AS FELLOW TRAVELLERS

OUR TWO PHILOSOPHERS WERE READY TO EMBARK UPON THE atmosphere of Saturn, with a fine collection of mathematical instruments, when the Saturnian's mistress, who got wind of what

he was going to do, came in tears to remonstrate with him. She was a pretty little brunette, whose stature did not exceed six hundred and sixty fathoms, but her agreeable manners amply atoned for that deficiency.

"Oh, cruel one!" she exclaimed, "after having resisted you for fifteen hundred years, and when I was at last beginning to surrender, and have passed scarcely a hundred years in your arms, to leave me thus, and start on a long journey with a giant of another world! Go, you have no taste for anything but novelty, you have never felt what it is to love; if you were a true Saturnian, you would be constant. Whither away so fast? What is it you would have? Our five moons are less fickle than you, our ring is less changeable. So much for what is past! I will never love anyone again."

The philosopher embraced her, and, in spite of all his philosophy, joined his tears with hers. As to the lady, after having fainted away, she proceeded to console herself with a certain beau who lived in the neighbourhood.

Meanwhile our two inquirers set forth on their travels; they first of all jumped upon Saturn's ring, which they found pretty flat, as an illustrious inhabitant of our little globe has very cleverly conjectured; thence they easily made their way from moon to moon. A comet passed quite near the last one, so they sprang upon it, together with their servants and their instruments. When they had gone about a hundred and fifty millions of leagues, they came across the satellites of Jupiter. They landed on Jupiter itself, and remained there for a year, during which they learned some very remarkable secrets which would be at the present moment in the press, were it not for the gentlemen who act as censors, and who have discovered therein some statements too hard for them to swallow. But I have read the manuscript which contains them in the library of the illustrious Archbishop of ——, who, with a generosity and kindness which cannot be sufficiently commended, has permitted me to peruse his books. Accordingly I promise to give him a long article in the next edition that shall be brought out by Moreri, and I will be specially careful not to forget his sons, who afford such good hope of the perpetuation of their illustrious father's progeny.

But let us return to our travellers. Quitting Jupiter, they traversed a space of about a hundred million leagues, and, coasting along the planet Mars, which, as is well known, is five times smaller

than our own little globe, they saw two moons, which attend upon that planet, and which have escaped the observation of our astronomers. I am well aware that Father Castel will write, and pleasantly enough too, against the existence of these two moons, but I refer myself to those who reason from analogy. Those excellent philosophers know how difficult it would be for Mars, which is such a long way off from the sun, to get on with less than two moons. Be that is it may, our friends found the planet so small, that they were afraid of finding no room there to put up for the night, so they proceeded on their way, like a pair of travellers who disdain a humble village inn, and push on to the nearest town. But the Sirian and his companion soon had cause to repent having done so, for they went on for a long time without finding anything at all. At last they perceived a faint glimmer; it came from our earth, and created compassion in the minds of those who had so lately left Jupiter. However, for fear of repenting a second time, they decided to disembark. They passed over the tail of the comet, and meeting with an aurora borealis close at hand, they got inside, and alighted on the earth by the northern shore of the Baltic Sea, July the 5th, 1737, new style.

Chapter 4

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TRAVELLERS ON EARTH

AFTER HAVING RESTED FOR SOME TIME, THEY CONSUMED FOR their breakfast a couple of mountains, which their people prepared for them as daintily as possible. Then wishing to inspect the country where they were, they first went from north to south. Each of the Sirian's ordinary steps was about thirty thousand statute feet; the Saturnian dwarf, whose height was only a thousand fathoms, followed panting far behind, for he had to take about a dozen steps when the other made a single stride. Picture to yourself (if I may be allowed to make such a comparison) a tiny little toy spaniel pursuing a captain of the King of Prussia's grenadiers.

As the strangers proceeded pretty quickly, they made the circuit of the globe in thirty-six hours; the sun, indeed, or rather the earth, makes the same journey in a day; but it must be borne in mind that it is a much easier way of getting on, to turn on one's

axis, than to walk on one's feet. Behold our travellers, then, returned to the same spot from which they had started, after having set eyes upon that sea, to them almost imperceptible, which is called the Mediterranean, and that other little pond which, under the name of the great Ocean, surrounds this mole-hill. Therein the dwarf had never sunk much above the knee, while the other had scarcely wetted his ankle. They did all they could, searching here and there, both when going and returning, to ascertain whether the earth were inhabited or not. They stooped, they lay down, they groped about in all directions; but their eyes and their hands being out of all proportion to the tiny beings who crawl up and down here, they felt not the slightest sensation which could lead them to suspect that we and our fellow creatures, the other inhabitants of this globe, have the honour to exist.

The dwarf, who sometimes judged a little too hastily, at once decided that there was not a single creature on the earth. His first reason was that he had not seen one. But Micromegas politely gave him to understand that that was not a good argument:

"For," said he, "you, with your little eyes, cannot see certain stars of the fiftieth magnitude which I distinctly discern; do you conclude from that circumstance that those stars have no existence?"

"But," said the dwarf, "I have felt about very carefully."

"But," rejoined the other, "your powers of perception may be at fault."

"But," continued the dwarf, "this globe is so ill-constructed, it is so irregular, and, as it seems to me, of so ridiculous a shape! All here appears to be in a state of chaos; look at these little brooks, not one of which goes in a straight line; look at these ponds, which are neither round nor square, nor oval, nor of any regular form; and all these little sharp-pointed grains with which this globe bristles, and which have rubbed the skin off my feet!"—he alluded to the mountains— "Observe too the shape of the globe as a whole, how it is flat at the poles, how it turns round the sun in a clumsily slanting manner, so that the polar climes are necessarily mere wastes. In truth, what chiefly makes me think that there is nobody here, is that I cannot suppose any people of sense would wish to occupy such a dwelling."

"Well," said Micromegas, "perhaps the people who inhabit it are not people of sense. But in point of fact there are some signs of its

not having been made for nothing. Everything here seems to you irregular, you say; that is because everything is measured by the line of Saturn and Jupiter. Ay, perhaps it is for that very reason that there is so much apparent confusion here. Have I not told you that in the course of my travels I have always remarked the presence of variety?" The Saturnian had answers to meet all these arguments, and the dispute might never have ended, if Micromegas, in the heat of discussion, had not luckily broken the thread which bound together his collar of diamonds, so that they fell to the ground; pretty little stones they were, of rather unequal size, the largest of which weighed four hundred pounds, and the smallest not more than fifty. The dwarf, who picked up some of them, perceived, on bringing them near his eyes, that these diamonds, from the fashion in which they were cut, made capital microscopes. He, accordingly, took up a little magnifier of one hundred and sixty feet in diameter, which he applied to his eye; and Micromegas selected one of two thousand five hundred feet across. They were of high power, but at first nothing was revealed by their help, so the focus had to be adjusted. At last the inhabitant of Saturn saw something almost imperceptible, which moved half under water in the Baltic sea; it was a whale. He caught it very cleverly with his little finger, and placing it on his thumb nail, showed it to the Sirian, who burst out laughing a second time at the extreme minuteness of the inhabitants of our system.

The Saturnian, now convinced that our world was inhabited, rushed immediately to the conclusion that whales were the only creatures to be found there; and, as speculation was his strong point, he pleased himself with conjectures as to the origin of so insignificant an atom and the source of its movement, whether it had ideas and free will. Micromegas was a good deal puzzled about it; he examined the creature very patiently, and the result of his investigation was that he had no grounds for supposing that it had a soul lodged in its body. The two travellers then were inclined to think that there was no being possessed of intelligence in this habitation of ours, when with the aid of the microscope they detected something as big as a whale, floating on the Baltic sea.

We know that at that very time, a flock of philosophers were returning from the polar circle, whither they had gone to make observations which no one had attempted before. The newspapers say that their vessel ran aground in the gulf of Bothnia, and that

they had great difficulty in saving their lives; but we never know in this world the real truth about anything. I am going to relate honestly what took place, without adding anything of my own invention, a task which demands no small effort on the part of an historian.

Chapter 5

EXPERIENCES AND REASONINGS OF THE TWO TRAVELLERS

MICROMEGAS STRETCHED OUT HIS HAND VERY GENTLY TOWARDS the place where the object appeared; thrusting forward two fingers, he quickly drew them back lest his hopes should be defeated; then, cautiously opening and closing them, he seized with great dexterity the ship which carried those gentlemen, and placed it likewise on his nail without squeezing it too much, for fear of crushing it.

"Here is an animal quite different from the first," said the Saturnian dwarf. The Sirian placed the supposed animal in the hollow of his hand. The passengers and crew, who thought that they had been whirled aloft by a tempest, and supposed that they had struck upon some kind of rock, began to bestir themselves; the sailors seized casks of wine, threw them overboard on Micromegas' hand, and afterwards jumped down themselves, while the geometers seized their quadrants, their sectors, and a pair of Lapland girls, and descended on the Sirian's fingers. They made such a commotion, that at last he felt something tickling him; it was a pole with an iron point being driven a foot deep into his forefinger. He judged from this prick that it had proceeded somehow from the little animal that he was holding; but at first he perceived nothing more.

The magnifier, which scarcely enabled them to discern a whale and a ship, had no effect upon a being so insignificant as man. I have no wish to shock the vanity of anyone, but here I am obliged to beg those who are sensitive about their own importance to consider what I have to say on this subject. Taking the average stature of mankind at five feet, we make no greater figure on the earth than an insect not quite the six hundred thousandth part of an inch in height would do upon a bowl ten feet round. Figure to

yourselves a being who could hold the earth in his hand, and who had organs of sense proportionate to our own,—and it may well be conceived that there are a great number of such beings—consider then, I pray you, what they would think of those battles which give the conqueror possession of some village, to be lost again soon afterwards.

I have no doubt that if some captain of tall grenadiers ever reads this work, he will raise the caps of his company at least a couple of feet; but I warn him that it will be all in vain, that he and his men will never be anything but the merest mites.

What marvellous skill then must our philosopher from Sirius have possessed, in order to perceive those atoms of which I have been speaking! When Leeuwenhoek and Hartsoeker first saw, or thought they saw, the minute speck out of which we are formed, they did not make nearly so surprising a discovery. What pleasure then did Micromegas feel in watching the movements of those little machines, in examining all their feats, in following all their operations! How he shouted for joy, as he placed one of his microscopes in his companion's hand!

"I see them," they exclaimed both at once; "do you not observe how they are carrying burdens, how they stoop down and rise up?"

As they spoke, their hands trembled with delight at beholding objects so unusual, and with fear lest they might lose them. The Saturnian, passing from the one extreme of scepticism to an equal degree of credulity, fancied that he saw them engaged in the work of propagation.

"Ah!" said he, "I have surprised nature in the very act."

But he was deceived by appearances, an accident to which we are only too liable, whether we make use of miscroscopes or not.

Chapter 6

WHAT COMMUNICATION THEY HELD WITH MEN

MICROMEGAS, A MUCH BETTER OBSERVER THAN HIS DWARF, perceived clearly that the atoms were speaking to each other, and he called his companion's attention to the circumstance; but he, ashamed as he was of having made a mistake on the subject of generation, was indisposed to believe that such creatures as they

could have any means of communicating ideas. He had the gift of tongues as well as the Sirian; he did not hear the atoms speak, so he concluded that they did not do so; besides, how could those imperceptible beings have vocal organs, and what could they have to say? To be able to speak, one must think, or at least make some approach to thought; but if those creatures could think, then they must have something equivalent to a soul; now to attribute the equivalent of a soul to these little animals appeared to him absurd.

"But," said the Sirian, "you fancied just now that they were making love; do you imagine that they can make love without being able to think or utter a word, or even to make themselves understood? Moreover, do you suppose that it is more difficult to produce arguments than offspring? Both appear to me equally mysterious operations."

"I no longer venture either to believe or to deny," said the dwarf; "I have no opinion any more about the matter. We must try to examine these insects, we will form our conclusions afterwards."

"That is very well said," replied Micromegas; and he straightway drew forth a pair of scissors with which he cut his nails, and immediately made out of a paring from his thumb-nail a sort of monster speaking-trumpet, like a huge funnel, the narrow end of which he put into his ear. As the wide part of the funnel included the ship and all her crew, the faintest voice was conveyed along the circular fibres of the nail in such a manner, that, thanks to his perseverance, the philosopher high above them clearly heard the buzzing of our insects down below. In a few hours he succeeded in distinguishing the words, and at last in understanding the French language. The dwarf heard the same, but with more difficulty. The astonishment of the travellers increased every instant. They heard mere mites speaking tolerably good sense; such a freak of nature seemed to them inexplicable.

You may imagine how impatiently the Sirian and his dwarf longed to hold conversation with the atoms; but the dwarf was afraid that his voice of thunder, and still more that of Micromegas, might deafen the mites without conveying any meaning. It became necessary to diminish its strength; they, accordingly, placed in their mouths instruments like little tooth-picks, the tapering end of which was brought near the ship. Then the Sirian, holding the dwarf on his knees, and the vessel with her crew upon his

nail, bent his head down and spoke in a low voice, thus at last, with the help of all these precautions and many others besides, beginning to address them:

"Invisible insects, whom the hand of the Creator has been pleased to produce in the abyss of the infinitely little, I thank Him for having deigned to reveal to me secrets which seemed inscrutable. It may be the courtiers of my country would not condescend to look upon you, but I despise no one, and I offer you my protection."

If ever anyone was astonished, it was the people who heard these words, nor could they guess whence they came. The ship's chaplain repeated the prayers used in exorcism, the sailors swore, and the philosophers constructed theories; but whatever theories they constructed, they could not divine who was speaking to them. The dwarf of Saturn, who had a softer voice than Micromegas, then told them in a few words with what kind of beings they had to do. He gave them an account of the journey from Saturn, and made them acquainted with the parts and powers of Mr. Micromegas; and, after having commiserated them for being so small, he asked them if they had always been in that pitiful condition little better than annihilation, what they found to do on a globe that appeared to belong to whales, if they were happy, if they increased and multiplied, whether they had souls, and a hundred other questions of that nature.

A philosopher of the party, bolder than the rest of them, and shocked that the existence of his soul should be called in question, took observations of the speaker with a quadrant from two different stations, and, at the third, spoke as follows: "Do you then suppose, sir, because a thousand fathoms extend between your head and your feet, that you are . . ."

"A thousand fathoms!" cried the dwarf; "good heavens! How is it that he knows my height? A thousand fathoms! He is not an inch out of his reckoning. What! Has that atom actually measured me? He is a geometer, he knows my size; while I, who cannot see him except through a microscope, am still ignorant of his!"

"Yes, I have taken your measure," said the man of science; "and I will now proceed, if you please, to measure your big companion."

The proposal was accepted; His Excellency lay down at full length, for, if he had kept himself upright, his head would have

reached too far above the clouds. Our philosophers then planted a tall tree in a place which Dr. Swift would have named without hesitation, but which I abstain from mentioning out of my great respect for the ladies. Then by means of a series of triangles joined together, they came to the conclusion that the object before them was in reality a young man whose length was one hundred and twenty thousand statute feet.

Thereupon Micromegas uttered these words: "I see more clearly than ever that we should judge of nothing by its apparent importance. O God, Who hast bestowed intelligence upon things which seemed so despicable, the infinitely little is as much Thy concern as the infinitely great; and, if it is possible that there should be living things smaller than these, they may be endowed with minds superior even to those of the magnificent creatures whom I have seen in the sky, who with one foot could cover this globe upon which I have alighted."

One of the philosophers replied that he might with perfect confidence believe that there actually were intelligent beings much smaller than man. He related, not indeed all the fables that Virgil has told on the subject of bees, but the results of Swammerdam's discoveries, and Réaumur's dissections. Finally, he informed him that there are animals which bear the same proportion to bees that bees bear to men, or that the Sirian himself bore to those huge creatures of which he spoke, or that those great creatures themselves bore to others before whom they seemed mere atoms.

The conversation grew more and more interesting, and Micromegas spoke as follows:

Chapter 7

THE CONVERSATION CONTINUED

"O INTELLIGENT ATOMS, IN WHOM THE ETERNAL BEING HAS BEEN pleased to make manifest His skill and power, you must doubtless taste joys of perfect purity on this your globe; for, being encumbered with so little matter, and seeming to be all spirit, you must pass your lives in love and meditation, which is the true life of spiritual beings. I have nowhere beheld genuine happiness, but here it is to be found without a doubt."

On hearing these words, all the philosophers shook their heads, and one of them, more frank than the others, candidly confessed that, with the exception of a small number held in mean estimation among them, all the rest of mankind were a multitude of fools, knaves, and miserable wretches.

"We have more matter than we need," said he, "the cause of much evil, if evil proceeds from matter; and we have too much mind, if evil proceeds from the mind. Are you aware, for instance, that at this very moment while I am speaking to you, there are a hundred thousand fools of our species who wear hats, slaying a hundred thousand fellow creatures who wear turbans, or being massacred by them, and that over almost all the earth such practices have been going on from time immemorial?"

The Sirian shuddered, and asked what could be the cause of such horrible quarrels between those miserable little creatures.

"The dispute is all about a lump of clay," said the philosopher, "no bigger than your heel. Not that a single one of those millions of men who get their throats cut has the slightest interest in this clod of earth. The only point in question is whether it shall belong to a certain man who is called Sultan, or to another who, I know not why, is called Cæsar. Neither the one nor the other has ever seen, or is ever likely to see, the little corner of ground which is the bone of contention; and hardly one of those animals, who are cutting each other's throats, has ever seen the animal for whom they fight so desperately."

"Ah! wretched creatures!" exclaimed the Sirian with indignation; "can anyone imagine such frantic ferocity! I should like to take two or three steps, and stamp upon the whole swarm of these ridiculous assassins."

"Do not give yourself the trouble," answered the philosopher; "they are working hard enough to destroy themselves. I assure you that at the end of ten years, not a hundredth part of those wretches will be left; even if they had never drawn the sword, famine, fatigue, or intemperance will sweep them almost all away. Besides, it is not they who deserve punishment, but rather those arm-chair barbarians, who from the privacy of their cabinets, and during the process of digestion, command the massacre of a million men, and afterwards ordain a solemn thanksgiving to God."

The traveller, moved with compassion for the tiny human race,

among whom he found such astonishing contrasts, said to the gentlemen who were present:

"Since you belong to the small number of wise men, and apparently do not kill anyone for money, tell me, pray, how you occupy yourselves."

"We dissect flies," said the same philosopher, "we measure distances, we calculate numbers, we are agreed upon two or three points which we understand, and we dispute about two or three thousand as to which we know nothing."

The visitors from Sirius and Saturn were immediately seized with a desire to question these intelligent atoms on the subjects whereon their opinion coincided.

"How far do you reckon it," said the latter, "from the Dog-star to the great star in Gemini?"

They all answered together: "Thirty-two degrees and a half."

"How far do you make it from here to the moon?"

"Sixty half-diameters of the earth, in round numbers."

"What is the weight of your air?"

He thought to lay a trap for them, but they all told him that the air weighs about nine hundred times less than an equal volume of distilled water, and nineteen thousand times less than pure gold.

The little dwarf from Saturn, astonished at their replies, was now inclined to take for sorcerers the same people to whom he had refused, a quarter of an hour ago, to allow the possession of a soul.

Then Micromegas said: "Since you know so well what is outside of yourselves, doubtless you know still better what is within you. Tell me what is the nature of your soul, and how you form ideas."

The philosophers spoke all at once as before, but this time they were all of different opinions. The oldest of them quoted Aristotle, another pronounced the name of Descartes, this spoke of Malebranche, that of Leibnitz, and another again of Locke. The old Peripatetic said in a loud and confident tone of voice: "The soul is an actuality and a rationality, in virtue of which it has the power to be what it is; as Aristotle expressly declares on page 633 of the Louvre edition of his works"; and he quoted the passage.

"I don't understand Greek very well, said the giant.

"No more do I," said the mite of a philosopher.

"Why, then," inquired the Sirian, "do you quote the man you call Aristotle in that language?"

"Because," replied the sage, "it is right and proper to quote what we do not comprehend at all in a language we least understand."

The Cartesian then interposed and said: "The soul is pure spirit, which has received in its mother's womb all metaphysical ideas, and which, on issuing thence, is obliged to go to school, as it were, and learn afresh all that it knew so well, and which it will never know any more."

"It was hardly worth while, then," answered the eight-leagued giant, "for your soul to have been so learned in your mother's womb, if you were to become so ignorant by the time you have a beard on your chin. But what do you understand by spirit?"

"Why do you ask me that question?" said the philosopher; "I have no idea of its meaning, except that it is said to be independent of matter."

"You know, at least, what matter is, I presume?"

"Perfectly well," replied the man. "For instance, this stone is grey, is of such and such a form, has three dimensions, has weight and divisibility."

"Very well," said the Sirian. "Now tell me, please, what this thing actually is which appears to you to be divisible, heavy, and of a grey colour. You observe certain qualities; but are you acquainted with the intrinsic nature of the thing itself?"

"No," said the other.

"Then you do not know what matter is."

Thereupon Mr. Micromegas, addressing his question to another sage, whom he held on his thumb, asked him what the soul was, and what it did.

"Nothing at all," said the disciple of Malebranche; "it is God who does everything for me; I see and do everything through Him; He it is who does all without my interference."

"You might just as well, then, have no existence," replied the sage of Sirius.

"And you, my friend," he said to a follower of Leibnitz, who was there, "what is your soul?"

"It is," answered he, "a hand which points to the hour while my body chimes, or, if you like, it is the soul which chimes, while my body points to the hour; or, to put it in another way, my

soul is the mirror of the universe, and my body is its frame: that is all clear enough."

A little student of Locke was standing near; and when his opinion at last was asked: "I know nothing," said he, "of how I think, but I know that I have never thought except on the suggestion of my senses. That there are immaterial and intelligent substances is not what I doubt; but that it is impossible for God to communicate the faculty of thought to matter is what I doubt very strongly. I adore the eternal Power, nor is it my part to limit its exercise; I assert nothing, I content myself with believing that more is possible than people think."

The creature of Sirius smiled; he did not deem the last speaker the least sagacious of the company; and the dwarf of Saturn would have clasped Locke's disciple in his arms if their extreme disproportion had not made that impossible.

But unluckily a little animalcule was there in a square cap, who silenced all the other philosophical mites, saying that he knew the whole secret, that it was all to be found in the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas; he scanned the pair of celestial visitors from top to toe, and maintained that they and all their kind, their suns and stars, were made solely for man's benefit.

At this speech our two travellers tumbled over each other, choking with that inextinguishable laughter which, according to Homer, is the special privilege of the gods; their shoulders shook, and their bodies heaved up and down, till, in those merry convulsions, the ship which the Sirian held on his nail fell into the Saturnian's breeches pocket. These two good people, after a long search, recovered it at last, and duly set to rights all that had been displaced. The Sirian once more took up the little mites, and addressed them again with great kindness, though he was a little disgusted in the bottom of his heart at seeing such infinitely insignificant atoms puffed up with a pride of almost infinite importance. He promised to supply them with a rare book of philosophy, written in very minute characters, for their special use, telling them that in that book they would find all that can be known of the ultimate essence of things, and he actually gave them the volume ere his departure. It was carried to Paris and laid before the Academy of Sciences; but when the old secretary came to open it, he saw nothing but blank leaves.

"Ah!" said he, "this is just what I expected."

COSI-SANCTA

COSI-SANCTA

IT IS A MAXIM FOUNDED UPON ERROR THAT IT IS NOT ALLOWABLE to commit a small fault in order that a greater good may result. St. Augustine was decidedly of this opinion, as it is easy to see from his mention of that little occurrence which took place in his diocese, under the proconsulship of Septimus Acindynus, and which is related in his work entiled *The City of God.*

There lived at Hippo an old parish priest, a great founder of brotherhoods, and father-confessor to all the young damsels in the neighbourhood; who had the reputation of being a man inspired by God, because he took upon himself to utter predictions, a vocation in which he acquitted himself tolerably well.

One day a young girl was brought to him named Cosi-Sancta, the most beautiful in all the province. Her father and mother were Jansenists, and they had brought her up in the strictest principles of virtue; and of all the admirers that she had had, not one had been able to cause her so much as a moment's distraction in the midst of her devotions. She had been for some time betrothed to a little withered old man, whose name was Capito, a councillor in the inferior court of justice at Hippo. He was a cross and crabbed little man, not without some sense of humour, but affected in his conversation, given to sneers, and fond of ill-natured ridicule; moreover, he was as jealous as a Venetian, and would not for all the world have consented to be on friendly terms with his wife's lovers. The young creature did all she could to love him, because he was to be her husband; she set herself to make the attempt with all sincerity, and yet she scarcely succeeded.

She went then to consult her parish priest, to know if her marriage would be happy. The good man said to her in the tone of a prophet: "My daughter, your virtue will cause you much unhappiness, but you will be one day canonised for having been three times unfaithful to your husband."

This oracle sorely astonished and perplexed the innocent young maiden. She shed tears; she asked for an explanation, thinking

that some mysterious meaning must be concealed behind those words; but all the explanation that was vouchsafed her was that the three times were not to be understood as three meetings with the same lover, but as three different adventures.

Then Cosi-Sancta uttered loud cries; she even made some rude remarks to the old priest, and swore that she would never be made a saint. She was made one, however, in spite of that, as you will soon see.

She was married not long afterwards, and the wedding was a very grand one. She bore pretty well all the sly speeches that she had to encounter, all the coarse jokes, and all the ill-disguised ribaldry with which it is the custom to embarrass the modesty of young brides. She danced extremely gracefully with several well-made and handsome young fellows, on whom her husband scowled with the most ferocious expression imaginable.

She lay down in bed beside little Capito with a certain amount of repugnance. She passed a considerable portion of the night in sleep, and awoke in a pensive frame of mind. Her husband however was less the subject of her meditation than a young man named Ribaldos, who had got into her head without her knowing anything about it.

This young man seemed as if fashioned by the hands of Cupid; he had the same winning airs, the same impudence and roguish tricks. He was a little too forward perhaps, but only with those ladies who liked it: he was the darling of all Hippo. He had set all the women in the place at variance one against another, and he was at loggerheads with all the mothers and husbands. His flirtations were generally prompted by mere giddiness, not unmixed with vanity; but he loved Cosi-Sancta from genuine inclination, and loved her all the more desperately the more difficult it was to make a conquest of her.

He endeavoured in the first instance, like a sensible man, to please the husband. He made a thousand advances, complimented him on his good looks, and on his genial and generous temper; he lost money to him at play, and was always having some insignificant secret to tell him in confidence. Cosi-Sancta found him as amiable as could possibly be; she loved him already more than she imagined; indeed, she had no suspicion of it, but her husband had instead. Although he was as self-conceited as any little man could be, he could not help doubting whether the visits of Ribaldos were

for his sake only. He broke with him on some frivolous pretext, and forbade him to enter his house again.

Cosi-Sancta was very sorry for this, but did not dare to say so; and Ribaldos, becoming more amorous as his difficulties increased, passed all his time in watching for opportunities of seeing her. He disguised himself as a monk, as a dealer in old wardrobes, and as the exhibitor of a puppet-show; but, after all, he did not succeed well enough to gain a triumph over his mistress, though too well to escape being recognised by the husband.

If Cosi-Sancta had been of one mind with her lover, they might have taken such precautions that her husband would not have been able to suspect anything; but as she resisted her inclination, and did nothing for which she could reproach herself, she saved everything that concerned her honesty, except appearances; and her husband believed her guilty to the last degree.

The little fellow, who was very passionate, and who fancied that his honour depended on his wife's fidelity, abused her cruelly, and punished her because other people could see her charms. She found herself in the most horrible situation that a woman can be in,—unjustly accused and ill-treated by a husband to whom she was faithful, and tortured by a violent passion which she did all she could to overcome.

She believed that if her lover ceased from pursuing her, her husband might cease to be unjust, and that she might be happy enough to be cured of a love which there would be nothing any longer to keep alive.

Under this impression she ventured to write the following letter to Ribaldos: "If you have any goodness, cease to render me miserable; you love me, and your love exposes me to the suspicions and violence of a master to whom I am bound for the remainder of my life. Would that this were the only risk I had to run! For pity's sake cease from pursuing me; I entreat you by that very love which constitutes your unhappiness and my own, and which can never render you happy."

Poor Cosi-Sancta had never foreseen that a letter so virtuous, though so tender, would produce an effect quite contrary to what she hoped. It inflamed her lover's heart more than ever, and he determined to risk his life in order to obtain a sight of his mistress.

Capito, who was fool enough to want to be informed of everything, and had trusty spies, was warned that Ribaldos had dis-

guised himself as a mendicant friar of the Carmelite order to ask for charity from his wife. He thought that it was all over with him now; for he was of opinion that a Carmelite's costume was far more dangerous than any other for the honour of a husband. He placed people in ambush to give friar Ribaldos a good drubbing; and his orders were only too well executed. The young man on entering the house was received by these gentry; it was in vain that he cried out that he was an honest Carmelite, and that poor friars should not be treated so; he was beaten unmercifully, and a fortnight afterwards died from a blow which he received on his head. All the women in the city shed tears over him, and Cosi-Sancta was inconsolable. Capito himself was sorry, but for another reason, for he found himself in a very unpleasant scrape.

Ribaldos was a kinsman of the proconsul Acindynus. The representative of Rome wished to avenge the assassination in an exemplary manner; and as he had previously had some disputes with the inferior court of Hippo, he was not sorry to have an excuse for hanging one of its councillors; and he was particularly pleased that the lot should fall on Capito, who was by far the vainest and most intolerable little pettifogger in the country.

Thus Cosi-Sancta had seen her lover assassinated, and was near seeing her husband hanged, and all for having been virtuous; for, as I have already observed, if she had granted her favours to Ribaldos, she would have found it much more easy to deceive her husband.

And so you see how the first part of the priest's prediction was fulfilled. Cosi-Sancta then called to mind the oracle, and greatly feared lest the rest of it might also be accomplished; but having reflected that one cannot conquer one's fate, she resigned herself to Providence, which led her to her destination by ways the most honest in the world.

The proconsul Acindynus was a man devoted to profligacy rather than to pleasure, finding very little entertainment in preliminary dalliance, frankly brutal, a regular garrison hero, and much dreaded in the province, with whom all the women in Hippo had had intrigues only to escape his displeasure.

He sent for Madam Cosi-Sancta, and she arrived in tears, but none the less charming for that.

"Your husband, madam," he said, "is going to be hanged, and it is only you who can save him."

"I would give my life for his," said the lady.

"That is not what is asked of you," replied the proconsul.

"What then is to be done?" said she.

"I only want you to pass one of your nights with me," answered the proconsul.

"They are not mine to dispose of," said Cosi-Sancta; "they belong to my husband. I will shed my blood to save him, but I cannot sacrifice my honour."

"But if your husband gives his consent?" urged the proconsul.

"He is my lord and master," answered the lady: "everyone may do what he pleases with his own property. But I know my husband too well to think that he will do anything of the sort; he is a little man quite capable of letting himself be hanged sooner than allow anyone to touch me with the tip of his finger."

"We shall see about that," said the magistrate in a rage.

He immediately caused the criminal to be brought before him, and offered him his choice, either to be hanged or to be horned; there must be no hesitation. The little fellow, notwithstanding, required some pressing. At last he did what anybody else would have done in his place, and his wife, out of charity, saved his life. This was the first of the three times.

The same day her son fell ill of a most extraordinary disease, unknown to all the physicians in Hippo. There was only one who had a secret remedy for this disease, and he lived at Aquila, some leagues away from Hippo. At that time a physician established at one town was forbidden to leave it in order to go and practise his profession in another, so Cosi-Sancta was obliged to go herself to his house at Aquila, with a brother of hers to whom she was tenderly attached. On her way she was stopped by brigands. The chief of these worthies was not insensible to her charms, and, just as her brother was about to be killed, he approached her, and said that, if she would only be a little obliging, her brother's life should be spared, and that it should cost him nothing. The crisis was urgent; she had just saved the life of a husband for whom she had no great affection, she was about to lose a brother whom she loved very much; moreover her son's dangerous condition alarmed her, and there was not a moment to be lost. So she commended herself to the care of Heaven, and did all that was required of her. This then was the second of the three times.

She arrived the same day at Aquila, and alighted at the leech's

house. He was one of those fashionable physicians whom women send for when they have the vapours, or when they have nothing at all the matter with them. He was the confidant of some and the lover of others, a man of agreeable and polite manners, not quite on the best terms however with the Faculty, at whose expense he had occasionally made some very good jokes.

Cosi-Sancta related the symptoms of her son's disease, and offered him a high fee, a sum in fact that would amount to more than a thousand crowns in French money.

"It is not in such coin as this, madam, that I desire to be paid," said the gay physician; "I would myself offer you all I possess, if you were disposed to take payment for the cures you can effect; heal me only of the malady from which you make me suffer, and I will restore your son to health."

The proposal seemed extravagant to the lady, but her fate had accustomed to her queer proceedings. The physician was obstinate, and would take no other price for his specific. Cosi-Sancta had not her husband with her to consult; but how could she let a son whom she idolised die for the want of the smallest possible help that she could give him! She was a good mother as she was sister: she bought the remedy at the required price. This was the last of the three times.

She returned to Hippo with her brother, who never ceased thanking her during the journey for the courage with which she had saved his life.

Thus Cosi-Sancta, who by being too scrupulous had been the cause of her lover's destruction and her husband's condemnation to death, by her readiness to oblige preserved the lives of her husband, her brother, and her son. Such a woman was deemed a very desirable acquisition in a family; so she was canonised after her death for having done so much good to her relations by mortifying her own inclinations, and the following epitaph was engraved on her tomb: *A little harm for a great good.*

MEMNON

NOTICE BY THE AUTHOR

In all we undertake to miss the way:
That is, alas! our destined fate, it seems.
My brain at morn with wisest projects teems,
While folly chases folly all the day.

This little verse pretty aptly describes a large number of those who pride themselves on the possession of reason; and it is odd enough to see a grave director of souls ending his career in the criminal dock beside a fraudulent bankrupt. In connection with this case, we reprint the following little tale here, though it had its origin elsewhere; for it is well that it should be known far and wide.

MEMNON

MEMNON ONE DAY CONCEIVED THE IRRATIONAL DESIGN OF BEING perfectly wise and prudent. There are very few persons who have not at some time or other had foolish thoughts of this kind pass through their heads. Memnon said to himself: "In order to be very wise, and consequently very happy, one has only to be without passions; and nothing is easier than that, as everybody knows. In the first place, I will never fall in love with a woman, for I will say to myself, whenever I see a sample of perfect beauty: 'Those cheeks will one day be wrinkled, those fine eyes will be rimmed with red, that swelling bosom will be flat and flabby, that lovely head will become bald.' I have only to see her now with the same eyes as those with which I shall see her then, and assuredly my head will not be turned by the sight of hers.

"In the second place, I will be always sober and temperate; good cheer, delicious wines, and the seductive charms of social intercourse will tempt me in vain. I shall have nothing to do but to bring before my mind the results of excess in a heavy head, a disordered stomach, the loss of reason, of health, and of time; and then I shall eat only for necessity, my health will be always well balanced, my thoughts always bright and clear. All this is so easy that there is no merit in such attainments.

"In the next place," said Memnon, "I must give a little consideration to my property; my desires are moderate, my wealth is well bestowed with the Receiver-General of the revenues of Nineveh, I have enough to support myself in independence, and that is the greatest of blessings. I shall never be under the cruel necessity of cringing and flattering; I shall envy nobody, and nobody will envy me. All this is still very easy. I have friends," continued he, "and I shall keep them, for they will have nothing to quarrel about with me. I will never be out of temper with them, nor they with me; that is a matter that presents no difficulty."

Having thus laid down his little scheme of wisdom and prudence in his chamber, Memnon put his head out of the window, and saw two women walking up and down under some plane-

trees near his house. One of them was old, and appeared to have nothing on her mind; the other was young and pretty, and seemed to be lost in thought. She sighed, she wept, and her sighs and tears only added to her charms. Our sage was touched, not, of course, by the lady's beauty (he was quite confident of being above such weakness as that), but by the distress in which he saw her. He went down and accosted the fair Ninevite, with the intention of ministering wise consolation. That charming young person related to him, with the most simple and affecting air, all the injury done her by an uncle, who did not exist; she told him by what tricks he had deprived her of a fortune, which she had never possessed, and all that she had to fear from his violence.

"You seem to me," said she, "a man of such excellent judgment and good sense, that if you would only condescend to come to my house and inquire into my affairs, I feel sure that you could extricate me from the cruel embarrassment in which I find myself."

Memnon had no hesitation in following her, in order to make a judicious examination of her affairs, and to give her good advice.

The afflicted lady led him into a sweetly-scented chamber, and politely made him sit down with her on a large ottoman, where they both remained awhile, with legs crossed, facing each other. When the lady spoke she lowered her eyes, from which tears sometimes escaped, and, when she raised them, they always met the gaze of the sage Memnon. Her language was full of tenderness which grew more tender each time that they exchanged glances. Memnon took her affairs zealously to heart, and every moment felt an increasing desire to oblige a maiden so modest and so unfortunate. By imperceptible degrees, as their conversation grew warmer, they ceased to sit opposite, and their legs were no longer crossed. Memnon pressed her so closely with good advice, and bestowed such tender admonitions, that neither of them could any longer talk about business, nor did they well know what they were about.

While they were thus engaged, the uncle, as might have been expected, arrived upon the scene. He was armed from head to foot; and the first thing he said was that he was going to kill, as was only just and proper, both the sage Memnon and his niece; the last remark that escaped him was that he might possibly pardon them for a large sum of money. Memnon was obliged to give him all that he had about him. In those times, fortunately, it was possible to

get off as cheaply as that. America had not yet been discovered, and distressed damsels were not nearly so dangerous as they are nowadays.

Memnon returned home disconsolate and ashamed, and found a note there inviting him to dine with some of his most intimate friends.

"If I stay at home alone," said he, "I shall have my thoughts taken up with my unfortunate adventure; I shall be unable to eat anything, and shall certainly fall ill; it will be much better to take a frugal meal with my intimate friends. In the pleasure of their company I shall forget the piece of folly that I have committed this morning."

He goes to meet his friends, who find him a little out of spirits, and persuade him to drink away his melancholy. A little wine taken in moderation is a medicine for mind and body. So thinks the sage Memnon, and proceeds to get tipsy. Play is proposed after dinner. A modest game with one's friends is a blameless pastime. He plays, loses all that he has in his purse, and four times as much on his promise to pay. A dispute arises over the game, and the quarrel grows hot; one of his intimate friends throws a dice-box at his head, and puts out an eye. The sage Memnon is carried home drunk, without any money, and with one eye less than when he went.

After he had slept himself sober, and his brain was grown a little clearer, he sent his servant for some of the money which he had lodged with the Receiver-General of the revenues of Nineveh, in order to pay what he owed to his intimate friends. He was told that his debtor had that very morning been declared a fraudulent bankrupt, an announcement which had thrown a hundred families into consternation. Memnon, in a state bordering on distraction, went to court with a plaster over his eye and a petition in his hand to solicit justice of the king against the bankrupt. In an ante-chamber he met a number of ladies, all wearing with apparent ease hoops twenty-four feet in circumference. One of these ladies, who knew him slightly, exclaimed with a sidelong glance: "Oh, what a horror!"

Another, who was on more familiar terms with him, addressed him thus: "Good evening, Mr. Memnon. It is indeed a pleasure to see you, Mr. Memnon. By the way, Mr. Memnon, how is it you have lost an eye?" And she passed on without pausing for an

answer. Memnon hid himself in a corner, and awaited the moment when he might cast himself at the monarch's feet. That moment came; he kissed the ground thrice, and presented his petition. His gracious Majesty received him very favourably, and gave the document to one of his satraps to report upon it.

The satrap drew Memnon aside, and said: "What a comical kind of one-eyed fool you are, to address youself to the king rather than to me! And still more ridiculous to dare to demand justice against a respectable bankrupt, whom I honour with my protection, and who is the nephew of my mistress's waiting-maid. Let this matter drop, my friend, if you wish to keep the eye you still have left you."

Thus Memnon, after having in the morning renounced the blandishments of women, intemperance at table, gambling and quarrelling, and more than all else the court, had ere nightfall been cajoled and robbed by a fair deceiver, had drunk to excess, played high, been concerned in a quarrel, had an eye put out, and been to court, where he had been treated with contempt and derision.

Petrified with astonishment, and crushed with vexation, he turned his steps homeward, sick at heart. Intending to enter his house, he found bailiffs in possession removing the furniture on behalf of his creditors. Almost fainting, he seated himself under a plane-tree, and there encountered the fair lady who had victimised him in the morning; she was walking with her dear uncle, and burst out laughing when she saw Memnon with the patch over his eye. Night came on; and he laid himself down on some straw beside the walls of his house. There he was seized with fevers, and in one of the fits he fell asleep, when a celestial spirit appeared to him in a dream.

He was all glittering with light. He had six beautiful wings, but no feet, nor head, nor tail, and was like nothing he had ever seen before.

"Who art thou?" said Memnon.

"Thy good genius," answered the other.

"Give me back my eye then, my health, my house, my property, and my prudence," said Memnon. Thereupon he told him how he had lost them all in one day.

"Such adventures as those never befall us in the world which we inhabit," said the spirit.

"And what world do you inhabit?" asked the afflicted mortal.

"My home," replied he, "is at a distance of five hundred millions of leagues from the sun, in a little star near Sirius, which thou seest from hence."

"Charming country!" exclaimed Memnon. "What! have you no sly hussies among you who impose upon a poor fellow, no intimate freinds who win his money and knock out one of his eyes, no bankrupts, no satraps who mock you while they deny you justice?"

"No," said the inhabitant of the star, "nothing of the kind. We are never deceived by women, because we have none; we are never guilty of excesses at table, since we neither eat nor drink; we have no bankrupts, for gold and silver are unknown among us; we cannot have our eyes put out, because we do not possess bodies such as yours; and satraps never treat us with injustice, since all are equal in our little star."

Then said Memnon: "My lord, without the fair sex and without any dinner, how do you manage to pass the time?"

"In watching over the other worlds which are entrusted to our care," said the genius; "and I am come now to minister consolation to thee."

"Alas!" replied Memnon, "why didst thou not come last night to prevent me committing such follies?"

"I was with Hassan, your elder brother," said the celestial being. "He is more to be pitied than thou art. His gracious Majesty, the King of India, to whose court he has the honour to be attached, has caused both his eyes to be put out for a slight act of indiscretion, and he is confined at the present moment in a dungeon, with chains upon his hands and feet."

"It is indeed well worth while to have a good genius in a family!" said Memnon; "of two brothers one has an eye knocked out, and the other loses both; one lies on straw, the other in prison."

"Thy lot will change," answered the inhabitant of the star. "It is true that thou wilt never recover thine eye, but, for all that, thou wilt be tolerably happy, provided that thou dost never entertain the foolish idea of being perfectly wise and prudent."

"Is it impossible then to attain such a condition?" cried Memnon with a sigh.

"As impossible," replied the other, "as to be perfectly clever, perfectly strong, perfectly powerful, or perfectly happy. Even we ourselves are very far from being so. There is indeed a sphere where

all that is to be found, but in the hundred thousand millions of worlds which are scattered through space everything proceeds by degrees. There is less wisdom and enjoyment in the second than in the first, less in the third than in the second, and so on to the last, where everybody is an absolute fool."

"I very much fear," said Memnon, "that our little terraqueous globe is precisely that lunatic asylum of the universe of which thou dost me the honour to speak."

"Not quite," said the spirit; "but it is not far off; everything must occupy its own place."

"In that case," said Memnon, "certain poets and certain philosophers are much mistaken when they say that *everything is for the best;* is it not so?"

"They are quite right," said the philosopher from the world above, "when the arrangement of the whole universe is taken into consideration."

"Ah! I shall never believe that," answered poor Memnon, "till I see out of two eyes again."

THE ONE-EYED PORTER

THE ONE-EYED PORTER

THE POSSESSION OF TWO EYES DOES NOT CONFER UPON US ANY advantage; one of them serves to show us the good things, and the other the evils of life. A large number of people have acquired the habit of shutting the first eye, but very few shut the second: and that is why there are so many people who would rather be blind altogether than see all they have to see. Happy the one-eyed who are only deprived of that evil eye which spoils all that we look upon! Of this Mesrour is an instance.

Anybody who was not blind could see that he had only one eye. He was born like that; but so contented was he with his condition, that it had never occurred to him to wish for another eye. It was not that the gifts of fortune consoled him for the faults of nature, for he was nothing better than a street porter, and all his riches lay in his shoulders; but he was happy, and showed how little an eye the more or a hardship the less contributes to one's felicity. A good appetite and the money wherewith to satisfy it always came to him in a measure proportionate to the exertions he made; he toiled all the morning, ate and drank in the evening, slept at night, and regarded each fresh day as an independent existence, so that care for the future never disturbed his enjoyment of the present. He was, as you see, at one and the same time blind of an eye, a porter, and a philosopher.

He happened one day to see a grand princess pass by in a splendid carriage. She had one eye more than he had, a circumstance that did not prevent him from admiring her as extremely beautiful; and as one-eyed people do not differ from other men except in such singularity, he became desperately in love with her. Perhaps it will be said that a one-eyed porter has no business to fall in love, above all with a grand princess, and, what is more, with a princess in possession of two eyes. I admit that one in such a situation has good grounds for distrusting his capacity to please; however, since there can be no love without hope, and our porter was in love, he had hope as well. As he was blessed with more legs

than eyes, and good legs too, he followed the chariot of his goddess for the space of four leagues, as she was borne along with great rapidity by six fine white horses.

The fashion at that time amongst the ladies was to travel without a coachman or footman, and to drive their own carriage; their husbands wished them to be always alone, in order that they might make sure of their virtue, a view which is directly opposed to the sentiment of those moralists who say that there is no scope for virtue in solitude. Mesrour kept running beside the wheels, turning his serviceable eye towards the lady, who was surprised to see such agility in a one-eyed man. While he was proving in this way that there is no fatigue too great where love is concerned, a tawny monster, pursued by hunters, ran across the road and scared the horses, which taking the bit between their teeth, dashed with the carriage and its fair occupant towards a precipice. Her newly created lover, more alarmed even than herself, and she was thoroughly terrified, cut the traces with marvellous skill; the six white horses took the dangerous leap by themselves, and the lady, who was as white as they were, escaped with nothing worse than a fright.

"Whoever you may be," she said, "I shall never forget that it is to you I owe my life; ask of me what you will, all that I have is at your disposal."

"Ah," replied Mesrour, "with far more reason may I offer you as much; but my offering will, after all, be less than yours, for I have only one eye, and you have two; but a single eye that looks at you is better than a pair of them which has no such privilege."

The lady smiled, for compliments from a one-eyed man are compliments in spite of that, and compliments always elicit a smile.

"I would I had it in my power to give you another eye," she said; "but that is a present your mother only could make you; however, you shall be my escort."

So saying, she stepped down from the carriage, and continued her journey on foot; her little dog did the same, and walked beside her, barking at the queer figure presented by her squire. I was wrong in calling him her squire, for it was in vain that he offered her his arm, the lady would by no means accept it, on the pretext that it was too dirty; you will soon see that she was made the victim of her own daintiness. She had very small feet, and

shoes still smaller, so that she was adapted neither by nature nor by art for a long journey on foot. Pretty feet are some compensation for weak legs, when one passes one's life on a sofa surrounded by a crowd of dandies; but what is the use of gold-embroidered slippers on a stony road, where there is no one to see them but a street porter with only one eye? Mélinade (that was the lady's name, which I had good reason for not mentioning before, because it has only just been invented) proceeded as well as she could, execrating her shoemaker, tearing her slippers, cutting her feet, and spraining her ankles at every step.

She had walked for about an hour and a half at the pace to which fine ladies are accustomed, that is to say, she had gone about a quarter of a league, when she fell on the ground overcome with exhaustion. Mesrour, whose help she had declined while she was on her legs, hesitated to offer it now for fear of soiling her with his touch, for he knew well that he was not as clean as he might be, the lady had given him to understand that pretty clearly, and the comparison he had instituted on the way between himself and his mistress had shown it to him more plainly still.

She was wearing a dress of some light silvery material, over which were scattered festoons of flowers, which set off her graceful figure to advantage; and, as for him, he had on a brown smock-frock, stained in a thousand places, full of holes, and patched in such a way that the new pieces were beside the old holes, not over them, where they would have been more in place. He had compared his sinewy and horny hands with two little hands whiter and more delicate than lilies; and, lastly, he had seen the lovely flaxen locks of Mélinade gleaming from underneath a light gauze veil, some of them gathered in plaits, and some in ringlets, and he had nothing to put beside them but a mop of frizzly black hair, without any other adornment than a ragged handkerchief tied up as a turban.

Meanwhile, Mélinade attempted to rise, but immediately fell back, and so unwarily, that what she let Mesrour see took away the little reason which the sight of her face had left him. He forgot that he was a porter and had only one eye, and he thought no more of the distance which fortune had placed between the princess and himself; he scarcely remembered even that he was a lover, for he lacked that delicacy which is said to be inseparable from genuine love, and which sometimes constitutes its highest charm, though

more often it becomes only a nuisance. He availed himself of those rights which his calling of a porter gave him to act like a brute, and brutal he was accordingly—and happy.

The princess no doubt fainted, or at least bewailed her lot; but as she was just, she assuredly blessed the kind fate which provides that every misfortune carries with it its own consolation.

Night had spread her veil over the horizon, and under its shade concealed the genuine happiness of Mesrour, and the pretended misery of Mélinade; Mesrour tasted all the enjoyment of capable lovers, and he tasted it like a street porter, that is to say (to the shame of humanity it must be owned) in the most perfect manner. Each instant Mélinade grew more feeble, and her lover more vigorous.

"Great Mahomet!" he said once, like a man transported with rapture, but not like a good Christian; "there is nothing wanting to my felicity but that it should be shared by her who causes it. While I am in thy paradise, divine prophet, grant me one favour more, that I may be in the eyes of Mélinade all that she would be in mine, if it were light!" He ceased praying, and continued to enjoy himself.

Aurora, always more expeditious than lovers like, surprised Mesrour and Mélinade in the position in which she might have been caught herself a moment before with Tithonus; but what was Mélinade's astonishment when, on opening her eyes on the first rays of dawn, she saw herself in a place of enchantment, with a young man of noble stature, whose countenance resembled that star of day whose return the earth was expecting! He had rosy cheeks and coral lips; his large eyes, tender and passionate, at once expressed and inspired pleasure; his golden quiver, adorned with jewels, hung from his shoulders, and its arrows rattled at each movement that he made; his long hair, confined over his forehead by a clasp of diamonds, floated freely down his back, and a transparent texture, embroidered with pearls, served him for clothing without concealing any of the beauty of his person.

"Where am I, and who are you?" exclaimed Mélinade in the extremity of her surprise.

"You are," answered he, "with the poor wretch who had the happiness of saving your life, and who has been so well repaid for his trouble."

Mélinade, as pleased as she was astonished, only regretted that

Mesrour's transformation had not begun sooner. She approached a splendid palace which burst upon her sight, and read this inscription on its gate: "Withdraw, ye who are unworthy; these doors will only open to the master of the ring."

Mesrour drew near in his turn to read the same inscription; but he saw other characters, and read the words: "Knock, and fear not."

He knocked, and immediately the doors flew open of themselves with a loud noise. The two lovers entered a vestibule of Parian marble, to the sound of a thousand voices and a thousand instruments of music; thence they passed into a magnificent hall, where a delicious banquet had been awaiting them for twelve hundred and fifty years, without any of the dishes having yet grown cold; they sat down to table, and a thousand slaves of exquisite beauty attended upon each. The repast was enlivened with songs and dances, and, when it was over, all the genii came, marshalled in perfect order into various groups, with raiment as gorgeous as it was quaint, to take an oath of fidelity to the master of the ring, and to kiss the sacred finger on which he wore it.

Now there was at Bagdad a very devout mussulman, who, not being able to go and wash himself in the mosque, had water from the mosque brought to him, by paying a small fee to the priest. He had just performed his fiftieth ablution, to prepare himself for a fiftieth prayer, when his maid-servant, a giddy young damsel with very little sense of reverence, disencumbered herself of the holy water by throwing it out of the window. It descended on an unfortunate wretch who was sound asleep, propped up against a mile-stone which served him for a bolster. He awoke well drenched. It was poor Mesrour, who, returning from his sojourn in the land of enchantment, had lost Solomon's ring on his passage. He had doffed his grand clothing, and resumed his blouse; his beautiful golden quiver was changed into wooden hooks, and, to crown his ill-luck, he had dropped one of his eyes on the way.

Then he recollected that he had drunk the night before a great quantity of brandy, which had stupefied his senses and heated his imagination. He had hitherto loved that liquor from inclination; he began to love it now from a feeling of gratitude, and he gaily returned to his work, quite determined to employ whatever money he might earn in purchasing the means whereby he might recover his beloved Mélinade.

Any other man would have been disconsolate at finding himself a low fellow with only one eye, after having had such a handsome pair; at meeting with nothing but disdain from the sluts who swept the palace steps, after having enjoyed the favours of a princess more beautiful than the concubines of the caliph; and at being at the beck and call of all the shopkeepers in Bagdad, after having lorded it over all the genii; but Mesrour had not the eye which looks at things on the seamy side.